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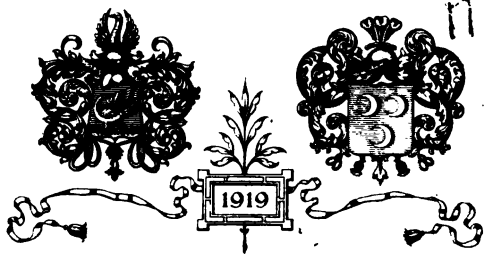
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COLLECTION

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BY VICTOR HUGO PALTSITS

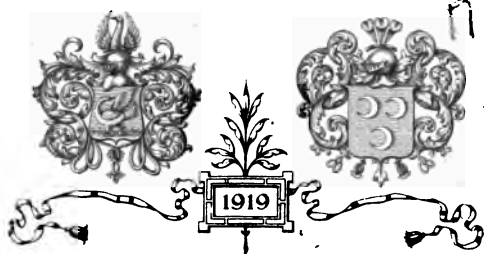
under the terms of the last will and testament of

CATHERINE GANSEVOORT LANSING

*granddaughter of
General Peter Gansevoort, junior
and widow of the
Honorable Abraham Lansing
of Albany, New York*

Willson

1844



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NASH



Henry J. Mansworth
THE
AMERICAN CLASS-READER;

CONTAINING
A SERIES OF LESSONS

IN
READING;

WITH
INTRODUCTORY EXERCISES
IN
ARTICULATION, INFLECTION, EMPHASIS,

AND THE
OTHER ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS

OF
CORRECT NATURAL ELOCUTION;
DESIGNED FOR

ACADEMIES AND COMMON SCHOOLS.

BY **GEORGE WILLSON.**

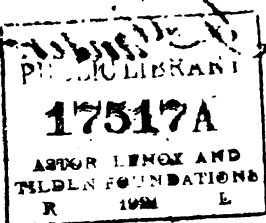
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1844.

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**GANSEVOORT - LANSING
COLLECTION**

PREFACE.

IN the course of several years' employment as an instructor of youth, the Compiler has had occasion to examine most of the many reading-books published in this country for the use of the more advanced pupils in our public schools. Although the selections are, in the main, of great excellence as literary productions, and unexceptionable in their moral tendency, he has thought most of them deficient in other requisites of equal importance for the purpose intended. Among these deficiencies, is the want of systematic instructions as to the proper manner of reading, and of suitable exercises in what may be termed the elements of the art, as articulation, inflection, emphasis, &c. Such instructions, if there have been any at all, have usually been inserted in a part of the book, where they were never studied by the pupils, and but rarely consulted by the teacher.

In the present compilation, the rules and exercises designed to guide the learner to a correct manner and just taste in reading, are embodied in regular lessons, and placed at the beginning of the book.

With a view to add to the interest of this book, and thereby engage the attention of the scholar, variety in the subjects selected has been particularly studied. The besetting fault of readers is *monotony*; a manner almost sure to be induced and confirmed by the continued reading of any one kind of style or subject. This tendency to mechanical vocal habits, can be counteracted only by judicious instruction, and by the utmost variety in the style and character of the pieces read.

The objection of most weight against many of the reading-books now in use is, that they are unsuited to the age, taste, and attainments of learners. If we take, for example,

the book more extensively adopted in the United States than any other, the English Reader, we have a series of grave didactic, and dry argumentative pieces, which a person of mature and cultivated understanding, might read with instruction and interest; but, which quite transcend the range of thought and information, ordinarily seen in children. Whatever is unintelligible, is necessarily uninteresting, and can only be read mechanically. The consequence is, that after using such a book for a few months, the pupil becomes fixed in a habit of reading with total inattention to the sense and spirit of the piece, and with a hum-drum monotony, that defies correction or change ever afterwards.

The first and *indispensable* requisite in a reading book is, that it be intelligible by the pupil; and the second, that the pieces be of a character to interest his feelings and engage his attention. These two points secured, another, of nearly equal importance, claims attention;—that the pieces be adapted to the cultivation and exercise of the voice, in all the variety of inflections and tones, which belong to just, natural, and impressive elocution.

To be a good reader, is to be capable of reading with propriety, every species of composition whatsoever. Hence, the importance of as great a variety in the matter selected as possible, affording the widest scope for varied modulation, and the expression of the numberless emotions and passions of the mind.

It is believed, that the intermixture of pieces of all the different kinds, and especially, the numerous select passages interspersed through this book, present a greater variety, and a selection better suited to the purposes of a reading book, than any compilation which has yet been published.

The select paragraphs, which are inserted at the end of the lessons, besides being well adapted to reading, convey the wholesome moral truth, or maxim of behavior; or,

are selected as striking and beautiful passages from celebrated authors. They have not, in general, any reference to the lessons under which they are placed.

In making the selections, the compiler has deemed it of little moment whether the pieces were old or new ; American or English ; circumstances to which some appear to attach great consequence. In regard to the first, every piece is new to *beginners* ; and the fact of its being found in a long succession of school-books, is the best evidence of its merit. And in reference to the second, to reject a piece of acknowledged excellence, and suitableness for our purpose, merely because the writer happens to have been born on the other side of the Atlantic, would savor less of patriotism than of prejudice. The Class-Reader, however, will be found to contain a due proportion both of *new*, and *American* productions.

Artificial notation, to a limited extent, is, in the opinion of the Compiler, a useful help in learning to read ; but if carried too far, it serves rather to perplex than to guide the scholar, and leaves too little scope for the exercise of his own taste and judgment.

In preparing the introductory lessons of this work, the Compiler has consulted extensively, Walker, Murray, and Professor Porter of the Andover Seminary, and is indebted to them for many examples contained in this book.

In affixing the mark of inflection, he has ventured, in one particular, to deviate from these high authorities, by placing it over the *inflected* syllable instead of the accented one. As the two things are wholly distinct, and independent of each other, he could see no propriety in uniting them. Utility, however, rather than originality, was his aim ; and some extension of the principles of inflection, and a better adaptation of the exercises under them to the use of academies and common schools, is nearly all of merit claimed for the original portion of this book.

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KEY OF NOTATION.

/	denotes rising inflection.
\	“ falling inflection.
-	“ circumflex.
(m)	“ monotone.
(h)	“ high pitch.
(H)	“ high and loud.
(l)	“ low pitch.
(L)	“ low and loud.
(..)	“ rhetorical pause.

FAULTY PRONUNCIATION.

[The words contained in the subjoined list are frequently mispronounced. The *correction* is purposely omitted, in order that it may be made by the pupil himself on consulting a dictionary. It is thought that a little pains in looking out the word, will be more likely to make him remember the correction. A portion of the list may be given with each of the reading lessons, until the whole is thoroughly impressed on the memory.]

<i>Words.</i>	<i>Mispronounced.</i>	<i>Words.</i>	<i>Mispronounced.</i>
Again	Agane	buoy	boy
allies	alleys	burst	bust
aisle	alley	been	ben
are	air	bleat	blaat
apprentice	printice	boil	bile
arbitrary	arbitary	bonnet	bunnet
architect	ch as in church	beard	baird
archives	do. do.	buoyant	boyant
arctic	artic	Camphor	Camfire
altercation	awltercation	caterpillar	catapiller
ague	agur	children	childern
abutment	butment	cloyed	clyde
arrearage	rearage	causeway	crossway
anatomy	notamy	chimney	chimbly
artificer	artifisser	coiled	quirled
asylum	as-yllum	committee	commit-teé
attacked	attackted	compensate	cóm-pensate
axletree	exeltree	conceit	consate
andiron	handiron	conference	confrence
another	a-nother	construe	conster
appraise	apprize	considerable	considable
arithmetic	rethmetic	corps	corpse
asparagus	sparrow-grass	cover	kiver
alternately	awlternately	curtsey	curchy
Baptist	Babüst	covetous	covechus
baptise	babtize	curiosity	curoosity
believe	blieve	cupola	cupelo
beneficent	benificent	crevice	crivice
blindfold	blinefold	curse	cuss
moisterous	boistrous	cellar	suller

<i>Words.</i>	<i>Mispronounced.</i>	<i>Words.</i>	<i>Mispronounced.</i>
copperplate	copyplate	gossip	gossup
Discipline	Discipline	Hiss	Siss.
does	dooz	hoist	histe
doth	doath	homely	humbly
dandruff	dander	harsh	hash
dare not, or }	darsent	horse	hoss
durst not }		haunt	hawnt
daunt	dawnt	hideous	heejus
drain	deeen	hither	hether
drought	drouth	hollow	holler
drowned	drownded	hoof	huff
decorous	deckerous	humor	humor
demonstrate	démonstrate	hundred	hunderd
English	Eng-lish	hatchel	hetchel
European	Európean	half	haf
extempore	extem-pore	home	hum
edge	age	helm	helum
ere	ear	heaven	heav-un
elm	elum	Instead	Instid
Father	Fath-er*	Indian	Injun
February	Febuary	January	Jinnuary
fanatic	fán-atic	joint	jinte
fellow	feller	joist	jice
fearful	ferful	just	jest
foliage	foilage	jaundice	jaunders
far	fur	Kettle	Kittle
fiend	fend	knob	nub
first	fust	Loam	loom
Girth	Girt	lid	led
goal	gool	lilach	laylock
gum	goom	Martingal	Martingale
grudge	begrutch	massacring	massacreing
generous	ginerous	matress	matráss
genuine	ginueine	mellow	meller
geography	jography	mercury	marcury
governor	govenor	metheglin	methiglin
gum-arabic	gum-arabac	mischievous	misccheevous
general	gineral	maintenance	maintainance

* An affected and very *flat* pronunciation of this venerable word, never heard until lately.

<i>Words.</i>	<i>Mispronounced.</i>	<i>Words.</i>	<i>Mispronounced.</i>
mermaid	maremaid	seamstress	seemstress
mountainous	mountainious	second	secont
muskmelon	mushmelon	sabbath-day	sabbaday
money-purse	money-puss	shut	shet
Necessitated	Necessiated	since	sense
northward	nothard	sit	set
nothing	nawthing	slothful	slawthful
nowise	noways	sat	sot
Oil	Ile	shoot	shute
oblige	obleege	slaver or slabber	slobber
obstreperous	obstroperous	steadfast	steadfást
offering	offring	spoliation	spoilation
Panther	Painter	sewed	sued
partner	pardner	soot	sut
partridge	patridge	spoil	spile
pincers	pinchers	stone	stun
plait	pleet	stamp	stomp
portentous	portenchous	sword	sword
pith	peth	such	sich
pompion or pumpkin, pungkin		sauce	saas
potion	portion	sacrifice	sac-ri-fis
precedence	présedence	saucer	sasser
prophecy	propheſy	sausage	sassage
Quoit	Quate	Tariff	Tā-rif
quash	squash	tassell	tossel
quay	quay	tedious	tejus
Retrograde	Retrogade	terrestrial	terrestrial
rapine	ra-pine	towards	to-wards
raillery	ra-lery	trophy	troffy
really	ra-ly	thill	fill
rear	rare	thirsty	thusty
reptile	reptile	trebled	thribbled
rid	red	torment	tawment
rheumatism	rheumatiz	tour	tower
rind	rīne	treatises	treaties
rinse	rense	tremendous	tremenduous
rosin	rozzum	trepan	trappan
roof	ruff	turnip	turnup
rather	ruther	Volume	Vollom
realm	realum	Were	Ware
Sacred	Sac-red	whinny	whinner
scarce	scace	Yearn	Yarn

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE introductory lessons should be thoroughly practised upon, until the scholars have perfectly mastered the subject of *inflections*, and are able readily to distinguish them by the ear, and execute them with the voice.

When a reading lesson is finished, they should be required to give some account of what they have been reading about, and be questioned on each part in detail. Their attention should be directed to any passage or sentiment in the lesson, which is beautiful or striking, and no pains be spared to make them *think*, and exercise their own taste. Scholars should be required to define every word in the lesson, the meaning of which they would not be likely to know without consulting a dictionary, and to give a definition, which being substituted for the word itself, will preserve the sense of the sentence. This exercise is highly useful and improving.

Orthography may also be best learned from the reading lesson; and a part of the regular exercise should be, to spell all the more difficult words. In learning orthography and definitions, a reading book is preferable to a dictionary or a spelling book, because the words occur with their *inflections*; such as the person of verbs, the number and case of nouns, &c., and because, they are more likely to be words in frequent use, and on that account most important to be known. Moreover, the exact import and force of a term is best learned from its connection with others in a sentence; whereas, in a dictionary, words stand detached, with no relation to each other but that of alphabetic succession.

AMERICAN CLASS-READER.

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS.

LESSON I.

Articulation.

I. THE first requisite to good reading, is distinct articulation ; or the giving to every letter in a word, its appropriate sound, so as to make it distinctly perceptible to the ear. This contributes far more to being well heard and distinctly understood, than mere loudness or strength of voice. Much of the wear and tear of lungs might be spared, if public speakers would bestow more attention on the cultivation of their organs, and the acquiring of the power of distinct articulation, and rely less upon vociferation, to make themselves audible.

II. One very common fault of articulation, is that of clipping or suppressing certain letters in a word or syllable ; as, *consis* for consists, *mornin* for morning, *victry* for victory, *correctly* for correctly, *blieve* for believe, *distincly* for distinctly, *predics* for predicts, *evry* for every, *reglar* for regular.

Words which are sometimes articulated indistinctly.

Gifts,	rests,	amends,	prevail,	numerous,	communicatively,
lifts,	casts,	clothes,	prevent,	commandments,	authoritatively,
defects,	facts,	fields,	proceed,	offerings,	terrestrial,
persists,	softly,	friends,	belong,	utterance,	reasonableness,

guests, bursts, lands, accounts, torment, receptacle,
 tempests, beasts, blindfold, chapel, water, peremptorily,
 sixth, bands, thousand, rebel, warmth, acceptableness,
 posts, vastly, stormy,* northern, never, disinterestedness.†

Now is the best time to do it. A great deal better.

For Christ's sake.

For truth's sake.

The sophist's subtle argument.

III. Another fault of articulation, is the running of words into one another, in such a manner, that the termination of the one, and the beginning of the next, cannot be distinguished by the ear.

The culprits ought to make amends.	The culprit sought to make amends.
---------------------------------------	---------------------------------------

He will earn neither.

He will learn either.

That lasts till night.

That last still night.

Some mice.

Some ice.

A most humbling fall.

A most tumbling fall.

A most stumbling beast.

A most tumbling beast.

Henry's speech.

Henry's peach.

The beast's tongue.

The bee stung.

An ice-house.

A nice house.

IV. A bad articulation sometimes confounds the vowel sounds. Thus, event, *uvvent*, correct, *cutrect*, wholly, *hully*, peaceably, *peaceubly*, opinion, *uppinion*, popular, *popelar*, omnipotent, *omnipetent*, educate, *edecate*, and, *und*, wicked, *wickud*, gospel, *gospul*.

V. In aiming at distinctness of articulation, some persons fall into the opposite error of *protracting*, and giving prominence to, the unaccented vowels and syllables. This gives an air of stiffness and pedantry to their enunciation. The fault alluded to, divides off the several syllables in the

* The letter r, is often pronounced indistinctly, especially when it occurs in unaccented syllables; thus, instead of stormy we sometimes hear *stawmy*.

† Hundreds of other words might be selected. These are designed merely as *examples*.

manner of a spelling-book, making a sensible pause at each division: thus, mul-ti-pli-ca-tion, an-ni-ver-sa-ry, dis-tin-guish, lan-guage, lan-guish, sug-ges-tion.

Particles, and unaccented syllables, should at once be spoken distinctly, and “trippingly on the tongue;” which, with a little pains and practice, may be done by any one, who has not some defect in the organs of speech.

By making a list of such words as are found most difficult of utterance, and practising upon them frequently, any person may, in a short time, acquire a correct and graceful articulation.

LESSON II.

MODIFICATIONS OF THE VOICE.

The Monotone.

WHEN the voice proceeds through a succession of words in the same key or pitch, this unvaried sameness of sound is called the *Monotone*. A repetition of strokes on a bell, or of touches on the same key of a piano, will exemplify it. Although irksome and disagreeable to the ear in ordinary reading and speaking, the monotone is both natural and impressive, when employed in passages of sublime description, or expressing deep reverence and awe.

(m) High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind;
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat.

(m) And the heaven departed as a scroll, when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places.

(m) In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling

which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face: the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying—Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

General Pitch.

Every person, in animated conversation, or in public speaking, assumes a certain pitch of voice, or general key-note, varying from low to high with the distance of his auditors, and affected likewise by the degree of earnestness with which he speaks. If we wish to make ourselves heard by one at a considerable distance, the voice instinctively strikes a high pitch; whereas, in addressing a person near at hand, it takes a lower one. Although this general key-note predominates, yet, if we observe persons while speaking, we shall perceive—if our ear is discriminating—constant variations or undulations of the voice, above and below the general key-note. An accomplished speaker, possessing a well-trained and well-modulated voice, will, in the progress of a discourse, shift the key-note, in the transition from one division to another, and in accordance with the greater or less degree of animation in his subject.

But, besides the general current of sound running through a discourse, and rising or sinking as above described, there are many minor, and sudden turnings of the voice upward and downward, to which writers on this subject have given the name of *slides* or *inflections*. These inflections are the life and spirit of elocution, and it is essential to know them well, in order to read or speak with taste or effect.

Rising Inflection.

I. "The Rising Inflection turns the voice upward, or ends higher than it begins." It is indicated by the acute accent (·) placed above the inflected syllable

II. Questions requiring the direct answer, yes or no, generally take the rising slide : as,

Am I ungrateful? Was that Henry?

Did he prevaricate? Lord, is it I?

Am I not right? said hé.*

This slide ranges through a greater or less interval, according to the degree of earnestness and feeling in the speaker. In highly impassioned language, the voice rises to the octave;† but ordinarily, not more than a third. The rising slide may be represented to the eye thus :

Are you going?

If this be uttered as a mere inquiry, without any emotion, the voice rises through a small interval on the last word. If, however, it express strong surprise, the slide will become intensive, and rise perceptibly higher, thus :

Are you going!

III. The direct question‡ does not *invariably* take the rising slide.

Is not that a beautiful flower?

So, in Hamlet, Bernardo, seeing the ghost of the murdered king, says :

"Bernardo. In the same figure like the king that's dead.

"Marcellus. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

"Bernardo. Looks it not like the king? Mark it, Horatio."

* The inflection frequently affects several words in a sentence.

† This is a musical term, which will not be understood by some, although it will be by most persons. Considerable advantage in acquiring the art of reading, will result from a knowledge of the elementary principles of music, and from the possession of a musical voice and ear.

‡ Requiring the answer yes or no.

Oh, full of all subtlety, and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not *cease* to pervert the right ways of the Lord ?

So, likewise, when a question is an appeal to a person, as
Did I strike William ? Is he *not* ungrateful ?

Have I told a wrong story ?

Again, when a question is repeated in a louder voice, the slide is changed :

Are you going to Salém ? Are you going to Salém ?

LESSON III.

Falling Inflection.

IN calling to one at a distance by name, I say, in a moderate pitch and with the rising slide, William! If I am not heard, I raise the pitch, and change the slide as I repeat, William ! This turning of the voice downward, generally heard in the answer to a question, is called the *falling inflection*. It is marked by the grave accent (·). A few examples will exhibit the difference between it, and the rising inflection.

Are you going to Trenton ?

Ans. I am going to Princetòn

Where did you say ?

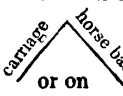
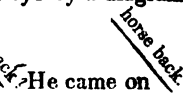
Ans. To Princetòn.

Did he say flower—or flowers ?

Study not for *amusement*—but for *improvement*.

I. By the foregoing examples it will be perceived, that the rising slide ends higher, and the falling slide ends lower than it begins.

This may be represented to the eye by a diagram.

Did he come in his  or on  He came on

For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers; nor things present, nor things to come; nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus.

Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

Iago. My noble lord—

Othello. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. O' h yès, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indéed?

Oth. Indéed! ay, indéed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honést?

Iago. Honést, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honèst.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord? By heav'n he echoes me
As if there were some monstèr in his thoughts
Too hideous to be shown.

Did he travel for heáth—or pleasùre?

He travelled neither for heáth,—nor pleasùre.

He *must* have travelled for health—or pleasùre.*

* Dr. Porter, in his Rhetorical Reader, says: "When the disjunctive *or* connects words or clauses, it has the rising slide before, and

He travelled both for health and pleasure.

He resembled his father and his mother.

He resembled neither his father—nor his mother.

He did resemble his father—or mother.

I did not say a better soldier—but an elder.

Will you go Monday—or Tuesday?

Will you go Monday—or Tuesday?

The first of these questions means, on which of those days will you go?

The second—with the rising slide on both words—will you go on *either* of those days?

II. The answer to a question usually takes the falling slide, but not always.

Who say the people that I am? They answering said, John the Baptist; but some say Eliás, and others say that one of the old prophets is risen again.

Did you see William? I did.

What did he say to you? Not much.

Can honor set a leg? Nò. Or an arm? Nò. Or take away the grief of a wound? Nò. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? Nò.*

The Circumflex.

III. The union of the two inflections forms the circumflex, which begins with the falling, and ends with the rising slide. It is marked thus: (˘) as,—I may possibly go to-morrow, though I cannot go to-day.†

the falling after it." The rule is equally applicable to *nor*, and to *and*, when similarly circumstanced. The last example shows, that it is not *without exceptions*.

* The learner must not suppose, that the examples necessarily admit of but *one* notation. Many of them are susceptible of *various* inflection, which different readers might make, and with equal taste.

† There is usually a sensible *protraction* of sound of the word, which has this double inflection.

If the *righteous* scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear ?

———What though the field be lost,

A'll is not lost.

I grant you I was dōwn, and out of breath ; and so was he.

———And but for these vile gūns,

He would himself have been a soldier.

I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel ; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if ; as, if you said *sō*, then I said *sō* ; and they shook hands, and were sworn brothers.

Queen. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.

Hamlet. Madam, *yōu* have my father much offended.

If we have no regard for our ōwn character, it is not likely we shall have any for that of others.

Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friēd, yet, because of his importūnity, he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revēnge.

The baptism of John, was it from heavēn, or of mēn ? And they reasoned with themselves, saying, If we shall say from heavēn, he will say, why then did you not believe him ?

LESSON IV.

Inflections Continued.

I. A NICE distinction in sense sometimes depends on inflection :

The dog would have diēd, if they had not cut off his head.

The falling inflection on diēd, would make the cutting off his head necessary to saving his life.

"A man who is in the daily use of ardent spirits, if he does not become a drunkard, is in danger of losing his health and character."

The rising inflection on drunkard, perverts the meaning wholly; and asserts, that in order to preserve health and character, one must become a drunkard.

I did not give a sixpence.

I did not give a sixpence.

The circumflex on sixpence, implies that I gave more or less than that sum. The falling inflection on the same word, implies that I gave nothing at all.

A pupil after reading a paragraph indifferently, and being directed to read it again, is told by his teacher, with the falling inflection: "That is better." He understands it as expressing positive approbation. The circumflex on the same word: "That is better,"—would imply only a small improvement.

I would go twenty miles to hear Webster speak.

I would go twenty miles to hear Wēbster speak.

I would go twenty miles to hear Webstēr speak.

Without any inflection on *Webster*, this sentence suggests no comparison. With the circumflex on that word, it imports, that I would not go such a distance to hear an ordinary speaker. The falling inflection would insinuate a disparaging comparison between Webster and others.

II. The suspending pause, denoting incomplete sense, commonly takes the rising slide:

If some of the branches be broken off, and thóu, being a wild olive-tree, wert grafted in among thém, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive-trée, boast not against the branchés.

He who through vast immensity can piérce;
See worlds on worlds compose one univérse;
Observe how system into system rúns,
What other planets circle other súns;

What varied beings people every stár,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.

III. This rule, though asserted by some authors to be universal, admits of exceptions :

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own béd, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay.

Though some of the branches be broken off, and the leaves withèred, the tree must be preserved.

IV. Words in direct address, used as a call to attention, or, as expressive of tenderness and endearment, take the rising inflection :

Well, my old gentlemán, what think you of these things?
Fellów, give place !

How now, dame Partlét, have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket ?

Thou sún, said I, fair líght,

And thou enlightened eárrh, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dáles, ye rivérs, woóds, and pláins,
And ye that live and move, fair creatúres, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus ; how here ?

Friénds, Románs, countrymén, lend me your ears.

And he saith unto him, Friénd, how camest thou in hithér, not having a wedding garment ?

My mothér ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?

Jesus saith unto him, Simón, son of Jonás, lovest thou me ?

Fathér, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.

V. When words in direct address, are used in reprehension and reproach, or are expressive of terror, entreaty, surprise, or distress in the speaker, they take the falling slide :

Hence—home, you idle creatures, get you home !

You blòcks—you stònes—you worse than senseless things !

Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
 Pròud, limitàry cherùb.

Wo unto you, Pharisees !

Wo unto you, lawyèrs !

His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wickèd and slothfùl servant !

He bursts the bands of fear and madly cries, Detested wretch !

Angèls, and ministers of gràce, defend us !

Jesus saith unto her, Máry. She turned herself and saith unto him, *Rabboni* !

Jesùs ! Mastèr ! have mercy on us !

O Lòrd ! methought what pain it was to drown !

Nay, good lieutenant—alas, gentlemèn !

Hèlp, hò ! lieutenant—sir—Montanò !

LESSON V.

Inflections Continued.

I. IN a succession of particulars, the falling slide is generally made at every pause except the last but one, which takes the rising slide :

The brightness of the skỳ, the lengthening of the dàys, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good nòws, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of jòy, is frequently the parent of a social and happy conversation.

The minor longs to be of àge ; then to be a man of businèss ; then to make up an estàte ; then to arrive at honòrs ; then to retire.

Should the greater part of people sit down and draw up a particular account of their time, what a shameful bill it would be ! So much in eating, drinking, and sleeping, be-

yond what nature requires ; so much in revelling and wantonness ; so much for the recovery from the last night's intemperance ; so much in gaming, plays, and masquerade ; so much in paying and receiving formal impertinent visits ; so much in idle and foolish prating, in censuring and reviling our neighbors ; so much in dressing out our bodies, and in talking of fashions ; and so much wasted and lost in doing nothing at all.

But the fruit of the Spirit, is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance : against such there is no law.

Charity suffereth long and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself ; is not puffed up ; doth not behave itself unseemly ; seeketh not her own ; is not easily provoked ; thinketh no evil.

The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk ; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear ; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them.

II. The language of authority and command requires the falling inflection :

Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain ; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings lift up thy voice with strength ; lift it up, be not afraid ; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God !

Silence ! ye troubled waves ; and thou deep, peace.

Ithuriel and Zephon ! with winged speed

Search through this garden ; leave unsearch'd no hook :

Vanguard ! to right and left the front unfold.

III. Invocation and exclamation are uttered with the falling inflection :

Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise Him in the heights. Praise ye Him all his angels; praise ye Him all his hosts. Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars.

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.

He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded: "Princes, Potentates,
Warriors!"

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

Hôld, hôld! the general speaks to you; hôld, for shame!

IV. The language of irony is uttered with the circumflex; sometimes, with the falling inflection:

And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud; for he is a Gôd: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey; or peradventure, he sleepeth, and must be awaked.

—————Courageous chief,

The first in flight from pain! Hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sôle fugitive.

Falstaff. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back.

V. The termination of a sentence, and of each independent member of it, is commonly marked with the falling slide:

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was on the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Look through all the ranks of mankind; examine the condition of those who are most prosperous; and you will find they are never just what they desire to be. If retired, they languish for action; if busy, they complain of fatigue. If in middle life, they are impatient for distinction; if in high station, they sigh after freedom and ease.

The falling inflection must not be confounded with that sinking of the voice below the general pitch, which is called *cadence* :

I care not if it be affirmed by you, by all the world, by an angel from heaven.

Here, the downward slide is very marked on the word *heaven*, which, nevertheless, is uttered on a higher key than any other in the sentence.

In the following passage, there is cadence without inflection :

Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

Sometimes both cadence and inflection are heard on the final word :

But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel than that we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.

VI. The closing pause is frequently marked by the rising inflection :

Then said Agrippa unto Festus, This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsár.

Whence arises the misery of this present world? It is not owing to our cloudy atmosphere, our changing seasons, our inclement skies. It is not owing to the debility of our bodies, or to the unequal distribution of the goods of fortune.

The Mexican figures, or picture-writing, represent things, not words; they exhibit images to the eye, not ideas to the understanding.

Ingratitude is therefore a species of injustice, said Socrates. I should think so, answered Leander.

Cassius. What night is this ?

Casca. A very pleasing night to honest mén.

I have very poor brains for drinking ; I could well wish courtesy had invented some other custom of entertainment.

If we observe persons in animated conversation, or extempore public speaking, we shall perceive a constant variety in the manner of closing their periods, very unlike the monotonous cadence, with which almost every body reads. This variety, which is unquestionably dictated by nature, should be studied by all who aspire to pleasing and natural elocution.

LESSON VI.

Emphasis.

I. By emphasis is meant a forcible stress, and particular inflection of voice upon some word or words in a sentence, on account of their significancy and importance.

It has been divided into *superior* and *inferior* emphasis. "The superior emphasis determines the meaning of a sentence, with reference to something said before, or removes an ambiguity, where a passage may have more meanings than one.

"The inferior emphasis, enforces, graces, and enlivens, but does not fix the meaning of any passage."

EXAMPLE.

I did not say he struck me.

If the emphasis be placed on different words successively, the sense will be varied in every instance :

I did not say he struck *mé*.

I did not say he *struck* me.

I did not say *he* struck me.

I did not *say* he struck me.

I did *not* say he struck me.

I did not say he struck me.

OTHER EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE.

Dare you insinuate that I slandered her?

I shall not ride to town to-morrow.

This man might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

I thought you would not remember me.

II. The more ordinary office of emphasis is, to give vivacity or point to a sentiment, and add force to an assertion or an argument :

Shall I reward his services with falsehood?

Shall I forget *him* who cannot forget *me*?

A *day*, an *hour* of virtuous liberty

Is worth a whole *eternity* of bondage.

————— Had she been true,

If Heaven would make me such another *world*

Of one entire and perfect *chrysolite*,

I'd not exchange her for it.

Better is a dinner of *herbs*, where *love* is, than a stalled *ox* and *hätred* therewith.

The poor *beetle* that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great,

As when a *giànt* dies.

I shall straight conduct you to a hill-side, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so *smóoth*, so *gréen*, so full of goodly *prospéct*, and melodious sounds on every *síde*, that the harp of *Orpheüs* was not more charming.

'Tis not in *follý* not to scorn a *foól*,

And scarce in human wisdom to do *mòre*.

He that cannot *béär* a jest should never *màke* one.

It is not so easy to *hïde* one's faults as to *mend* them.

Cassius. I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You *hàve* done that, you *shoûld* be sorry for.

And this to *mé*, he said,

An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,

Such hand as Marmion's had not spared,

To cleave the Douglas' *heàd*.

The fault dear Brutus, is not in our *stàrs*,

But in *oursèlves*, that we are underlings.

Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time; nor that which is measured by number of years: but *wisdom* is the gray hair unto *mán*, and an *unspotted life* is old age.

He that *plantéd* the ear, shall *he* not *heàr*? he that *formed* the eye, shall not he *sée*?

III. Emphasis sometimes becomes intensive, especially in passages which are cumulative, or rise into a climax. In such cases, the voice rises in pitch, increases in stress, and slides through a larger interval, at each successive stroke of emphasis:

What is time?

I asked a spirit lost; but *OH* the shriek,

That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak—

It cried, “a particle—a *spèck*—a *MITE*

Of endless *yèars*, duration *infinìte*!”

Is *this* the region, *this* the soil, the clime,

Said then the lost archangel—*THIS* the seat,

That we must change for heav'n? This mournful *gloom*

For that celestial *light*?

But Paul said, They have beatèn us *opènly*, uncon-
dèmnèd, being *Romàns*, and *hàve* cast us into prison; and
now do they thrust us out *privily*? Nay, verily; but let
them come themselves, and fetch us out.

“That God and nature have put into our hands!” I
know not what ideas *that* lord may entertain of *God*, and

nature ; but I know, that such *abominable principles* are equally abhorrent to *religion* and *humanity*. What ! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature, to the massacre of the *Indian scalping knife* !—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting and *eating*,—literally, my lords, EATING, the mangled victims of his barbarous battles !

IV. In reading examples like the following, besides the increased stress on the emphatic words, there should be a fuller swell, and a gradually rising pitch of the voice, on each successive member, to the *acme* of the passage ; when, by a gradual descent, it should return to its ordinary level :

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, *all which it inherit*, shall dissolve ;
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind.

In vain after these things may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any *room* for hope. If we wish to be *free*—if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we *must—fight* ! I repeat it, sir, we *MUST—FIGHT* !! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

What ! must a man be converted, ere from the most elevated peak of some Alpine wilderness, he becomes capable of feeling the force and majesty of those great lineaments, which the hand of nature has thrown around him, in the varied forms of precipice and mountain, and the wave of mighty forests, and the rush of sounding waterfalls, and distant glimpses of human territory, and pinnacles of everlasting snow, and the sweep of that circling horizon, which

folds, in its ample embrace, the whole of this noble amphitheatre?

There is in some instances a marked protraction of sound on the emphatic words :

Heaven and earth will witness,

If ROME—MUST—FALL,—that we are innocent.

WHY—WILL—ye—DIE, O house of Israel?

Important as emphasis is to spirited and graceful elocution, it must not be used too unsparingly, nor without just discrimination. The multiplication of emphatical words in a sentence, is “like crowding all the pages of a book with italic characters, which, as to the effect, is the same as using no such distinctions at all.”

Nor should any word be emphasized, unless, by its significance, and importance in the sentence, it be worthy of such distinction. Particles, and words of very common occurrence in language, must be spoken “trippingly on the tongue.”

When, however, such particles and words become significant, they admit the emphatic stress :

Canst thou believe thy Prophet? or, what's more,

That Power Supreme that made *thee*—and thy Prophet?

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove *by* justice.

LESSON VII.

Compass of Voice.

It has been said that “every person has three pitches of the voice :—the *high*, used in calling aloud to some person at a distance; the *low*, used in cadence, or the grave underkey; and the *middle*, or that which is employed in common

conversation." Strictly speaking, we have many pitches of voice, from the deep undertone to the alto or scream; and are prompted by a natural impulse, to employ one or another, according to the distance of our auditor, or the earnestness with which we address him. With more attention to this particular, than is ordinarily bestowed upon it, the compass of the voice, as well as its flexibility, might be greatly improved. One who has a practised musical ear, would possess great advantages for this purpose, over another. For cultivating the bottom, or bass of the voice, the sacred Scriptures, in their sublime descriptions of the ALMIGHTY, and of the awful scenes of the last judgment, afford the best passages for exercise. In reading such passages as the following, let the voice assume the deep reverential monotone :

And lo ! there was a great earthquake ; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood ; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heavens departed as a scroll when it is rolled together ; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens, and in the rocks of the mountains ; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb : for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand ?

And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away ; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened : and another book was opened, which is the book of life ; and the dead were judged out of those things which

were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it ; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them ; and they were judged every man according to their works.

Hail horrors !—Hail

Infernal world ! and thou profoundest hell,

Receive thy new possessor !

To cultivate the top of the voice, passages of great animation should be selected ; particularly such as contain many interrogatories :

They tell us, sir, we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when, sir, shall we be stronger ? Will it be the next week, or the next year ? (h) Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and a British guard shall be stationed in every house ? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction ? Shall we acquire the means of resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us, hand and foot ?

“ Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar’st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates ? Through them I mean to pass
That be assured, without leave ask’d of thee :
Retire, or taste thy folly ; and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heav’n.”
To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied :
“ Art thou that traitor angel ? Art thou he
Who first broke peace in heav’n, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms,
Drew after him the third part of heaven’s sons ;
Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in wo and pain ?
And reckonest thou thyself with spirits of heav’n,

Hell-doom'd—and breath'st defiance here, and scorn,
 Where *I* reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord ! (h) *Back to thy punishment,*
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add *wings*—
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart,
 Strange horrors seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

The following passage exhibits the two extremes of pitch :

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;

(D) But *hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !*

Did ye not hear it ?—No, 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street :
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—

(D) But, hark !—That heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !

(H) *A'rm ! à'rm ! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar !*

Loudness.

This refers to the degree of strength and fullness which we give to the voice on any key. It is very liable to be confounded with high pitch, although the voice may be loud,

as well upon a low as a high note. It is opposed to softness. Every one will understand the difference in sound, produced by a light or heavy stroke upon a bell, or upon the same key of a piano.

It is desirable, in some kinds of reading, and more especially for public speaking, that the voice be so exercised as to be *capable* of loudness, if occasion demand. The danger is, that being exerted for too great a length of time, and overstrained on a high pitch, it may lose its flexibility and softness, qualities much more important. Vociferation is as injurious to the voice, as it is fatiguing and disagreeable to the ear of the auditor. Frequent exercise in reading aloud to others, in declamation, and in vocal music, is the best method of increasing the strength and volume of the voice. For this purpose, passages should be chosen abounding in the open vowels, and admitting a full expansion of the organs, and protraction of the sound at pleasure :

Oh for that warning voice, which he who saw
The Apocalypse, heard cry in heav'n aloud,
Wo—to the inhabitants of earth !

—————Up he rode
Followed by acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
Angelic harmonies ! The earth, the air
Resounded—

“Open, ye everlasting gates,” they sung ;
“Open, ye heav’ns, your living doors ; let in
“The great Creator, from his work return’d,
“Magnificent.”

Satan was heard commanding loud,
Vanguárd ! to right and left the front unfold.
Wō ! wō ! wō ! to the inhabitants of the earth.

Manner of Reading Verse.

I. English verse consists of a succession of accented and un-

accented syllables, so arranged that the accent* usually falls at measured intervals. In Iambic verse,† which constitutes the largest portion of English poetry, every second, or alternate syllable has the accent, thus :

The heav'nly hills were oft within thy view,
And oft the shepherd called thee to his flock.

For the sake of variety however, and of expression, a different arrangement of syllables is often admitted in this kind of verse ; and Trochees‡ and other poetic feet are intermixed with Iambics, as :

Fävörs tō nōne, tō āll shě smiles ęxtēnds ;
Öft shě rějēcts, but never once offēnds.

The first foot in each of these lines is a Trochee, the rest are all Iambics. So in the annexed couplet, the first line commences with two short syllables, succeeded by two long ones :

Whät thě wēak hēad wīth strōngēst blās rūles,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
And in the following line :

Frōm thě thīrd heāv'n where God resides.

To read such lines as these in mechanical conformity to the Iambic movement, by placing the accent on the particle *the*, would be a violation of taste, of euphony, and of the design of the poet.

In the following couplet, the effect of reading in this manner will be still more apparent :

* By accent is meant a certain stress or percussion of the voice on a particular syllable in a word, causing it to be heard above the rest : as *re-lent*, *com-pel*, *ex-pect*. In some words there is both a principal and a secondary accent ; as *im-por-tune*, *con-tra-vene*.

† An Iambus is a poetic foot, consisting of two syllables ; the first short, or unaccented, the second long, or accented, as *retire*, *immense*. The circumflex is here employed to simply indicate *short quantity*, and has no reference to inflection of voice.

‡ A Trochee is a foot having the first syllable long, and the second short : as *Restless*, *Fearful*.

False eloquence, like *the* prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on every place.

In such cases the laws of pronunciation are paramount and must be obeyed.

There are two pauses peculiar to verse, the *final* and *caesural* pauses.

II. At the end of each line of poetry, more especially of blank verse, there should be a suspension of voice, sufficient at least to mark the termination of the line. This is called the final pause; and, without it, the effect of the harmony is in a great measure lost to the ear.

The caesural pause belongs chiefly to English heroic verse, and divides the lines into two equal, or unequal members :

Thy forests, Windsor, || and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's || and the muse's seats,
Invite my lays. || Be present, sylvan maids,
Unlock your springs, || and open all your shades.

The caesural pause is found in other than heroic verse :
The heav'nly spheres to thee, O God, || attune their evening
hymn ;

All wise, all holy, thou art praised || in song of seraphim.
Unnumbered systems, suns and worlds || unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills || space—time—eternity.

In the following stanza there is a *demicacatura* :

And colder still | the wind did blow,
And darker hours | of night came on ;
And deeper grew | the drifts of snow,
Her limbs were chilled, | her strength was gone.

III. Sometimes, by design of the poet, a pause falls out of its natural position in the line, thus arresting attention by surprise, and producing a fine effect :

Thus with the year
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day || or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn.

2 *Rhetorical and other Pauses.*

Besides the rests of punctuation, which, under the names of comma, colon, semicolon, &c., mark the divisions of a sentence, there is an additional pause, which a reader or speaker of taste sometimes makes, for the sake of effect.

The rhetorical pause is made either before, or after something very striking or significant is uttered. The effect is, forcibly to arrest the attention of the hearer to the emphatic word or clause :

I would uncover the breathless corpse of Hamilton,—I would lift from his gaping wound his bloody mantle,—I would hold it up to heaven before them, and I would ask, in the name of God I would ask, whether at the sight of rr .. they felt no compunction.

I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me *liberty* .. or give me .. *death* !

Some of them have done me the honor to ask my poor opinion, before they would engage to repeal the act :—they will do me the justice to own, I did advise them to engage to do it,—but notwithstanding—for I love to be explicit—I cannot give them my confidence.—Pardon me, gentlemen,—confidence .. is a plant of slow growth.

A longer pause is proper at the close of a paragraph, than at an ordinary period.

The pauses marked in punctuation, are so far from being sufficient or accurate guides to the reader, that an obsequious attention to them, is one great cause of the heavy, monotonous style of reading into which most persons fall, and which it is so difficult to correct. The learner is directed, at a comma, to rest long enough to count one ; at a semicolon, two ; and so on : and at a period he is taught *always* to make a cadence. It is superfluous to say, that such directions do harm, and that those who follow them cannot read naturally, or with effect. A reader of taste, varies his

pauses in length and inflection ; adding or omitting them, according to the spirit and character of what he reads.

Two or three general remarks are here subjoined, not exactly appropriate to any of the preceding heads.

In the enunciation of a sentence, especially if it consist of several members, *variety* is alike the demand of the ear and the law of correct taste. Opposed to this are several faults of elocution, which it is difficult to describe, or to represent, except by the living voice. One of these is the *periodic stress*, occurring nearly at measured intervals, and laid upon a word, without regard to its significancy or importance. The remedy is, the reading of antithetic and other sentences, of which the *just emphasis* is so obvious. and so peremptory, as to forbid all mechanical stress upon unemphatic words.

Another fault may be denominated the *anticlimax of modulation*. It consists in commencing a sentence with a full swell and elevated pitch of voice, and in the progress of it, regularly sinking and tapering down to an almost inaudible close. This, besides being disagreeable to the ear, essentially impairs the force of elocution, the just effect of which requires, with few exceptions, a *sustained*, and often an *increasing*, energy of intonation to the end. No part of a sentence requires to be more distinctly audible than the *close* ; and none is more difficult of felicitous execution. A uniform cadence, or a uniform inflection of the voice at this point, is monotonous and tiresome ; and yet, from the frequent occurrence of the period, difficult to avoid. The more force there is given to the closing words, the easier it is to vary the intonation.

The best corrective of monotony of all sorts, is to possess ourselves of the *spirit* of what we read, and endeavor to make the thoughts and sentiments *our own*. The best model in reading or speaking, is the manner in which persons ex-

press their own thoughts and sentiments, when under no restraint.*

Written directions as to the manner of reading, although useful, can never supply the defect of judgment and taste in the reader. Much may be done by presenting him a proper selection and variety of subjects for exercise ; still more, by a correct *model* in the voice and manner of the living instructor.

SELECTED LESSONS.

LESSON VIII.

[To correct a habit, very common with learners, of reading *mechanically*, without attending at all to the sense and spirit of the piece, a few lessons are inserted without punctuation. Having no artificial guides or helps, the scholar will be thrown upon his own resources, and forced to exercise some degree of attention and judgment.

For the purposes of reference, figures are placed on the margin of the page, at regular intervals of ten lines. This method preserves the *natural* division of paragraphs, and is attended with no inconvenience, if the teacher looks over—as it is presumed he always does—while the class reads.]

The Contented Porter.—RICHARDSON.

- 1 A PORTER one day resting himself with his load by him groaned aloud and wished he had five hundred pounds why says a gentleman who was passing by I will give you five hundred pounds and now what will you do with it oh says the porter I will soon tell you what I will do with it first I will have a half pint of ale and a toast and nutmeg every morning for my breakfast well and what time will you get up oh I have been used to be up at five or six o'clock so I will do that now well what will you do after breakfast why I will fetch a walk till dinner and what will you have for dinner

* It will often be found useful for the learner to close his book, and endeavor to utter, as his own language, a sentence which troubles him.

- 2 why I will have a good dinner I will have good roast beef and some carrots and greens and I will have a full pot every day and then I will smoke a pipe well and then perhaps you will take a nap may be I may no I will not take a nap I will fetch another walk till supper well and what will you have for supper I do not know I will have more beef if I am a hungry or else I will have a Welsh rabbit and another full pot of beer well and then why then I will go to bed to be sure pray how much now may you earn a week by your business why master I can make you eighteen shillings a week will not you be tired now do you think after a little while in doing nothing every day I do not know master I have been thinking so well then let me propose a scheme to you with all my heart master cannot you do all this every day as you are and employ your time into the bargain why really so I can master I think and so take your five hundred pounds again and thank you.

LESSON IX.

A Persecuting Spirit reproved.—PERCIVAL.

- 1 ARAM WAS sitting at the door of his tent under the shade of his fig-tree when it came to pass, that a man stricken with years bearing a staff in his hand journeyed that way, and it was noon day, and Aram said unto the stranger, pass not by I pray thee, but come in and wash thy feet and tarry here until the evening, for thou art stricken with years, and the heat overcometh thee and the stranger left his staff at the door and entered into the tent of Aram, and he rested himself and Aram set before him bread, and cakes of fine meal baked upon the hearth, and Aram blessed the bread
- 2 calling upon the name of the Lord but the stranger did eat, and refused to pray unto the Most High; saying thy Lord is not the God of my fathers, why therefore should I present my vows unto him.

And Aram's wrath was kindled and he called his servants and they beat the stranger and drove him into the wilderness now in the evening Aram lifted up his voice unto the Lord and prayed unto him and the Lord said Aram where is the stranger that sojourned this day with thee and Aram

answered and said behold O Lord he ate of thy bread and
 3 would not offer unto thee his prayers and thanksgivings
 therefore did I chastise him and drive him from before me
 into the wilderness.

And the Lord said unto Aram who hath made thee a
 judge between me and him have not I borne with thine in-
 iniquities and winked at thy backslidings and shalt thou be
 severe with thy brother to mark his errors and to punish his
 perverseness arise and follow the stranger and carry with
 thee oil and wine and anoint his bruises and speak kindly
 unto him for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God and judg-
 4 ment belongeth only unto me vain is thine oblation of
 thanksgiving without a lowly heart.

As a bulrush thou mayest bow down thine head and
 lift up thy voice like a trumpet but thou obeyest not the
 ordinance of thy God if thy worship be for strife and debate
 behold the sacrifice that I have chosen is it not to undo the
 heavy burdens to let the oppressed go free and to break
 every yoke to deal thy bread to the hungry and to bring the
 poor that are cast out to thy house and Aram trembled before
 the presence of God and he arose and put on sackcloth and
 5 ashes and went out into the wilderness to do as the Lord had
 commanded him.

LESSON X.

The Indian Chief.—ANONYMOUS.

1 DURING the war in America a company of Indians at-
 tacked a small body of British troops and defeated them. ~~is~~
 the Indians had greatly the advantage in swiftness of foot
 and were eager in the pursuit, very few of the British es-
 caped, and those who fell into their hands were treated with
 a cruelty of which there are not many examples even in
 that country. Two of the Indians came up to a young officer,
 and attacked him with great fury as they were armed with
 battle axes; he had no hope of escape, but just at this crisis
 another Indian came up who was advanced in years and was
 2 armed with a bow and arrows.

The old man instantly drew his bow but after having
 taken his aim at the officer he suddenly dropped the point

of his arrow and interposed between him and his pursuers who were about to cut him in pieces they retired with respect the old man then took the officer by the hand soothed him into confidence by caresses and having conducted him to his hut treated him with a kindness which did honor to his professions he made him less a slave than a companion taught him the language of the country and
3 instructed him in the rude arts that are practised by the inhabitants they lived together in the most perfect harmony and the young officer in the treatment he met with found nothing to regret but that sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him and having regarded him for some minutes with a steady and silent attention burst into tears.

In the mean time the spring returned and the Indians again took the field the old man who was still vigorous and able to bear the fatigues of war set out with them and was accompanied by his prisoner they marched above two
4 hundred leagues across the forest and came at length to a plain where the British forces were encamped the old man showed his prisoner the tents at a distance there says he are thy countrymen there is the enemy who wait to give us battle remember that I have saved thy life that I have taught thee to conduct a canoe to arm thyself with a bow and arrows and to surprise the beaver in the forest what wast thou when I first took thee to my hut thy hands were those of an infant they could neither procure thee sustenance nor safety thy soul was in utter darkness thou wast
5 ignorant of every thing thou owest all things to me wilt thou then go over to thy nation and take up the hatchet against us the officer replied that he would rather lose his own life than take away that of his deliverer.

The Indian bending down his head and covering his face with both his hands stood some time silent then looking earnestly at his prisoner he said in a voice that was at once softened by tenderness and grief hast thou a father my father said the young man was alive when I left my country alas said the Indian how wretched must he be he
6 paused a moment and then added dost thou know that I have been a father I am a father no more I saw my son fall in battle he fought at my side I saw him expire he was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet.

He pronounced these words with the utmost vehemence

his body shook with a universal tremor he was almost stifled with sighs which he would not suffer to escape him there was a keen restlessness in his eye but no tears flowed to his relief at length he became calm by degrees and turning towards the east where the sun had just risen dost thou see
 7 said he to the young officer the beauty of that sky which sparkles with prevailing day and hast thou pleasure in the sight yes replied the young officer I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky I have none said the Indian and his tears then found their way a few minutes after he showed the young man a magnolia in full bloom dost thou see that beautiful tree said he and dost thou look upon it with pleasure yes replied the officer I look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree I have no longer any pleasure in looking upon it said the Indian hastily and immediately added go return to thy
 8 father that he may still have pleasure when he sees the sun rise in the morning and the trees blossom in the spring.

LESSON XI.

On Misspent Time.—ADDISON.

- 1 I WAS conveyed methought in my dream into the entrance of the infernal regions where I saw Rhadamanthus one of the judges of the dead seated on his tribunal on his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus* on his right the keeper of Elysium† I was told he sat upon women that day there being several of the sex lately arrived who had not yet their mansions assigned them I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question namely what they had been doing upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly they stared one upon another as not knowing what to answer he then interrogated each of them separately madam says he to the first of them you have been upon the earth about fifty years what have you been doing there all this while doing says she really I do not know what I have been doing I desire I may have time given me to recollect after about a half an hour's pause she told him

* *Erebus*. The place of punishment for the wicked.

† *Elysium*. The abode of the good after death.

that she had been playing at crimp upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand to take her into custody and you madam says the judge that look with such a soft and languishing air I think you set out for this place
3 in your nine and twentieth year what have you been doing all this while I had a great deal of business on my hands says she being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances very well says he you have employed your time to good purpose away with her the next was a plain country woman well mistress says Rhadamanthus and what have you been doing an't please your worship says she I did not live quite forty years and in that time brought my husband seven daughters made him nine
4 thousand cheeses and left my youngest daughter with him to look after his house in my absence and who I may venture to say is as pretty a housewife as any in the country Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care and you fair lady says he what have you been doing these five and thirty years I have been doing no hurt I assure you sir said she that is well said he but what good have you been doing the lady was in great confusion at this question and not knowing what to answer the two keepers leaped
5 out to seize her at the same time the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus but Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behavior bid them both let her loose and set her aside for re-examination when he was more at leisure an old woman of a proud and sour look presented herself next at the bar and being asked what she had been doing truly said she I lived three-score and ten years in a very wicked world and was so angry at the behavior of a parcel of young flirts that I
6 passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages very well says Rhadamanthus but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions why truly said she I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others that I had no time to consider my own madam said Rhadamanthus be pleased to

file off to the left and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you old gentlewoman says he I think 7 you are fourscore you have heard the question what have you been doing so long in the world ah sir said she I have been doing what I should not have done but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end madam says he you will please to follow your leader and spying another of the same age interrogated her in the same form to which the matron replied I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth I have been a mother and very happy in my children whom I endeavored to 8 bring up in every thing that is good my eldest son is blessed by the poor and beloved by every one that knows him I lived within my own family and left it much more wealthy than I found it Rhadamanthus who knew the value of the old lady smiled upon her in such a manner that the keeper of Elysium who knew his office reached out his hand to her he no sooner touched her but her wrinkles vanished her eyes sparkled her cheeks glowed with blushes and she appeared in full bloom and beauty a young woman observing that this officer who conducted the happy to Elysium was so great a beautifier longed to be in his hands so 9 that pressing through the crowd she was the next that appeared at the bar and being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had passed in the world I have endeavored says she ever since I came to years of discretion to make myself lovely and gain admirers in order to it I passed my time in bottling up May-dew inventing whitewashes mixing colors cutting out patches consulting my glass suiting my complexion Rhadamanthus without hearing her out gave the sign to take her off upon 10 the approach of the keeper of Erebus her color faded her face was puckered up with wrinkles and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with the distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forward laughing singing and dancing I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with and withal was very apprehensive that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth but at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

LESSON XII.

The Ass and the Nightingale.—KRILOV.

- 1 AN Ass, a nightingale espied,
And shouted out, "Hollo! hollo! good friend!
Thou art a first-rate singer, they pretend :—
Now let me hear thee, that I may decide ;
I really wish to know—the world is partial ever—
If thou hast this great gift, and art indeed so clever.*
The nightingale began her heavenly lays,
Through all the regions of sweet music ranging,
Varying her song a thousand different ways ;
Rising and falling, lingering, ever changing :
- 2 Full of wild rapture now—then sinking oft
To almost silence—melancholy, soft
As distant shepherd's pipe at evening's close :
Strewing the wood with lovelier music ;—there
All nature seems to listen and repose :
No zephyr dares disturb the tranquil air :—
All other voices of the grove are still,
And the charmed flocks lie down beside the rill.
The shepherd like a statue stands—afraid
His breathing may disturb the melody,
- 3 His finger pointing to the melodious tree,
Seems to say, "Listen!" to his favorite maid.
The singer ended :—and our critic bowed
His reverend head to earth, and said aloud :—
"Now that's so so ;—thou really hast some merit ;
Curtail thy song, and critics then might hear it.
Thy voice wants sharpness :—but if chancicleer†
Would give thee a few lessons, doubtless he
Might raise thy voice, and modulate thy ear ;
And thou, in spite of all thy faults, mayest be
- 4 A very decent singer." The poor bird
In silent modesty the critic heard,
And winged her peaceful flight into the air,
O'er many and many a field and forest fair.
Many such critics you and I have seen :—
Heaven be our screen !

* Clever, possessing talent.

† Chan-ti-cleer : CH, as in Church.

SELECT PASSAGES.

But should these credulous infidels, after all, be in the right, and this pretended revelation be all a fable; from believing it, what harm could ensue? Would it render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungovernable; the rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly? Would it make worse parents or children, husbands or wives; masters or servants, friends or neighbors? or, would it not make men more virtuous, and, consequently, more happy in every situation?

- (m) Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays,
 Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
 Swift on his downy pinion flies from wo,
 And lights on lids unsullied by a tear.—*Young.*

LESSON XIII.

Extract from the Declaration of Independence.—JEFFERSON.

- 1 WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them; a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires, that they should declare the causes, which impel them to the separation.

- We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator,
 2 with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed: that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to

them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments
 3 long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes ; and accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security.

SELECT PASSAGES.

The great comprehensive truth, written in letters of living light on every page of our history,—the language addressed by every past age of New England to all future ages, is this : Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom ;—freedom none but virtue ;—virtue none but knowledge ; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge, has any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.—*Quincy.*

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence ; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent ; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country ? It is not the *East*, with her hills and her valleys with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the *North*, with her thousand villages, and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the *West*, with her forest-sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn ; with her beautiful Ohio, and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the *South*, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. *What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, OUR COUNTRY ?*—*Grimke.*

LESSON XIV.

My Mother's Grave.—ANONYMOUS

"I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew
And taught my faltering tongue.

But then there came a fearful day :—
I sought my mother's bed ;
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead."

- 1 It was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, great changes had come over me. My childish years had passed away, and with them had passed my youthful character. The world was altered too ; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheek she so often kissed in her excess of tenderness.—But the varied events of thirteen years had not ef-
- 2 faced the remembrance of that mother's smile.. It seemed as if I had seen her yesterday—as if the blessed sound of her voice was then in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that, had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one ; but the thought of it even now agonizes my heart,—and I relate it, that those children who have parents to love them, may learn to value them as they ought.
- 3 My mother had been ill a long time, and I had become so much accustomed to her pale face and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I had sobbed violently—for they told me she would die ; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me.

One day, when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong-side-outward, I came home discour-

aged and fretful. I went into my mother's chamber. She
4 was paler than usual,—but she met me with the same
affectionate smile that always welcomed my return. Alas!
when I look back, through the lapse of thirteen years,
I think my heart must have been stone, not to have been
melted by it.

She requested me to go down stairs, and bring her a
glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call the
domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which
I shall never forget, if I live to be a hundred years old,
she said, “And will not my daughter bring a glass of
5 water for her poor sick mother?”

I went and brought her the water; but I did not do it
kindly. Instead of smiling, and kissing her, as I was
wont to do, I set the glass down very quick, and left the
room.

After playing a short time, I went to bed without bid-
ding my mother “good night,” but when alone in my
room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale
she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said,
“Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor
6 sick mother?”—I could not sleep; and I stole into her
chamber to ask forgiveness. She had just sunk into an
uneasy slumber; and they told me I must not waken her.
I did not tell any one what troubled me; but stole back
to my bed, resolving to rise early in the morning and tell
her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and, hur-
rying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's room.

She was dead!—she never spoke to me more—never
smiled upon me again;—and when I touched the hand
7 that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold
it made me start. I bowed down by her side and sobbed
in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then, I wished
I could die, and be buried with her; and, old as I now
am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could
my mother but have lived to tell me she forgave my
childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back: and
when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her
manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look
she gave me, will “bite like a serpent and sting like an
adder.”

SELECT PASSAGES.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them; cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extensive views, and like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the *minutest* objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance.—*Addison*.

—————Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle; but to know
That, which before us lies, in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom: what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.—*Milton*.

LESSON XV.

Forgiveness of Injuries.—BIBLE.

- 1 AND it came to pass, when Saul was returned from following the Philistines, that it was told him, saying, Behold, David is in the wilderness of En-gedi. Then Saul took three thousand chosen men out of all Israel, and went to seek David and his men upon the rocks of the wild goats. And he came to the sheep-cotes by the way, where was a cave; and Saul went in to cover his feet: and David and his men remained in the sides of the cave. And the men of David said unto him, Behold the day of which the Lord said unto thee, Behold, I will deliver thine enemy into thy
2 hand, that thou mayest do to him as it shall seem good unto thee. Then David arose, and cut off the skirt of Saul's robe privily. And it came to pass afterward, that David's heart smote him, because he had cut off Saul's skirt. And

he said unto his men, The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's anointed, to stretch forth my hand against him, seeing he is the anointed of the Lord. So David stayed his servants with these words, and suffered them not to rise against Saul. But Saul rose up out of the cave, and went on his way. David also arose after-
3 ward, and went out of the cave, and cried after Saul, saying, My lord the king! And when Saul looked behind him, David stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself.

And David said to Saul, Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt? Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord hath delivered thee to-day into my hand in the cave: and some bade me kill thee; but mine eye spared thee; and I said, I will not put forth my hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed. Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt
4 of thy robe in my hand; for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in my hand, and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my soul to take it. The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee: but my hand shall not be upon thee. As saith the proverb of the ancients, Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked: but my hand shall not be upon thee. After whom is the king of Israel come out? After whom dost thou pursue? After a dead dog, after a flea? The
5 Lord therefore be judge and judge between me and thee, and see, and plead my cause, and deliver me out of thy hand.

And it came to pass when David had made an end of speaking these words unto Saul, that Saul said, Is this thy voice, my son David? And Saul lifted up his voice and wept. And he said unto David, Thou art more righteous than I: for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil. And thou hast showed this day how that thou hast dealt well with me; forasmuch as when the Lord had delivered me into thy hand, thou killedst me
6 not. For if a man find his enemy, will he let him go well away? Wherefore the Lord reward thee good, for that thou hast done unto me this day. And now, behold, I know well that thou shalt surely be king, and that the kingdom of Israel shall be established in thy hand. Swear now therefore unto me by the Lord, that thou wilt not cut off my seed after me;

and that thou wilt not destroy my name out of my father's house. And David sware unto Saul. And Saul went home ; but David and his men gat them up unto the hold.

- 1 THEN came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him ? till seven times ? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, until seven times ; but, until seventy times seven.

Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened, unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him which owed him ten thousand talents. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant therefore fell down and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him a hundred pence : and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest. And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me and I will pay thee all. And he would not : but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt. So when his fellow servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. Then his lord, after he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant ! I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me : Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee ? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him. So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your heart forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.

- 1 O God, my sins are manifold ; against my life they cry ; And all my guilty deeds, foregone, up to thy temple fly : Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven ?

"Forgive !" a blessed voice replied, "and thou shalt be forgiven !"

- 2 My foemen, Lord!, are fierce and fell: they spurn me in their pride;
 They render evil for my good, my patience they deride:
 Arise, O King, and be the proud to righteous ruin driven:
 "Forgive!" an awful answer came, "as thou wouldst be forgiven!"
- 3 Seven times, O Lord, I pardoned them; seven times they've sinned again;
 They practise still to work me wo, they triumph in my pain;
 But let them dread my vengeance, now, to just resentment driven!
 "Forgive!" the voice of thunder spake, "or never be forgiven!"—*Heber.*
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LESSON XVI.

The Stranger and his Friend. Matt. xxv. 35

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 A poor wayfaring man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer, nay.
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went or whence he came;
 Yet there was something in his eye,
 That won my love, I knew not why.
- 2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered—not a word he spake—
 Just perishing for want of bread.
 I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
 And ate, but gave me part again;
 Mine was an angel's portion then,
 For while I fed with eager haste,
 The crust was manna to my taste.
- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst
 Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
 The heedless water mocked his thirst;
 He heard it saw it hurrying on—

- I ran, and raised the sufferer up ;
Twice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.
- 4 'Twas night. The floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof ;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest :
Then made the ground my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
- 5 Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath.
Revived his spirit and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ;—he was healed
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.
- 6 In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him, midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die :
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, " I will."
- 7 Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger started from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Savior.. stood before my eyes.
He spake, and my poor name he named—
" Of me thou has not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate.—The flame had resounded in the halls ; and the voice

of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head : the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows : and the rank grass of the wall waved around his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Morná : silence is in the house of her fathers.—*Ossian*.

LESSON XVII.

Letter from the Poet Cowper to Mrs. King.

October 11, 1788.

- 1 You are perfectly secure from all danger of being overwhelmed with presents from me. It is not much that a poet can possibly have it in his power to give. When he has presented his own works, he may be supposed to have exhausted all means of donation. They are his only superfluity. There was a time—but that time was before I commenced writer for the press—when I amused myself in a way somewhat similar to yours ; allowing, I mean, for the difference between masculine and female operations. The scissors and the needle are your chief implements ;
- 2 mine were the chisel and the saw. In those days, you might have been in some danger of too plentiful a return for your favors. Tables, such as they were, and joint-stools, such as never were, might have travelled to Perton Hall in most inconvenient abundance. But I have long since discontinued this practice, and many others which I found it necessary to adopt, that I might escape the worst of all evils, both in itself and in its consequences—an idle life. Many arts I have exercised with this view, for which nature never designed me ; though among them were some
- 3 in which I arrived at considerable proficiency, by mere dint of the most heroic perseverance. There is not a squire in all this country, who can boast of having made better squirrel-houses, hutches for rabbits, or bird-cages, than myself ; and in the article of cabbage-nets, I had no superior. I even had the hardiness to take in hand the pencil, and studied a whole year the art of drawing. Many figures were the fruit of my labors, which had, at least, the merit

of being unparalleled, by any production either of art or nature. But before the year was ended, I had occasion to
4 wonder at the progress that may be made, in despite of natural deficiency, by dint alone of practice; for I actually produced three landscapes, which a lady thought worthy to be framed and glazed. I then judged it high time to exchange this occupation for another, lest, by any subsequent productions of inferior merit, I should forfeit the honor I had so fortunately acquired. But gardening was, of all employments, that in which I succeeded best; though, even in this, I did not suddenly attain perfection. I began with lettuces and cauliflowers: from them I pro-
5 ceeded to cucumbers; next to melons. I then purchased an orange tree, to which, in due time, I added two or three myrtles. These served me, day and night, with employment during a whole severe winter. To defend them from the frost, in a situation that exposed them to its severity, cost me much ingenuity and much attendance. I contrived to give them a fire heat; and have waded, night after night, through the snow, with the bellows under my arm, just before going to bed, to give the latest possible puff to the embers, lest the frost should seize them before
6 morning. Very minute beginnings have sometimes important consequences. From nursing two or three little evergreens, I became ambitious of a green-house, and accordingly built one; which, verse excepted, afforded me amusement for a longer time than any expedient of all the many to which I have fled for refuge from the misery of having nothing to do. When I left Olney for Weston, I could no longer have a green-house of my own; but in a neighbor's garden I find a better, of which the sole management is consigned to me.

A Shepherd's Philosophy.

I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn:—that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is, lack of the sun:—that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.—*Shakspeare.*

LESSON XVIII.

Winter Evening in an Icelandic Family.—HENDERSON.

- 1 A WINTER evening in an Icelandic family presents a scene in the highest degree interesting and pleasing. Between three and four o'clock, the lamp is hung up in the principal apartment, which answers the double purpose of a bed-chamber and sitting-room, and all the members of the family take their station, with their work in their hands, on their respective beds, all of which face each other. The master and mistress, together with the children, or other relations, occupy the beds at the inner end of the room; the rest are filled by the servants.
- 2 The work is no sooner begun, than one of the family, selected on purpose, advances to a seat near the lamp, and commences the evening lecture, which generally consists of some old saga, or such other histories as are to be obtained on the island. Being but badly supplied with printed books, the Icelanders are under the necessity of copying such as they can get the loan of; which sufficiently accounts for the fact, that the most of them write a hand equal in beauty to that of the ablest writing-masters in other parts of Europe. Some specimens of their Gothic writing are
- 3 scarcely inferior to copperplate. The reader is frequently interrupted, either by the head, or some of the more intelligent members of the family, who make remarks on various parts of the story, and propose questions, with a view to exercise the ingenuity of the children and servants. In some houses, the sagas are repeated by such as have got them by heart; and instances are not uncommon of itinerating historians, who gain a livelihood during the winter, by staying at different farms till they have exhausted their stock of literary knowledge. It is greatly to be deplored,
- 4 that a people so distinguished by their love of science, and

possessing the most favorable opportunities of cultivating it, should be destitute of the means necessary for improving them to advantage.

Instead of the sagas, some of the more pious substitute the historical books of Scripture; and as they always give the preference to poetry, most of these books have been translated into metre, chiefly with a view to this exercise.

At the conclusion of the evening labors, which are frequently continued till near midnight, the family join in singing a psalm or two; after which, a chapter from some book of devotion is read, if the family be not in possession of a Bible, but where this sacred book exists, it is preferred to every other. A prayer is also read by the head of the family, and the exercise concludes with a psalm. Their morning devotions are conducted in a similar manner, at the lamp. When the Icelander awakes, he does not salute any person that may have slept in the room with him, but hastens to the door, and, lifting up his eyes towards heaven, adores Him who made the heavens and the earth, the Author and Preserver of his being, and the Source of every blessing. He then returns into the house, and salutes every one he meets, with "God grant you a good day!"

There may be in the cup
 A spider steeped, and one may drink,—depart
 And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
 Is not infected; but if one present
 The abhorred ingredient to his eye; make known
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
 With violent hefts.*—*Shakspeare.*

LESSON XIX.

Centennial Hymn.—PIERPONT.

[Sung in the Old South Meeting-house, Boston, on the Centennial Birthday of WASHINGTON.]

1 To Thee, beneath whose eye
 Each circling century

* Heavings.

Obedient rolls,
Our nation, in its prime,
Looked with a faith sublime,
And trusted, in "the time
'That tried men's souls"—

- 2 When, from this gate of heaven,*
People and priest were driven
By fire and sword,
And where thy saints had prayed,
The harnessed war-horse neighed,
And horsemen's trumpets brayed
In harsh accord.
- 3 Nor was our fathers' trust,
Thou Mighty One and Just,
Then put to shame :
"Up to the hills" for light
Looked they in peril's night,
And, from yon guardian height,†
Deliverance came.
- 4 There like an angel form, .
Sent down to still a storm,
Stood WASHINGTON !
Clouds broke and rolled away ;
Foes fled in pale dismay ;
Wreathed were his brows with bay,
When war was done.
- 5 God of our sires and sons,
Let other Washingtons
Our country bless ;
And, like the brave and wise
Of by-gone centuries,
Show that true greatness lies
In righteousness.

* The Old South church was taken possession of by the British, while they held Boston, and converted into barracks for the cavalry, the pews being cut up for fuel, or used in constructing stalls for the horses.

† From his position on "Dorchester Heights," that overlook the town, General Washington succeeded in compelling the British forces to evacuate Boston.

Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless, are we, in youth, of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes;—then it is, that we think of the mother we have lost.—*Irving.*

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.—*Id.*

LESSON XX.

Fidelity.—WORDSWORTH.

- 1 A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;—
He halts, and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:
And now, at distance, can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern,
From which immediately leaps out
A dog, and yelping, runs about.
- 2 The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something—as the shepherd thinks—
Unusual in its cry:
Nor is there any one in sight,
All round, in hollow, or on height;
Nor shout, nor whistle, strikes his ear:—
What is the creature doing here?

- 3 It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June, December's snow ;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn* below :
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.
- 4 There, sometimes, does a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere.
Thither the rainbow comes ; the cloud ;
And mists, that spread the flying shroud ;
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past :—
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.
- 5 Not knowing what to think, a while
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may :
Nor far had gone, before he found
A human skeleton on the ground :
Sad sight ! the shepherd, with a sigh,
Looks round, to learn the history.
- 6 From those abrupt and perilous rocks,
The man had fallen,—that place of fear !—
At length, upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear.
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was and whence he came ;
Remembered too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.
- 7 But hear a wonder now, for sake
Of which this mournful tale I tell ;
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well :—

* *Tarn* is a small mere or lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
 Repeating the same timid cry,
 This dog had been, through three months' space,
 A dweller in that savage place.

- 8 Yes, proof was plain, that since the day
 On which the traveller thus had died,
 The dog had watched about the spot,
 Or by his master's side :
 How nourished here, through such long time,
He knows, who gave that love sublime,
 And gave that strength of feeling, great
 Above all human estimate.
-

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!—how art thou cast down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations ! For thou hast said in thine heart, will ascend into heaven ; I will exalt my throne above the stars of God : I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north : I will ascend above the heights of the clouds ; I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that shall see thee, shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is *this* the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms ? that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof ? that opened not the house of his prisoners ?—*Bible*

And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him, and said unto him, There were two men in one city ; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds : but the poor man had nothing save *one little ewe-lamb* which he had bought and nourished up : and it grew up together with him, and with his children ; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him ; out took the *poor man's lamb*, and dressed it for the man that was come to him. And David's anger was great.

kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die. And he shall restore the lamb four-fold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity. And Nathan said unto David, *Thou art the man!*—*Id.*

LESSON XXI.

On Pride.—ADDISON.

- 1 IF there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous, to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little super-numerary advantages of birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbors, on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is liable to all the common calamities of the species.
- 2 To set this thought in its true light, we shall fancy, if you please, that yonder molehill is inhabited by reasonable creatures; and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give an account of the pedigrees, distinctions and titles, that reign among them. Observe how the whole swarm divide, and make way for the pismire, that passes along! You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the molehill. Do not you see how sensible
- 3 he is of it—how slowly he marches forward—how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of laborers. He is the *richest* insect on this side the hillock: he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and enslaving the emmet that stands before him; one who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.
- 4 But here comes an insect of rank! Do not you perceive the little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That

- straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the molehill. You cannot conceive what he has undergone to purchase it. See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him! Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants, follow the next one that took it up; and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come to his successor. If now you have a mind to see
- 5 the ladies of the molehill, observe first, the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a superior being; that her eyes are brighter than the sun; that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on her right hand. She can scarcely crawl with age; but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and, if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach.
- 6 The little nimble coquette that is running by the side of her, is a wit. She has broken many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of admirers are running after her.

We shall here finish this imaginary scene. But first of all, to draw the parallel closer, we shall suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the molehill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow; and picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day laborers; the white straw officer and his sycophants, with all the ladies of rank, the wits,

7 and the beauties of the molehill. May we not imagine, that beings of superior natures and perfections, regard all the instances of pride and vanity among our own species, in the same kind of view; when they take a survey of those who inhabit this earth; or (in the language of an ingenious French poet) of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright
It is the knell of my departed hours.

Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
 It is the signal that demands despatch :—
 How much is to be done ! My hopes and fears
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what ? A fathomless abyss !

- (1) A dread eternity ! how surely mine !
 And can eternity belong to mé,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?—*Young.*

LESSON XXII.

The Blind Man restored to Sight.—BIBLE.

- 1 AND as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind ? Jesus answered, Neither has this man sinned, nor his parents : but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day : the night cometh, when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world. When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind
 2 man with the clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam, (which is by interpretation, Sent.) He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

The neighbors therefore, and they which before had seen him that he was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged ? Some said, This is he : others said, He is like him : but he said, I am he. Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened ? He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus, made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam, and
 3 wash : and I went and washed, and I received sight. Then said they unto him, Where is he ? He said, I know not.

They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. And it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay, and opened his eyes. Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, He put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed, and do

see. Therefore said some of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day.

4 Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? And there was a division among them. They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of him, that he hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet. But the Jews did not believe concerning him, that he had been blind, and received his sight, until they called the parents of him that had received his sight. And they asked them, saying, Is this your son, who ye say was born blind? How then doth he now see? His parents answered them and said, We know that this is our son, and that he was

5 born blind; but by what means he now seeth, we know not; or who hath opened his eyes, we know not; he is of age, ask him: he shall speak for himself. These words spake his parents, because they feared the Jews: for the Jews had agreed already, that if any man did confess that he was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue. Therefore said his parents, He is of age, ask him. Then again called they the man that was blind, and said unto him, Give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner. He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I

6 know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. Then said they to him again, What did he to thee? how opened he thine eyes? He answered them, I have told you already, and ye did not hear: wherefore would ye hear it again? Will ye also be his disciples? Then they reviled him, and said, Thou art his disciple; but we are Moses' disciples. We know that God spake unto Moses; as for this fellow, we know not from whence he is. The man answered and said unto them, Why, herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence he is,

7 and yet he hath opened mine eyes. Now we know that God heareth not sinners: but if any man be a worshipper of God and doeth his will, him he heareth. Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing. They answered and said unto him, Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they cast him out. Jesus heard that they had cast him out: and when he had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and

8 said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? A

Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe : and he worshipped him.

And Jesus said, For judgment I am come into this world ; that they which see not might see, and that they which see, might be made blind. And some of the Pharisees which were with him heard these words, and said unto him, Are we blind also ? Jesus said unto them, If ye were blind, ye should have no sin : but now ye say, We see ; therefore your sin remaineth.

As when from mountain tops, the dusky clouds
 Ascending while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heaven's cheerful face, the low'ring element
 Scowls o'er the darkened landscape, snow or shower ;
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet,
 Extend his evening beam,—the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.—*Milton.*

LESSON XXIII.

The Sea Captain. A Fragment.—BRAINARD.

- 1 SOLEMN he paced upon that schooner's deck,
 And muttered of his hardships :—" I have been
 Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
 Has dashed me on the sawyer ; I have sailed
 In the thick night, along the wave-washed edge
 Of ice in acres, by the pitiless coast
 Of Labrador ; and I have scraped my keel
 O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas :
 And often, in my cold and midnight watch,
 Have heard the warning voice of the lee-shore
- 2 Speaking in breakers ! Ay, and I have seen
 The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows ;
 And, when they made the deep boil like a pot,
 Have swung into its vortex ; and I know
 To coddle my vessel with a sailor's skill,
 And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart :—

But never yet, upon the stormy wave,
 Or where the river mixes with the main,
 Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
 In all my rough experience of harm,
 Met I—a Methodist meeting-house !*

- 3 Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none ;
 Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern !
 It comes in such a "questionable shape,"
 I cannot even *speak* it. Up jib, Josey,
 And make for Bridgeport ! There, where Stratford
 Point,
 Long Beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy,
 Are safe from such encounters, we'll *protest* !
 And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,
 That once a Charleston schooner was beset,
 Riding at anchor, by a meeting-house !

I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all customs of exercises, and indéed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seems to mé a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmamént, this majestic roof, fretted with golden fire—why it appears no other thing to mé, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angél ; in apprehension, how like a God ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to mé, what is this quintessence of dust ? Man delights not me.—*Shakspeare.*

* The Bridgeport paper of March, 1823, said : " Arrived, schooner Fame, from Charleston, via New London. While at anchor in that harbor, during the rain storm on Thursday evening last, the Fame was run foul of by the wreck of the Methodist meeting-house from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet."

LESSON XXIV.

Passages selected from the Bible.

- 1 WHEN the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory : And before him shall be gathered all nations : and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats : And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world : For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink : I
- 2 was a stranger, and ye took me in : Naked, and ye clothed me : I was sick, and ye visited me : I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee ? or thirsty, and gave thee drink ? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in ? or naked, and clothed thee ? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee ? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then shall
- 3 he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels : For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink : I was a stranger, and ye took me not in : naked, and ye clothed me not : sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee ? Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did
- 4 it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment : but the righteous into life eternal.

And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others : Two men went up into the temple to pray ; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself : God, I thank thee, that I am not as other

men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican standing afar off, would not lift so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other : for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased ; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

And it came to pass, that as he was come nigh unto Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the way-side begging ; and hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant. And they told him, that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. And he cried, saying, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me. And they which went before rebuked him, that he should hold his peace : but he cried so much the more, Thou son of David have mercy on me. And Jesus stood and commanded him to be brought unto him ; and when he was come near, he asked him, saying, What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee ? And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight : thy faith hath saved thee. And immediately he received his sight, and followed him, glorifying God : and all the people, when they saw it, gave praise unto God.

LESSON XXV.

Education of Knights and their Induction into the Order—JAMES.

1 VERY soon after the first institution of Chivalry, every one became covetous of the distinction, and it naturally followed that the object of each boy's aspirations, the aim of every young man's ambition, was one day to be a knight. Those, however, who had already received the order, were scrupulously careful to admit none within its fellowship who might disgrace the sword that dubbed them ; and knighthood gradually became as much the reward of a long and tedious education, as the bonnet of the doctor or the stole of the clerk.

2 Till they reached the age of seven years the youths, afterwards destined to arms, were left to the care of the females of the household, who taught them the first principles of

ligion and of Chivalry. They were, then, in general, sent from home, those fathers even, who possessed the means of conducting their education themselves, preferring to intrust it to some other noble knight who could be biased by no paternal tenderness to spare the young aspirant to Chivalry, any of those trials and hardships absolutely necessary to prepare him for his after-career.

- 3 On entering the household of another knight, the first place filled by the youths, then fresh from all the soft kindnesses of home, was that of page or varlet, which, though it implied every sort of attendance on the person of their new lord, was held as honorable, not degrading.

Here they still remained much among the women of the family, who undertook to complete their knowledge of their duty to God and their lady, instilling into their infant minds that refined and mystic idea of love, which was so peculiar a trait in the Chivalry of old. In the mean while, the rest
4 of their days were passed in the service of the lord, accompanying him in his excursions, serving him at table, pouring out his drink; all of which offices being shared in by the children and young relations of the baron himself, were reckoned, as I have said, highly honorable, and formed the first step in the ascent to Chivalry.

At the same time infinite pains were bestowed upon the education of these pages. They were taught all sorts of gymnastic exercises which could strengthen the body; and, by continually mingling with the guests of the castle, receiving them on their arrival, offering them every sort of
5 service, and listening respectfully to the conversation of their elders, they acquired that peculiar grace of manner which, under the name of courtesy, formed a principal perfection in the character of the true knight.

At fourteen, the page was usually admitted to the higher grade of squire, and exchanged his short dagger for the manly sword. This, however, was made a religious ceremony; and the weapon which he was in future to wear, was laid upon the altar, from whence it was taken by the
6 priests, and after several benedictions, was hung over the shoulder of the new squire, with many a sage caution and instruction as to its use.

His exercises now became more robust than they had ever been before; and, if we are to believe the old biogra-

pher of the celebrated Boucicaut, they were far more fatiguing than any man of the present age could endure. To spring upon horseback, armed at all pieces, without putting a foot in the stirrup; to cast somersets in heavy armor for the purpose of strengthening the arms; to leap upon the shoulders of a horseman from behind, without other hold than one hand laid upon his shoulder—such, and many others, were the daily exercises of the young noble, besides regular instruction in riding and managing his arms.

Many services which we should consider menial, were performed by the squires of the highest race about the persons of their lords. Nor was this confined to what might be considered military services; for we learn that they not only held the stirrup for the lord to mount, and then followed, carrying his helm, his lance, his shield, or his gauntlets; but they continued to serve him at table, to clean his armor, to dress his horses, and to fulfil a thousand other avocations, in which they were aided, it is true, by the common servants, but which they still had their share in accomplishing with their own hands.

The squires, of course, had often more important duties to perform. It was for them to follow their lords to the battle-field; and, while the knights, formed in a long line, fought hand to hand against their equals, the squires remained watching eagerly the conflict, and ready to drag their master from the *mêlée*,* to cover him if he fell, to supply him with fresh arms, and, in short, to lend him every aid; without, however, presuming to take an active part against the adverse knights, with whose class it was forbidden a squire to engage.

These services in the field perfected the aspirant to Chivalry in the knowledge of his profession; and the trials of skill which, on the day that preceded a tournament, were permitted to squires in the lists, gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the eyes of the people, and of gaining a name among the heralds and chroniclers of knightly deeds.

If a noble squire had conducted himself well during the period of his service, it seldom occurred that his lord refused to bestow upon him the honor of knighthood at the age of twenty-one; and sometimes, if he had been distinguished by any great or gallant feat, or by uniform talent and cour-

* Pronounced MA-LA.

age, he was admitted into the order before he had reached that age.

On the day appointed for that purpose, all the knights and nobles at that time in the city where the solemnity was to be performed, with the bishops and clergy, each covered with the appropriate vestments of his order, the knight in his coat-of-arms, and the bishop in his stole, conducted the aspirant to the principal church of the place. There, after the high mass had been chanted, the novice approached the altar and presented the sword to the bishop or priest, who, taking it from his hand, blessed and consecrated it to the service of religion and virtue.

It often happened that the bishop himself then solemnly warned the youth of the difficulties and requisites of the order to which he aspired. "He who seeks to be a knight," said the bishop of Valenciennes to the young count of Ostrevant on one of these occasions, "he who wishes to be a knight should have great qualities. He must be of noble birth, liberal in gifts, high in courage, strong in danger, secret in council, patient in difficulties, powerful against enemies, prudent in his deeds. He must also swear to observe the following rules: To undertake nothing without having heard mass fasting; to spare neither his blood nor his life in defence of the Catholic faith; to give aid to all widows and orphans; to undertake no war without just cause; to favor no injustice, but to protect the innocent and oppressed; to be humble in all things; to seek the welfare of those placed under him; never to violate the rights of his sovereign, and to live irreprehensibly before God and man."

The bishop, then taking his joined hands in his own, placed them on the missal, and received his oath to follow the statutes laid down to him, after which, his father advancing, dubbed him a knight.

At other times it occurred, that when the sword had been blessed, the novice carried it to the knight who was to be his godfather in Chivalry, and kneeling before him, plighted his vow to him. After this, the other knights, and often the ladies present, advanced, and completely armed the youth, sometimes beginning with one piece of the armor, sometimes another.

After having been armed, the novice still remained upon his knees before his godfather in arms, who, then, rising

from his seat, bestowed upon him the *accolade*, as it was called, which consisted generally of three blows of the naked sword upon the neck or shoulder. Sometimes it was performed by a blow given with the palm of the hand upon the cheek of the novice, which was always accompanied by some words, signifying that the ceremony was complete, and the squire had now become a knight.

The words which accompanied the accolade were generally, when the kings of France bestowed the honor, "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I make thee knight ; be loyal, bold, and true."

LESSON XXVI.

The World.—ANONYMOUS.

1 How beautiful the world is ! The green earth covered with flowers—the trees laden with rich blossoms—the blue sky, and the bright water, and the golden sunshine. The world is, indeed, beautiful, and He who made it must be beautiful.

It is a happy world. Hark ! how the merry birds sing—and the young lambs—see ! how they gambol on the hillside. Even the trees wave, and the brooks ripple in gladness. Yon eagle !—Ah ! how joyously he soars up to the glorious heavens—the bird of liberty, the bird of America.

2 " His throne is on the mountain-top ;
His fields the boundless air ;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies—his dwellings are.

" He rises, like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze :
The midway sun is clear and bright—
It cannot dim his gaze."

3 It is happy—I see it and hear it all about me—nay, I feel it—here, in the glow, the eloquent glow of my own heart. He who made it must be happy.

It is a great world. Look off to the mighty ocean when

the storm is upon it ;—to the huge mountain, when the thunder and the lightnings play over it ; to the vast forest—the interminable waste ;—the sun, the moon, and the myriads of fair stars, countless as the sands upon the seashore. It is a great, a magnificent world,—and He who made it,—Oh, he is the perfection of all loveliness, all goodness, all greatness, all gloriousness !

Oh how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms, which nature to her votary yields !
 The warbling woodlând, the resounding shòre,
 'The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even ;
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heavén,
 Oh how canst thou renounce .. and hope to be forgiven '
Beattie.

Prince Edward alone in Prison.

Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
 In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clóuds,
 And ruddy vapors, and deep glowing flames,
 And softly varied shádes, look gloriously ?
 Do the green woods dance to the wind ? The lákes
 Cast up their sparkling waters to the light ?
 Do the sweet hamléts in their bushy dells,
 Send winding up to heav'n their curling smoke
 On the soft morning air ?
 Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound
 In antic happiness ; and mazy birds
 Wing the mid-air in lightly-skimming bands ?—
 Ay, all this is ;—mēn do behold all this ;
 The poorest man. E'en in the lonely vâult,
 My dark and narrow world, oft *I* do hear
 The crowing of the cock so near my walls,
 And sadly think how small a space divides *me* ..
 From all this fair creation.—*Joanna Baillie.*

LESSON XXVII.

Sorrow for the Dead.—W. IRVING.

- 1 THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend
2 over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is
3 softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—
4 extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the

5 daily intercourse of intimacy:—there it is, that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh, *how* thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There 6 settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, 7 or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

LESSON XXVIII.

The Giraffe and Lion.—PRINGLE.

[The giraffe or *camelopard*, inhabits some parts of the interior of Africa. It is a quadruped, resembling in several points of external form, the horse: though he has horns, cleft hoofs, and is a ruminating animal. His principal food is the leaves of a particular kind of tree, which by his great height, and extreme length of neck, he plucks from branches sixteen or eighteen feet high. The manner in which the “king of the forest” makes this magnificent animal his prey, is described in the following poetical sketch.]

1 WOULDST thou view the lion's den?

Search afar from haunts of men,—

Where the reed-encircled fountain
 Oozes from the rocky mountain,
 By its verdure far descried,
 'Mid the desert brown and wide,
 Close beside the sedgy brim
 Couchant lurks the lion grim,
 Waiting till the close of day
 Brings again the destined prey.

- 2 Heedless at the ambushed brink
 The tall Giraffe stoops down to drink ;
 Upon him straight the savage springs
 With cruel joy.—The desert rings
 With clanging sound of desperate strife—
 For the prey is strong and strives for life :
 Now, plunging tries with frantic bound,
 To shake the tyrant to the ground ;
 Then bursts like whirlwind through the waste,
 In hopes to escape by headlong haste ;
 While the destroyer on his prize
 Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.
- 3 For life, the victim's utmost speed
 Is mustered in this hour of need—
 For life—for life—his giant might
 He strains, and pours his soul in flight ;
 And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
 Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.
- 4 'Tis vain ; the thirsty sands are drinking
 His streaming blood—his strength is sinking,
 The victor's fangs are in his veins—
 His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains ;
 His panting breast in foam and gore
 Is bathed :—He reels—his race is o'er !
 He falls—and with convulsive throe,
 Resigns his throat to the raging foe ;
 Who revels amidst his dying moans,
 While, gathering round to pick his bones
 The vultures watch, in gaunt array,
 Till the gorged monarch quits his prey.

To extinguish human life by the hand of violence, must
 be quite a different *thing* in the eyes of a skeptic, from what

it is in those of a Christian. With the skeptic, it is nothing more than diverting the course of a little red fluid, called blood; it is merely lessening the number by one, of many millions of fugitive, contemptible creatures. The Christian sees in the same event, an *accountable being* cut off from a state of probation, and hurried perhaps *unprepared*, into the presence of his Judge, to hear that final, that irrevocable sentence, which is to fix him for ever in an unalterable condition of felicity or woe.—*Robert Hall.*

LESSON XXIX.

Dedication of the Temple.—MILMAN.

1 FOR seven years and a half the fabric arose in silence. All the timbers, the stones, even of the most enormous size, measuring between seventeen and eighteen feet, were hewn and fitted, so as to be put together without the sound of any tool whatever: as it has been expressed, with great poetical beauty,

“Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric grew.”

At the end of this period, the temple and its courts being completed, the solemn dedication took place, with the
2 greatest magnificence which the king and the nation could display. All the chieftains of the different tribes, and all of every order who could be brought together, assembled. David had already organized the priesthood and the Levites; assigned to the 38,000 of the latter tribe, each his particular office. 24,000 were appointed for the common duties, 6000 as officers, 4000 as guards and porters, 4000 as singers and musicians. On this great occasion, the dedication of the temple, all the tribe of Levi, without regard to their courses, the whole priestly order of every
3 class, attended. Around the great brazen altar, which rose in the court of the priests before the door of the temple, stood—in front the sacrificers, all around the whole choir, arrayed in white linen. 120 of these were trumpeters, the rest had cymbals, harps, and psalteries. Solomon himself took his place on an elevated scaffold, or raised throne of brass. The whole assembled nation crowded

the spacious courts beyond. The ceremony began with the preparation of burnt-offerings, so numerous that they could not be counted. At an appointed signal commenced
4 the more important part of the scene, the removal of the ark, the installation of the God of Israel in his new and appropriate dwelling, to the sound of all the voices and all the instruments, chanting some of those splendid odes contained in the psalms. The ark advanced, borne by the Levites, to the open portals of the temple. It can scarcely be doubted that the 24th Psalm, even if composed before, was adopted and used on this occasion. The singers, as it drew near the gate, broke out in these words: (h) "Lift
5 up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in." It was answered from the other part of the choir, "Who is the King of Glory?" The whole choir responded: (h) "The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory." When the procession arrived at the Holy Place, the gates flew open; when it reached the Holy of Holies, the veil was drawn back. The ark took its place under the extended wings of the cherubim, which might seem to fold over, and receive it under their protection. At that instant all the trumpeters and singers were at once "to make one sound to be heard
6 in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice, with the trumpets, and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever, the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God." Thus the Divinity took possession of his sacred edifice. The king then rose upon the brazen scaffold, knelt down, and spreading his hand towards heaven, uttered the prayer of consecration. The prayer was of unexampled sublimity: while
7 it implored the perpetual presence of the Almighty, as the tutelar deity and the sovereign of the Israelites, it recognised his spiritual and illimitable nature. "But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? behold, heaven, and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee;—how much less this house which I have built." It then recapitulated the principles of the Hebrew theocracy, the dependence of the natural prosperity and happiness on the national con-

8 formity to the civil and religious law. As the king concluded in these emphatic terms—"Now, therefore, arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou and the ark of thy strength: let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and thy saints rejoice in goodness: O Lord God, turn not away the face of thine anointed: remember the mercies of David thy servant"—the cloud, which had rested over the Holy of Holies, grew brighter and more dazzling; fire broke out and consumed all the sacrifices; the priests stood without, awe-struck by the insupportable
 9 splendor; the whole people fell on their faces, and worshipped and praised the Lord, "for he is good, for his mercy is for ever." Which was the greater, the external magnificence, or the moral sublimity of this scene? Was it the temple situated on its commanding eminence, with all its courts, the dazzling splendor of its materials, the innumerable multitudes, the priesthood in their gorgeous attire, the king, with all the insignia of royalty, on his throne of burnished brass, the music, the radiant cloud filling the temple, the sudden fire flashing upon the altar, the whole
 10 nation upon their knees? Was it not, rather, the religious grandeur of the hymns and of the prayer: the exalted and rational views of the Divine Nature, the union of a whole people in the adoration of the one Great, Incomprehensible, Almighty, Everlasting Creator?

LESSON XXX.

Prayer of Solomon at the Dedication of the Temple.—BIBLE.

1 AND Solomon stood before the altar of the Lord in the presence of all the congregation of Israel, and spread forth his hands toward heaven: and he said, Lord God of Israel, there is no God like thee, in heaven above, or on earth beneath, who keepest covenant and mercy with thy servants that walk before thee with all their heart: who hast kept with thy servant David my father that thou promisedst him: thou spakest also with thy mouth, and hast fulfilled it with thy hand, as it is this day. Therefore now, Lord God of Israel, keep with thy servant David my father that thou
 2 promisedst him, saying, There shall not fail thee a man in my sight to sit on the throne of Israel; so that thy chil-

dren take heed to their way, that they walk before me as thou hast walked before me. And now, O God of Israel, let thy word, I pray thee, be verified, which thou spakest unto thy servant David my father. But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded? Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servant, and to his supplication, O Lord my God, to
3 hearken unto the cry and to the prayer, which thy servant prayeth before thee to-day: that thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day, even toward the place of which thou hast said, My name shall be there: that thou mayest hearken unto the prayer which thy servant shall make toward this place. And hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant, and of thy people Israel, when they shall pray toward this place: and hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place: and when thou hearest, forgive.

If any man trespass against his neighbor, and an oath
4 be laid upon him to cause him to swear, and the oath come before thine altar in this house: then hear thou in heaven, and do, and judge thy servants, condemning the wicked, to bring his way upon his head; and justifying the righteous, to give him according to his righteousness.

When thy people Israel be smitten down before the enemy, because they have sinned against thee, and shall turn again to thee, and confess thy name, and pray, and make supplication unto thee in this house: then hear thou in heaven, and forgive the sin of thy people Israel, and bring
5 them again unto the land which thou gavest unto their fathers.

When heaven is shut up, and there is no rain, because they have sinned against thee; if they pray toward this place, and confess thy name, and turn from their sin, when thou afflictest them: then hear thou in heaven, and forgive the sin of thy servants, and of thy people Israel, that thou teach them the good way wherein they should walk, and give rain upon thy land, which thou hast given to thy people for an inheritance.

6 If there be in the land famine, if there be pestilence, blasting, mildew, locust, or if there be caterpillar; if their enemy besiege them in the land of their cities, whatsoever plague, whatsoever sickness there be; what prayer and

supplication soever be made by any man, or by all the people Israel, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart, and spread forth his hands toward this house ; then hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place, and forgive, and do, and give to every man according to his ways, whose heart thou knowest ; (for thou, even thou only, knowest the hearts of all the children of men ;) that they may fear thee all the days that they live in the land which thou gavest unto our fathers. Moreover, concerning a stranger, that is not of thy people Israel, but cometh out of a far country for thy name's sake ; (for they shall hear of thy great name, and of thy strong hand, and of thy stretched out arm ;) when he shall come and pray toward this house ; hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place, and do according to all that the stranger calleth to thee for : that all people of the earth may know thy name, to fear thee, as do thy people Israel ; and that they may know that this house which I have builded is called by thy name.

LESSON XXXI.

Night.—MONTGOMERY.

- 1 NIGHT is the time for rest ;
 How sweet, when labors close,
 To gather round our aching breast
 The curtain of repose ;
 Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
 Upon our own delightful bed !
- 2 Night is the time for dreams,—
 The gay romance of life,—
 When truth that is, and truth that seems,
 Blend in fantastic strife ;
 Ah, visions less beguiling far
 Than waking dreams by daylight are !
- 3 Night is the time for toil :
 To plough the classic field,
 Intent to find the buried spoil
 Its wealthy furrows yield ;
 Till all is ours that sages taught,
 That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

- 4 Night is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth.
- 5 Night is the time to watch ;
On ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we loved and left behind.
- 6 Night is the time for care ;
Brooding on hours mispent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalworth ghost.
- 7 Night is the time to muse :
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and, with expanding views,
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light,
- 8 Night is the time to pray :
Our Savior oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away :
So will his followers do ;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.
- 9 Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease ;
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends :—Such death be mine !
-

(m) Night, sable goddess ! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth

Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
 Silence how déad ! and darkness how profound !
 Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds ;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause :
 An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.—*Young.*

LESSON XXXII.

What is Education.—ANONYMOUS.

- 1 THIS may seem a very simple question, and very easily answered; but many who think so, would really be very much at a loss to answer it correctly. Every man, in a free country, wants three sorts of education: one, to fit him for his own particular trade or calling; this is professional education: another, to teach him his duties as a man and a citizen; this is moral and political education: and a third to fit him for his higher relations, as God's creature, designed for immortality; this is religious education. Now, in point of fact, that is most useful to a man which tends
- 2 most to his happiness; a thing so plain, that seems foolish to state it. Yet people constantly take the word "useful" in another sense, and mean by it, not what tends most to a man's happiness, but what tends most to get money for him; and therefore they call professional education a very useful thing: but the time which is spent in general education, whether moral or religious, they are apt to grudge as thrown away, especially if it interfere with the other education, to which they confine the name of "useful;" that is, the education which enables a man to gain his live-
- 3 lihood. Yet we might all be excellent in our several trades and professions, and still be very ignorant, very miserable, and very wicked. We might do pretty well just while we are at work on our business; but no man is at work always. There is a time which we spend with our families; a time which we spend with our friends and neighbors; and a very important time which we spend with ourselves. If we know not how to pass these times well, we are very contemptible and worthless men, though we may be very excellent lawyers, surgeons, chemists,
- 4 engineers, mechanics, laborers, or whatever else may be our particular employment. Now, what enables us to pass

these times well, and our times of business also, is not our *professional* education, but our *general* one. It is the education which all need equally—namely, that which teaches a man, in the first place, his duty to God and his neighbor; which trains him to good principles and good temper; to think of others, and not only of himself. It is that education which teaches him, in the next place, his duties as a citizen; to obey the laws always, but to try to get them made as perfect as possible; to understand that a good and

5 just government cannot consult the interests of one particular class of calling, in preference to another, but must see what is for the good of the whole; that every interest, and every order of men, must give and take; and that if each were to insist upon having every thing its own way, there would be nothing but the wildest confusion, or the merest tyranny. And because a great part of all that goes wrong in public or private life arises from ignorance and bad reasoning, all that teaches us, in the third place, to reason

6 justly, and puts us on our guard against the common tricks of unfair writers and talkers, or the confusions of such as are puzzle-headed, is a most valuable part of a man's education, and one of which he will find the benefit whenever he has occasion to open his mouth to speak, or his ears to hear. And, finally, all that makes a man's mind more active, and the ideas which enter it nobler and more beautiful, is a great addition to his happiness whenever he is alone, and to the pleasure which others derive from his company when he is in society. Therefore, it is most

7 *useful* to learn to love and understand what is *beautiful*, whether in the works of God, or in those of man; whether in the flowers and fields, and rocks and woods, and rivers, and sea and sky; or in fine buildings, or fine pictures, or fine music; and in the noble thoughts and glorious images of poetry. This is the education which will make a man and a people good, and wise, and happy.

LESSON XXXIII.

The Monk.—STERNE.

- 1 A POOR Monk, of the order of St. Francis, came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment

I cast my eyes upon him, I was determined not to give him a single sous ; and accordingly, I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him ; there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look : I have his picture this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it, which deserved better.

1 The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure,
2 a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire that was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between. He was certainly sixty-five : and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

3 It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating ; free from all common-
4 place ideas of fat contented ignorance, looking downwards upon the earth. It looked forward ; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows ; but it would have suited a Bramin ; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes ; one might put it into the hands of any one to design ; for it was neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and
4 expression made it so. It was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty ; and, as it now stands present to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still ; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right,) when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the
5 poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace, and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been

struck with it.—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

"Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and heaven be their resource, who have no other but the charity of the world; the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which
6 are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eyes downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with a meagre diet—are no great matters; but the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund, which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive, who lies
7 down counting over and over again, in the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the order of mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmantau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow. But, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon the English shore. The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt;
8 there is misery enough in every corner of the world as well as within our convent. But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labor, and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*.

The poor Franciscan made no reply; a hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry. Nature
9 seemed to have done with her resentments in him. He showed none; but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation on his breast and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door.—

Pshaw ! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times. But it would not do ; every ungracious syllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination. I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him ; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointment, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his gray hairs, his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus ? I would have given twenty livres for an advocate : I have behaved very ill, said I within myself ; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

And from the prayer of want, the plaint of wo ;
 Oh ! never, never, turn away thine ear :
 Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah ! what were *man*, should Heaven refuse to hear :
 To others do—the law is not severe—
 What to *thyself* thou wishest to be done :
 Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,
 And friends, and native land : nor those alone,
 All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine own.
Beattie.

LESSON XXXIV.

Pairing and Incubation of Birds.—THOMSON.

- 1 CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;
 That Nature's great command may be obey'd,
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn
 Commit their feeble offspring : The cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,
- 2 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
 Others apart far in the grassy dale,
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.

- But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs sooth them all the live-long day ;
When by kind duty fixed, among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes,
- 3 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.
- 4 As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away ; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
- 5 Warmed and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamor : O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize ! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young ;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
- 6 By fortune sunk, but formed of generous mould,
And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustained by providential Heaven,
Oft as they weeping eye their infant train,

Check their own appetites, and give them all.

- Be not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confined, and boundless air.
- 7 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
 Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade.
- But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruined care, too delicately framed
- 8 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 The astonished mother finds a vacant nest,
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robbed,—to the ground the vain provision falls;
 Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
 Where, all abandoned to despair, she sings
 Her sorrows through the night; and on the bough,
 Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
- 9 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding wo; till, wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

LESSON XXXV.

The Fortune-Teller.—ANONYMOUS.

Mrs. Credulous and the Fortune-Teller.

- 1 *Mrs. C.* ARE you the fortune-teller, sir, that knows every thing?
- F. T.* I sometimes consult futurity, madam, but I make no pretensions to any supernatural knowledge.
- Mrs. C.* Ay, so you say, but every body else say you

know every thing; and I have come all the way from Boston to consult you, for you must know I have met with a dreadful loss.

F. T. We are liable to losses in this world, madam.

Mrs. C. Yes, and I have had my share of them, though
2 I shall only be fifty, come Thanksgiving.

F. T. You must have learned to bear misfortunes with fortitude by this time.

Mrs. C. I don't know how that is, though my dear husband, rest his soul, used to say, "Molly, you are as patient as Job, though you never had any children to lose as he did."

F. T. Job was a model of patience, madam, and few could lose their all with so much resignation.

Mrs. C. Ah, sir, that is too true, for even the comparatively small loss I have suffered overwhelms me.

3 *F. T.* The loss of property, madam, comes home to the bosom of the best of us.

Mrs. C. Yes, sir; and when the thing lost cannot be replaced, it is doubly distressing. When my poor, good man, on our wedding day, gave me the ring, "Keep it, Molly," said he, "till you die, for my sake." And now that I should have lost it, after keeping it thirty years, and locking it up so carefully all the time, as I did——

F. T. We cannot be too careful in this world, madam; our best friends often deceive us.

4 *Mrs. C.* True, sir, true—but who would have thought that the child I took, as it were, out of the street, and brought up as my own, could have been guilty of such ingratitude? She never would have touched what was not her own, if her vagabond lover had not put her up to it.

F. T. Ah, madam, ingratitude is the basest of all crimes.

Mrs. C. Yes, but to think that the impudent wench should deny she took it, when I saw it in the possession of that wretch myself.

F. T. Impudence, madam, usually accompanies crime.
5 But my time is precious, and the star that rules your destiny will set, and your fate be involved in darkness, unless I proceed to business immediately. The stars inform me, madam, that you are a widow.

Mrs. C. La! Sir, was you acquainted with my deceased husband?

F. T. No, madam, we do not receive our knowledge by

such communications. Thy name is Mary, and thy dwelling place is Boston.

6 *Mrs. C.* Some spirit must have told you this, for certain.

F. T. This is not all, madam. You were married at the age of twenty years, and were the sole heir of your deceased husband.

Mrs. C. I perceive, sir, you know every thing.

F. T. Madam, I cannot help knowing what I do know. I must therefore inform you that your adopted daughter, in the dead of night—

Mrs. C. No, sir, it was in the daytime.

F. T. Do not interrupt me, madam.—In the dead of 7 night, your adopted daughter—planned the robbery which deprived you of your wedding-ring.

Mrs. C. No earthly being could have revealed this, for I never let my right hand know that I possessed it, lest some evil should happen to it.

F. T. Hear me, madam: You have come all this distance to consult the fates, and find your ring.

Mrs. C. You have guessed my intention exactly, sir.

F. T. Guessed! madam. I *know* this is your object; and I know, moreover, that your ungrateful daughter has incurred 8 your displeasure by receiving the addresses of a worthless man.

Mrs. C. Every word is gospel truth!

F. T. This man has persuaded your daughter—

Mrs. C. I knew he did, I told her so. But, good sir, can you tell me who has the ring?

F. T. This young man has it.

Mrs. C. But he denies it, sir.

F. T. No matter, madam, he has it.

Mrs. C. But how shall I obtain it again?

9 *F. T.* The law points out the way, madam—it is *my* business to point out the rogue, *you* must catch him.

Mrs. C. You are right, sir—and if there is law to be had, I will spend every cent I own, but I will have it. I *knew* he was the robber, and I thank you for the information.—
[going.]

F. T. But thanks, madam, will not pay for all my nightly vigils, consultations, and calculations.

Mrs. C. O, right, sir. I forgot to pay you. What am I indebted to you?

10 *F. T.* Only five dollars, madam.

Mrs. C. There it is, sir. I would have paid twenty rather than not have found the ring.

F. T. I never take but five, madam. Farewell, madam, your friend is at the door with your chaise. Farewell. [*He leaves the room.*]

[*Enter Friend.*]

Friend. Well, Mary, what does the fortune-teller say?

Mrs. C. O, he told me I was a widow, and lived in Boston, and had an adopted daughter, and——and——

11 *Friend.* But you knew all this before, did you not?

Mrs. C. Yes; but how should *he* know it? He told me too, that I had lost a ring——

Friend. Did he tell you where to find it?

Mrs. C. O yes! he says that fellow has it, and I must go to law and get it, if he will not give it up. What do you think of that?

Friend. It is precisely what any fool could have told you. How much did you pay for this precious information?

Mrs. C. Only five dollars.

12 *Friend.* How much was the ring worth?

Mrs. C. Why two dollars at least.

Friend. Then you have paid ten dollars for a chaise to bring you here, five dollars for the information that you had already, and all this to regain possession of a ring not worth one quarter the expense!

Mrs. C. O, the rascal! how he has cheated me. I will go to the world's end but I will be revenged.

Friend. You had better go home, and say nothing about it, for every effort to recover your money will only expose your folly.

LESSON XXXVI.

Punishment of a Liar.—BIBLE.

- 1 Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable; because by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valor; but he was a leper. And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought

away captive, out of the land of Israel, a little maid ; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria ! for he would recover him of his leprosy.

And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and **2** thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel. And the king of Syria said, Go to, go ; and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, Now, when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy.

And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to **3** kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy ? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

And it was so, when Elisha, the man of God, had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore has thou rent thy clothes ? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel. So Naaman came, with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, **4** Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.

But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel ? may I not wash in them, and be clean ? So he turned, and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and **5** said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it ? how much rather, then, when he saith unto thee, Wash, and be clean ? Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God : and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came and stood before him: and he said, Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth but 6 in Israel; now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant. But he said, As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it: but he refused. . . . So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, the man of God, said, Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought; but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him.

7 So Gehazi followed after Naaman: and when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, Is all well? And he said, All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there be come to me from mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.

And Naaman said, Be content; take two talents. And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of 8 his servants; and they bare them before him. And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house; and he let the men go, and they departed. But he went in and stood before his master.

And Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said, Thy servant went no whither. And he said unto him, Went not my heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive-yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-ser- 9 vants, and maid-servants? The leprosy, therefore, of Naaman shall cleave unto thee. . . . And he went out from his presence a leper .. white as snow.

LESSON XXXVII.

The Little Graves.—ANONYMOUS.

1 'Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry,
And rustled on the ground,

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And chilly winds went whistling by,
With low and pensive sound.

- 2 As through the grave-yard's lone retreat
By meditation led,
I walked, with slow and cautious feet,
Above the sleeping dead,—
- 3 Three little graves, ranged side by side,
My close attention drew ;
O'er two, the tall grass bending, sighed,
And one seemed fresh and new.
- 4 As, lingering there, I mused awhile
On death's long, dreamless sleep,
And opening life's deceitful smile,
A mourner came to weep.
- 5 Her form was bowed, but not with years,
Her words were faint and few,
And on those little graves her tears
Distilled like evening dew.
- 6 A prattling boy, some four years old,
Her trembling hand embraced,
And from my heart the tale he told
Will never be effaced.
- 7 "Mamma, now you must love me more,
For little sister's dead ;
And t'other sister died before,
And brother, too, you said.
- 8 "Mamma, what made sweet sister die ?
She loved me when we played :
You told me, If I would not cry,
You'd show me where she's laid."
- 9 "'Tis here, my child, that sister lies,
Deep buried in the ground :
No light comes to her little eyes,
And she can hear no sound."

- 10 "Mamma, why can't we take her up,
And put her in my bed?
I'll feed her from my little cup,
And then she won't be dead:
- 11 "For sister'll be afraid to lie
In this dark ve to-night
And she'll be very cold, and cry
Because there is no light."
- 12 "No, sister is not cold, my child,
For God who saw her die,
As he looked down from heaven and smiled,
Recalled her to the sky.
- 13 "And then her spirit quickly fled
To God, by whom 'twas given;
Her body in the ground is dead,
But sister lives in heaven."
- 14 "Mamma, won't she be hungry there,
And want some bread to eat?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
And keep them clean and neat?
- 15 "Papa must go and carry some;
I'll send her all I've got;
And he must bring sweet sister home,
Mamma, now must he not?"
- 16 "No, my dear child, that cannot be;
But, if you're good and true,
You'll one day go to her; but she
Can never come to you.
- 17 "*Let little children come to me,*
Once our good Savior said,
And in his arms she'll always be,
And God will give her bread."

LESSON XXXVIII.

To-Morrow.—COTTON.

- 1 *To-morrow*, didst thou say ?
Methought I heard Horatio say, *To-morrow* :
Go to—I will not hear of it—*To-morrow* !
’Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought, but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—*To-morrow* !
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
- 2 Unless perchance in the fool’s calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
’Tis fancy’s child, and folly is its father ;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless
As the fastastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend—arrest the present moment
For be assured they all are arrant tell-tales :
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the winged couriers of the air
- 3 They post to heaven, and there record thy folly ;
Because, though stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumberest on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive ; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hoodwinked justice, who shall tell thy audit ?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio,
- 4 Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
’Tis of more worth than kingdoms : far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life’s fountain.
Oh ! let it not elude thy grasp ; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are
mountain daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild

brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion, or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Eolian harp, passive takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above "the trodden clod?" I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.—*Burns.*

LESSON XXXIX.

The Humming Bird.—AUDUBON.

- 1 WHERE is the person who, on seeing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended as if by magic in it, flitting from one flower to another, with motions as graceful as they are light and airy, pursuing its course over our extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen;—where is the person, I ask, who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence toward the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of
- 2 whose sublime conceptions we every where observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation? There breathes not such a person; so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuitive and noble feeling—admiration.

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little Humming Bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would

- 3 ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Hoisted in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and

with sparkling eye, into their inmost recesses, whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. Then is the moment for the Humming Bird to secure them. Its long delicate bill enters the cup of the flower, and the protruded double-tubed tongue, delicately sensible, and imbued with a
4 glutinous saliva, touches each insect in succession, and draws it from its lurking place, to be instantly swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flower, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey, that the theft, we may suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by the flower, which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of her destroyers.

The prairies, the fields, the orchards, and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forest, are all visited in their turn, and every where the little bird meets with pleasure
5 and with food. Its gorgeous throat, in beauty and brilliancy, baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upwards, downwards, to the right and to the left. In this manner it searches the extreme portions of our country, following with great precaution the advances of the season, and retreats
6 with equal care at the approach of autumn.

I wish it were in my power at this moment to impart the pleasures which I have felt whilst watching the movements, and viewing the manifestation of feelings displayed by a single pair of these most favorite little creatures, when engaged in the demonstration of their love to each other:—how the male swells his plumage and throat, and, dancing on the wing, whirls around the delicate female; how quickly he dives towards a flower, and returns with a loaded bill, which he offers to her to whom alone he feels
7 desirous of being united; how full of ecstasy he seems to be when his caresses are kindly received; how his little wings fan her, as they fan the flowers, and he transfers to her bill the insect and the honey, which he has procured

with a view to please her; how these attentions are received with apparent satisfaction; how, soon after, the blissful compact is sealed; how, then, the courage and care of the male are redoubled; how he even dares to give chase to the tyrant flycatcher, hurries the blue-bird and the martin to their boxes; and how, on sounding pinions, he joyously returns to the side of his lovely mate. Reader, all these proofs of the sincerity, fidelity, and courage with which the male assures his mate of the care he will take of her while sitting on her nest, may be seen, and have been seen, but cannot be portrayed or described.

Could you cast a momentary glance on the nest of the Humming Bird, and see, as I have seen, the newly hatched pair of young, little larger than humble-bees, naked, blind, and so feeble as scarcely to be able to raise their little bill to receive food from the parents; and could you see those parents, full of anxiety and fear, passing and repassing within a few inches of your face, alighting on a twig not more than a yard from your body, waiting the result of your unwelcome visit in a state of the utmost despair,—you could not fail to be impressed with the deepest pangs which parental affection feels on the unexpected death of a cherished child. Then how pleasing is it, on your leaving the spot, to see the returning hope of the parents, when, after examining the nest, they find their nurslings untouched! You might then judge how pleasing it is to a mother of another kind, to hear the physician, who has attended her sick child assure her that the crisis is over, and that her babe is saved.

LESSON XL.

The Old Cumberland Beggar.—WORDSWORTH.

- 1 THE aged man
 Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone
 That overlays the pile, and from a bag
 All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one,
 And scanned them with a fixed and serious look
 Of idle computation.
 Him from my childhood I have known, and *then*

He was so old, he seems not older now.

He travels on a solitary man :

- 2 So helpless in appearance, that for him
The sauntering horseman-traveller does not throw
With careless hand his alms upon the ground,
But stops, that he may safely lodge the coin
Within the old man's hat.
He travels on a solitary man ;
His age has no companion. On the ground
His eyes are turned, and as he moves along
They move along the ground : and evermore,
Instead of common and habitual sight
- 3 Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus from day to day,
Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
He plies his weary journey, seeing still,
And seldom knowing that he sees—some straw,
Some scattered leaf, or marks, which, in one track,
The nails of cart or chariot wheel have left
Impressed on the white road, in the same line,
At distance still the same. Poor traveller !
- 4 His staff trails with him—scarcely do his feet
Disturb the summer dust ; he is so still
In look and motion, that the cottage curs
Ere he have passed the door, will turn away,
Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,
The vacant and the busy maids and youths,
And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by ;
Him even the slow-paced wagon leaves behind

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !

And—while in that vast solitude to which

- 5 The tide of things has borne him, he appears
To breathe and live, but for himself alone—
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about
The good which the benignant law of Heaven
Has hung around him ; and while life is his,
Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
Then let him pass—a blessing on his head !
And long as he can wander, let him breathe

- The freshness of the valleys ; let his blood
 6 Struggle with frosty air and winter snows ;
 And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath
 Beat his gray locks against his withered face.
 Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
 Gives the last human interest to his heart.
 May never House, misnamed of INDUSTRY,
 Make him a captive ; for that pent up din,
 Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,
 Be his the natural silence of old age.
 Let him be free of mountain solitudes,
 7 And have around him, whether heard or not,
 The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
 Few are his pleasures ; if his eyes have now
 Been doomed so long to settle on the earth,
 That not without some effort they behold
 The countenance of the horizontal sun,
 Rising or setting, let the light at least
 Find a free entrance to those languid orbs ;
 And let him, where and when he will, sit down
 Beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank
 8 Of highway side, and with the little birds
 Share his chance-gathered meal ; and, finally,
 As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
 So in the eye of Nature let him die '

LESSON XLI.

The Moneyed Man.—NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

- 1 OLD Jacob Stock ! The chimes of the clock were not more punctual in proclaiming the progress of time, than in marking the regularity of his visits at the temples of Plutus in Threadneedle-street, and Bartholomew-lane. His devotion to them was exemplary. In vain the wind and the rain, the hail and the sleet, battled against his rugged front. Not the slippery ice, nor the thick-falling snow, nor the whole artillery of elemental warfare, could check the plodding perseverance of the man of the world, or tempt him to lose the chance which the morning, however unpropitious it seemed, in its external aspect, might yield him
 2 of profiting by the turn of a fraction.

He was a stout-built, round-shouldered, squab-looking man, of a bearish aspect. His features were hard, and his heart was harder. You could read the interest-table in the wrinkles of his brow; trace the rise and fall of stocks by the look of his countenance; while avarice, selfishness, and money-getting, glared from his gray, glassy eye. Nature had poured no balm into his breast: nor was his "gross and earthly mould" susceptible of pity. A single
3 look of his, would daunt the most importunate petitioner that ever attempted to extract hard coin by the soft rhetoric of a heart-moving tale.

The wife of one whom he had known in better days, pleaded before him for her sick husband, and famishing infants. Jacob, on occasions like these, was a man of few words. He was as chary of them as of his money, and he let her come to the end of her tale without interruption. She paused for a reply; but he gave none. "Indeed, he is very ill, sir."—"Can't help it."—"We are very dis-
4 tressed."—"Can't help it."—"Our poor children, too—"—"Can't help that neither."

The petitioner's eye looked a mournful reproach, which would have interpreted itself to any other heart but his, "Indeed, you can;" but she was silent. Jacob felt more awkwardly than he had ever done in his life. His hand involuntary scrambled about his breeches' pocket. There was something like the weakness of human nature stirring within him. Some coin had unconsciously worked its way into his hand—his fingers insensibly closed; but, the effort
5 to draw them forth, and the impossibility of effecting it without unclosing them, roused the dormant selfishness of his nature, and restored his self-possession.

"He has been very extravagant."—"Ah, sir, he has been very unfortunate, not extravagant."—"Unfortunate! Ah! it's the same thing. Little odds, I fancy. For my part, I wonder how folks *can* be unfortunate. I was never unfortunate. Nobody need be unfortunate, if they look after the main chance. I always looked after the main chance." "He has had a large family to maintain."—
6 "Ah! married foolishly; no offence to you, ma'am. But when poor folks marry poor folks, what are they to look for? you know. Besides, he was so foolishly fond of assisting others. If a friend was sick, or in gaol, out came his

purse, and then his creditors might go whistle. Now if he had married a woman with money, you know, why then”

The supplicant turned pale, and would have fainted. Jacob was alarmed; not that he sympathized, but a woman's fainting was a scene that he had not been used to; besides there was an awkwardness about it; for Jacob was a bachelor.

Sixty summers had passed over his head without imparting a ray of warmth to his heart; without exciting one tender feeling for the sex, deprived of whose cheering presence, the paradise of the world were a wilderness of weeds. So he desperately extracted a crown piece from the depth profound, and thrust it hastily into her hand. The action recalled her wandering senses. She blushed:—it was the honest blush of pride at the meanness of the gift. She curt'sied; staggered towards the door; opened it; closed it; raised her hand to her forehead, and burst into tears.

Here* the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
 Who meanly stole,—discreditable thrift—
 From back and belly too their proper cheer,
 Eased of a tax it irked the wretch to pay
 To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodged;
 By clamorous appetites no longer teased,
 Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
 But ah! where are his *rents*—his *comings-in*?
 Ay, now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
 Robbed of his *gods*, what has he left besides!
 O! cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake,
 The fool throws up his interest in *both* worlds:
 First *starved* in this, then *damned* in *that to come*. —
Blair.

LESSON XLII.

The Worm.—MISSOURI PAPER.

—“Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.”—*Shakspeare.*

1 Who has not heard of the rattle-snake or copper-head?

* In the grave.

An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the lords of creation recoil: but there is a species of worm, found in various parts of this state, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly, that, compared with it, even the venom of the rattle-snake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe of human kind, is the object of this communication.

This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch through, but, as it is rarely seen, except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dull lead-color, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people, who are in the *habit of going there to drink*. The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of Peru to shun the deadly coya.

Several of these reptiles have long infested our settlements, to the misery and destruction of many of our fellow citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtle poison which this worm infuses.

The symptoms of its *bite* are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs his utterance; and delirium, of the most horrid character, quickly follows. Sometimes, in this madness, he attempts the destruction of his nearest friends.

If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he exhibits, to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle in the bosom of a savage; and such is the *spell* in which his senses are locked, that, no sooner has the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm of insanity, occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the *destroyer*, for the sole purpose of being *bitten again*.

I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his steps slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away; for I knew the fond hope, that his son would be the "staff of his declining years," had supported him through many a sorrow.

Youths of Missouri, would you know the name of this reptile? It is called the *Worm of the Still*

Who hath wo? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thy heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.

They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.—*Bible.*

LESSON XLIII.

The Good Samaritan.—BIBLE.

- 1 AND behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? He said unto him, what is written in the law? how readest thou? And he answering, said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor? And Jesus answering, said, A certain man went down from
- 2 Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought
- 3 him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them

to the host, and said unto him, 'Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

- 4 Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman, named Martha, received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, which also set at Jesus' feet, and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered, and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.
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Abraham's Hospitality.

- 1 And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre; and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day. And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood by him; and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground, and said, My Lord, if now I have found favor in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant:—Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree: and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts; after that ye shall pass
- 2 on: for therefore are ye come to your servant. And they said, So do, as thou hast said. And Abraham hastened into the tent unto Sarah, and said, Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth. And Abraham ran unto the herd, and fetched a calf, tender and good, and gave it unto a young man; and he hasted to dress it. And he took butter, and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat.

LESSON XLIV.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.—BURNS.

- 1 THE cheerful supper done, with serious face,
 They round the ingle,* form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' Bible,† once his father's pride ;
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart‡ haffets§ wearing thin and bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And " Let us worship God !" he says, with solemn air.
- 2 They chant their artless notes in simple guise :
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
 Or noble Elgin beets|| the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 No unison have they with our Creator's praise.
- 3 The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amelek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tuned the sacred lyre.
- 4 Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head ;
 How his first followers and servants sped,
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,

* Ingle, fire-place. † ha' bible, half bible. ‡ Lyart, gray.

§ haffets, temples. || beets, feeds.

And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

5 Then, kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays ;
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
 There ever bask in uncreated rays ;
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear ;
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While heaven moves round in an eternal sphere.

6 Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace—except the heart !
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul ;
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

7 Then homeward all take off their several way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ;
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
 That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

8 From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God ;"
 And, certes,* in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
 What is lordling's pomp ? A cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

* *certes*, certainly.

9 O Scotia, my dear, my native soil !

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent ;
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

10 O 'Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
 His Friend, Inspirer, Guardian and Reward !)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
 But still the patriot and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession, raise, her ornament and guard :

LESSON XLV.

Deer Hunter of the West.—AUDUBON.

- 1 His dress, you observe, consists of a leather hunting-shirt, and a pair of trowsers of the same material. His feet are well moccasined ; he wears a belt round his waist ; his heavy rifle is resting on his brawny shoulder ; on one side hangs his ball-pouch, surmounted by the horn of an ancient buffalo, once the terror of the herd, but now containing a pound of the best gunpowder ; his butcher knife is scabbarded in the same strap, and behind is a tomahawk, the handle of which has been thrust through his girdle. He walks with so rapid a step, that probably few men
- 2 could follow him, unless for a short distance, in their anxiety to witness his ruthless deeds. He stops, looks at the flint of his gun, its priming, and the leather cover of the lock, then glances his eye towards the sky, to judge of the course most likely to lead him to the game.

The heavens are clear, the red glare of the morning sun gleams through the lower branches of the lofty trees, the

dew hangs in pearly drops at the top of every leaf. Already has the emerald hue of the foliage been converted into the more glowing tints of our autumnal months. A slight
3 frost appears on the fence-rails of his little corn-field. As he proceeds, he looks to the dead foliage under his feet, in search of the well known traces of a buck's hoof. Now he bends toward the ground, on which something has attracted his attention. See! he alters his course, increases his speed, and will soon reach the opposite hill. Now, he moves with caution, stops at almost every tree, and peeps forward, as if already within shooting distance of the game. He advances again, but how very slowly! He has reached the declivity, upon which the sun shines in all its glowing
4 splendor; but mark him! he takes the gun from his shoulder, has already thrown aside the leathern cover of the lock, and is wiping the edge of his flint with his tongue. Now he stands like a monumental figure, perhaps measuring the distance that lies between him and the game, which he has in view. His rifle is slowly raised, the report follows, and he runs. Let us run also. Shall I speak to him, and ask him the result of his first essay? Assuredly, reader, for I know him well.

"Pray, Friend, what have you killed?" for to say, "what
5 have you shot at," might imply the possibility of his having missed, and so might hurt his feelings. "Nothing but a buck." "And where is it?" "Oh, it has taken a jump or so, but I settled it, and will soon be with it. My ball struck, and must have gone through his heart." We arrive at the spot, where the animal had laid itself down among the grass, in a thicket of grape-vines, sumachs, and spruce-bushes, where it intended to repose during the middle of the day. The place is covered with blood, the hoofs of the deer have left deep prints in the ground, as it bounced in the agonies
6 produced by its wound; but the blood that has gushed from its side discloses the course which it has taken. We soon reach the spot. There lies the buck, its tongue out, its eye dim, its breath exhausted; it is dead. The hunter draws his knife, cuts the buck's throat almost asunder, and prepares to skin it. For this purpose he hangs it upon the branch of a tree. When the skin is removed, he cuts off the hams, and abandoning the rest of the carcass to the wolves and vultures, reloads his gun, flings the venison,

inclosed by the skin, upon his back, secures it with a
7 strap, and walks off in search of more game, well
knowing that, in the immediate neighborhood, another
at least is to be found.

Now, reader, prepare to mount a generous, full blood
Virginian hunter. See that your gun is in complete
order, for, hark to the sound of the bugle and horn, and
the mingled clamor of a pack of harriers! Your friends
are waiting you under the shade of the wood, and we
must together go *driving* the light-footed deer. The
distance over which one has to travel is seldom felt,
8 when pleasure is anticipated as the result: so, gallop-
ing we go pell-mell through the woods, to some well-
known place, where many a fine buck has drooped his
antlers under the ball of the hunter's rifle. The ser-
vants, who are called the *drivers*, have already begun
their search. Their voices are heard exciting the
hounds, and unless we put spurs to our steeds, we may
be too late at our stand, and thus lose the first oppor-
tunity of shooting the fleeting game as it passes by.
Hark, again! the dogs are in chase, the horn sounds
9 louder and more clearly. Hurry, hurry on, or we shall
be sadly behind!

Here we are at last! Dismount, fasten your horse to
this tree, place yourself by the side of that large yellow
poplar, and mind you do not shoot me! The deer is
fast approaching; I will to my own stand, and he who
shoots him dead wins the prize.

The deer is heard coming. It has inadvertently
cracked a dead stick with its hoof, and the dogs are
now so near it that it will pass in a moment. There
10 it comes! How beautifully it bounds over the ground!
What a splendid head of horns! How easy its attitudes,
depending, as it seems to do, on its own swiftness for
safety! All is in vain, however: a gun is fired, the ani-
mal plunges and doubles with incomparable speed.
There he goes! He passes another stand, from which
a second shot, better directed than the first, brings him
to the ground. The dogs, the servants, the sportsmen
are now rushing forward to the spot. The hunter who
has shot it is congratulated on his skill or good luck, and
the chase begins again in some other part of the woods.

LESSON XLVI.

The Wounded Hare.—BURNS.

- 1 INHUMAN man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity sooth thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!
- 2 Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.
- 3 Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.
- 4 Oft as by winding Nith, I musing wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

LESSON XLVII.

Moses's Bargain of green Spectacles.—GOLDSMITH.

- 1 As we were now, said the Vicar of Wakefield, to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, my wife thought it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This, at first, I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.
- 2 As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold; and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out, and higgles, and actually tires them, till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; 3 and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him, to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning; which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away: His waistcoat was of gosling green; and his sisters had 4 tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, Good luck, good luck, till we could see him no longer.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes 5 Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back.

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapt round his shoulders.—"Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.—"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"—"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and two-pence." "Well done, my good boy," 6 returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-pence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then." "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again, "I have laid it all out in a bargain; and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims, and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice: "And you have parted with the colt, and

- 7 brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife in a passion; "I dare say they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims; for I perceive they are only copper, varnished over."—
- 8 "What!" cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!" "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan." "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the celt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims, and shagreen cases? A murrin take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." "Marry, hang the idiot," returned she again, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them into the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for, though they be copper, we will keep them by us; as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

LESSON XLVIII.

The Old Man's Funeral.—BRYANT.

- 1 I saw an aged man upon his bier :
 His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
 A record of the cares of many a year ;—
 Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
 And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
 And women's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.
- 2 Then rose another hoary man, and said,
 In faltering accents to that weeping train,
 "Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead ?
 Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
 Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
 Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.
- 3 "Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,—
 His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,—

In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where the islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

4 "Why weep ye then for him, who, having run
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed?
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers, like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

5 "His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And, watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late-declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

6 "That life was happy; every day, he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic* tortures racked his aged limb
For Luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

7 "And I am glad that he has lived thus long;
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

1 When life as opening buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirit greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas! how hard it is to die!

2 When scarce is seized some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful then it is to die!

* A chronic disease is one of long duration.

- 3 When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah! then, how easy 'tis to die!
- 4 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow-gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon to die!
- 5 When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then to die!

Barbault

LESSON XLIX

Lamentation of Job on the Remembrance of Former Prosperity.—BIBLE.

- 1 MOREOVER, Job continued his parable, and said, Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle; when the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me; when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil; when I went out to the gate through the city, when I prepared my seat in the street. The young men saw me, and hid themselves:
- 2 and the aged arose, and stood up. The princes refrained talking, and laid their hand on their mouth. The nobles held their peace, and their tongue cleaved to the roof of their mouth. When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me; my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes
- 3 to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out,

And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth. Then I said, I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days as the sand. My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch. My glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand. Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel. After my words they spake not again: and my speech dropped upon them. And they waited for me as for the rain; and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain. If I laughed on them, they believed it not; and the light of my countenance they cast not down. I chose out their way, and sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners.

If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant, when they contended with me; what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail; or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering; if his loins have not bless'd me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep; if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate: Then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone.—*Bible*.

LESSON L.

Extract from a Speech in the Senate of the United States.—WEBSTER.

- 1 -MR. PRESIDENT, let me run the honorable gentleman's doctrine a little into its practical application. Let us look at his probable *modus operandi*. If a thing can be done, an ingenious man can tell *how* it is to be done. Now, I wish to be informed *how* this state interference is to be put in practice, without violence, bloodshed, and rebellion. We will take the existing case of the tariff law. South Carolina is said to have made up her opinion upon it. If we do not repeal

it, (as we probably shall not,) she will then apply to the case the remedy of her doctrine. She will, we must suppose, pass a law of her legislature, declaring the several acts of congress, usually called the tariff laws, null and void, so far as they respect South Carolina, or the citizens thereof. So far, all is a paper transaction, and easy enough. But the collector at Charleston, is collecting the duties imposed by these tariff laws—he, therefore, must be stopped. The collector will seize the goods if the tariff duties are not paid. The state authorities will undertake their rescue: the marshal with his posse, will come to the collector's aid, and here the contest begins. The militia of the state will be called out to sustain the nullifying act. They will march sir, under a very gallant leader: for I believe the honorable member himself commands the militia of that part of the state. He will raise the NULLIFYING ACT on his standard, and spread it out as his banner! It will have a preamble bearing, That the tariff laws are palpable, deliberate, and dangerous violations of the constitution! He will proceed, with this banner flying, to the custom-house in Charleston

"All the while,

Sonorous metal, blowing martial sounds."

- 4 Arrived at the custom-house, he will tell the collector that he must collect no more duties under any of the tariff laws. This, he will be somewhat puzzled to say, by the way, with a grave countenance, considering what hand South Carolina herself, had in that of 1816. But, sir, the collector would probably, not desist, at his bidding. He would show him the law of Congress, the treasury instruction, and his own oath of office. He would say, he should perform his duty, come what come might. Here would ensue a pause: for they say that a certain stillness precedes the tempest.
- 5 The trumpeter would hold his breath awhile, and before all this military array should fall on the custom-house, collector, clerks and all, it is very probable some of those composing it, would request of their gallant commander-in-chief, to be informed a little upon the point of law: for they have, doubtless, a just respect for his opinions as a lawyer, as well as for his bravery as a soldier. They know he has read Blackstone and the Constitution, as well as Turenne and Vauban. They would ask him, therefore, something concern-

ing their rights in this matter. They would inquire, whether
 6 it was not somewhat dangerous to resist a law of the United States. What would be the nature of their offence, they would wish to learn, if they, by military force and array, resisted the execution in Carolina of a law of the United States, and it should turn out, after all, that the law *was constitutional*. He would answer, of course, treason. No lawyer could give any other answer. John Fries, he would tell them, had learned that, some years ago. How, then, they would ask, do you propose to defend us? We are not afraid of bullets, but treason has a way of taking people off,
 7 that we do not much relish. How, then, they would ask, do you propose to defend us? "Look at my floating banner," he would reply; "see there the *nullifying law*." "Is it your opinion, gallant commander," they would then say, "that if we should be indicted for treason, that same floating banner of your's would make a good plea in bar?" "South Carolina is a sovereign state," he would reply. "That is true—but would the judge admit our plea?" "These tariff laws," he would repeat, "are unconstitutional, palpably, deliberately, dangerously." "That all may be so;
 8 but if the tribunal should not happen to be of that opinion, shall we swing for it? We are ready to die for our country, but it is rather an awkward business, this dying without touching the ground! After all, that is a sort of *hemp-tax*, worse than any part of the tariff."

Mr. President, the honorable gentleman would be in a dilemma, like that of another great general. He would have a knot before him which he could not untie. He must cut it with his sword. He must say to his followers, defend yourselves with your bayonets; and this is war—civil war.

Ambiguous Promises.

- 1 Where the terms of a promise admit of more senses than one, the promise is to be performed in that sense in which the promiser apprehended at the time, that the promisee received it. Temures promised the garrison of Sebastia if they would surrender, *no blood should be shed*. The garrison surrendered, and Temures buried them all alive. Now Temures fulfilled the promise in one sense, and in the sense too in which he intended it at the time;

but not the sense in which the *garrison* of *Sebastia* actually received it: which last sense, according to our rule, was the sense in which he was in conscience bound to have performed it.

From the account which we have given of the obligation of promises, it is evident, that this obligation depends upon the *expectations* which we knowingly and voluntarily excite. Consequently any action or conduct towards another, which we are sensible excites expectations in that other, is as much a promise, and creates as strict an obligation, as the most express assurances.—*Paley*.

LESSON LI.

Republican Equality.—STORY.

1 GENTLEMEN have argued, as if personal rights only were the proper objects of government. But what, I would ask, is life worth, if a man cannot eat in security the bread earned by his own industry? If he is not permitted to transmit to his children the little inheritance, which his affection has destined for their use? What enables us to diffuse education among all the classes of society, but property? Are not our public schools, the distinguishing blessing of our land, sustained by its patronage? I will say no more about the rich and the poor. There is no parallel
2 to be run between them, founded on permanent constitutional distinctions. The rich help the poor, and the poor in turn administer to the rich.

In our country the highest man is not *above* the people; the humblest is not *below* the people. If the rich may be said to have additional protection, they have not additional power. Nor does wealth here form a permanent distinction of families. Those who are wealthy to-day pass to the tomb, and their children divide their estates. Property is thus divided quite as fast as it accumulates. No family
3 can, without its own exertions, stand erect for a long time under our statute of descents and distributions, the only true and legitimate agrarian law. It silently and quietly dissolves the mass, heaped up by the toil and diligence of a long life of enterprise and industry.

Property is continually changing, like the waves of the sea. One wave rises and is soon swallowed up in the vast abyss, and seen no more. Another rises, and having reached its destined limit, falls gently away, and is succeeded by yet another, which in its turn, breaks and dies away silently on the shore. The richest man among us may be brought down to the humblest level; and the child with scarcely clothes to cover his nakedness, may rise to the highest office in our government. And the poor man while he rocks his infant on his knees, may justly indulge the consolation, that if he possess talents and virtue, there is no office beyond the reach of his honorable ambition.

To die, they say, is noble—as a soldier—
But with such guides to point the unerring road,
Such able guides, such arms and discipline
As I have had, my soul would sorely feel
The dreadful pang which keen reflections give,
Should she in death's dark porch, while life was ebbing
Receive the judgment, and this vile reproach :—
“Long hast thou wandered in a stranger's land,
A stranger to thyself and to thy God.
The heavenly hills were oft within thy view,
And oft the shepherd called thee to his flock,
And called in vain.—A thousand monitors
Bade thee return, and walk in wisdom's ways.
The seasons, as they rolled, bade thee return;
The glorious sun, in his diurnal round,
Beheld thy wandering, and bade thee return;
The night, an emblem of the night of death,
Bade thee return; the rising mounds,
Which told the traveller where the dead repose
In tenements of clay, bade thee return;
And at thy father's grave, the filial tear,
Which dear remembrance gave, bade thee return,
And dwell in Virtue's tents, on Zien's hill!”—*Pollok.*

LESSON LII.

Man and Animals.—JANE TAYLOR.

MR. F. and his children were walking one summer evening, in what are familiarly called the high woods. A

narrow path conducted them through the underwood; where straggling branches of the wild rose intercepted them at every step: the rich and variegated stems of the forest trees were illumined here and there in bright spots, by golden beams of the setting sun, which streamed through the interstices of the massy foliage. Swarms of merry gnats danced in the open spaces of the wood; birds of every note sang, in uninterrupted gladness, amid its deep recesses; the nimble squirrel was observed occasionally leaping from bough to bough; and the timid eye of the wild rabbit was seen peeping from behind the roots of the trees, and then swiftly disappearing, she escaped into her inaccessible fortresses. How happy are young people, whose taste is raised to the enjoyment of these elevated and simple pleasures, and who find in their parents, intelligent friends, capable of cultivating this taste, of inspiring and guiding their love of knowledge, and of giving a right direction to both!

3 The liberty and happiness evidently enjoyed by the various little inhabitants of these woods, gave a turn to the evening's conversation, as the party returned home.

"I think," says little Joe, "that if I were going to be changed into any thing else, I should like best to be a rabbit, and to live in the woods; they seem so happy and comfortable here.

Father. Can you tell me, Joe, what is the greatest difference between you and a rabbit.

4 *Joe.* Why, papa, we are as different as can be. Rabbits have got long ears, and four legs, and are covered all over with soft hair.

Father. So far, then, the rabbit seems to have the advantage of you, for it can run faster with four legs than you can with only two; and its long ears enable it to hear more acutely; and it has a warm dress, ready made, without any trouble or expense: now can you think of any thing in which you are better off than a rabbit?

5 Joe was such a very little boy that he could not think of any thing; but his brother, Edward, soon answered for him, saying, "Why, we are better off than rabbits, almost in every thing: we can talk, and laugh, and read, and write, and learn Latin."

Father. It is true the rabbit can not do these things; but

then she is quite independent of them, for she answers all the purposes of her existence perfectly well without their assistance. Richard, can you give us a more accurate account of the difference between man and animals?

Richard. I suppose, papa, the chief difference is our having reason, and they only instinct.

- 6 *Father.* But, in order to understand what we mean by the terms reason and instinct, I think three things may be mentioned, in which the difference very distinctly appears.

Richard. What are they, papa?

Father. Let us first, to bring the parties as nearly on a level as possible, consider man in a savage state, wholly occupied like the beasts of the field, in providing for the wants of his animal nature; and here the first distinction, that appears between him and the creatures around him, is, *the use of implements.*

- 7 *Richard.* Ah, I should never have thought of that.

Father. When the savage provides himself with a hut, or a crawl, or a wigwam, for shelter, or that he may store up his provision, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species. But the man cannot make any progress in his work without something like tools, however rude and simple in their form: he must provide himself with an axe, even before he can lop down a tree for its timber; whereas these animals form their burrows, their cells, or their nests, with the most mathematical nicety, with no other tools than those with which nature has provided them. In cultivating the ground, also, man can do nothing without a spade or a plough; nor can he reap what he has sown, till he has shaped an instrument, with which to cut down his harvests. But the animals provide for themselves and their young without any of these things.

Edward. Then, here again, the animals are the best off.

- 8 *Father.* That is not our present inquiry: now for the second distinction: Man, in all his operations *makes mistakes*, animals make none.

Edward. Do animals never make mistakes?

Father. Why Edward, did you ever see such a thing, or hear of such a thing, as a little bird sitting disconsolate on a twig, lamenting over her half finished nest, and puzzling her little poll to know how to complete it? Did you ever

see the cells of a bee-hive in clumsy irregular shapes, or observe any thing like a discussion in the little community, as if there were a difference of opinion among the architects?

The boys laughed, and owned they had never heard of 10 such a thing.

Father. Animals are even better physicians than we are, for when they are ill, they will many of them, seek out some particular herb, which they do not use as food, and which possesses a medicinal quality exactly suited to the complaint. Whereas, the whole college of physicians will dispute for a century, and not at last agree upon the virtues of a single drug. Man undertakes nothing in which he is not more or less puzzled: he must try numberless experiments before he can bring his undertakings to any thing 11 like perfection; and these experiments imply a succession of mistakes. Even the simplest operations of domestic life are not well performed without some *experience*; and the term of man's life is half wasted, before he has done with his mistakes, and begins to profit by his lessons.

Edward. Then, papa, how is it? for after all, we are better than animals.

Father. Observe, then, our third distinction, which is, that animals make no *improvements*, while the knowledge and the skill, and the success of man are perpetually on 12 the increase. The inventions and discoveries of one generation, are, through the medium of literature, handed down to succeeding ones; so that the accumulated experience of all former ages and nations is ready for our use, before we begin to think and act for ourselves. The result of which is, that the most learned and ingenious among the ancient philosophers, Aristotle or Archimedes, might learn in an hour from a modern school boy, more than the laborious study of their lives could enable them to discover.

Richard. Well, I am glad we have thought of something 13 at last, to prove that men are wiser than rabbits.

Father. Herein appears the difference between what we call instinct and reason. Animals, in all their operations, follow the first impulse of nature, or that invariable law which God has implanted in them. In all they do undertake, therefore, their works are more perfect and regular than those of men. But man, having been endowed with the faculty of thinking or reasoning about what he does,

although, (being an imperfect and fallible creature,) this liberty exposes him to mistake and is perpetually leading him into error ; yet by patience, perseverance, and industry, and by long experience, he at last achieves what angels may, perhaps, behold with admiration. A bird's nest, is indeed, a perfect and beautiful structure ; yet the nest of a swallow of the nineteenth century, is not at all more commodious, or elegant, than those that were built amid the rafters of Noah's ark. But if we compare, (I will not say Adam's bower, for that was doubtless in the finest style of nature's own architecture,) but if we compare the wigwam of the North American Indian, with the temples and palaces of ancient Greece and Rome, we then shall see to what men's mistakes, rectified and improved upon, conduct him. Animals can provide for their wants, and for those of their offspring, with the utmost adroitness ; and just so much, and no more, did their antediluvian ancestry : while man, after having provided for his first necessities, emerging gradually from the savage state, begins to cultivate poetry and music, proceeds to the knowledge of arts and sciences, unknown and unthought of by his rude forefathers, till, (in humble imitation of the works of God himself,) he gives exquisite construction to the rudest materials which nature has left for his use ; supplying those artificial wants and wishes, for which it was beneath her dignity to provide ; and while his hand thus executes all that is ingenious and beautiful, his thought glances at all that is magnificent and sublime.

LESSON LIII.

Manufacture of a Pin.—ANONYMOUS.

- 1 THERE is an article employed in dress, which is at once so necessary and so beautiful, that the highest lady in the land uses it, and yet so cheap, that the poorest peasant's wife is enabled to procure it. The quality of the article is as perfect as art can make it ; and yet, from the enormous quantities consumed by the great mass of the people, it is made so cheap that the poor can purchase the best kind, as well as the rich. It is an article of universal use. United with machinery, many hundreds, and even thousands, are

employed in making it. But if the machinery were to
2 stop, and the article were made by human hands alone, it
would become so dear, that the richest only could afford
to use it; and it would become, at the same time, so rough
in its appearance, that those very rich would be ashamed of
using it. The article we mean is a pin.

Machinery of all kinds is difficult to be described by
words. It is not necessary for us to describe the machi-
nery used in pin-making, to make you comprehend its
effects. A pin is made of brass. You have seen how
metal is obtained from ore by machinery, and, therefore,
3 we will not go over that ground. But suppose the most
skilful workman has a lump of brass ready by his side, to
make into pins with common tools,—with a hammer and
with a file. He beats it upon an anvil, till it becomes
nearly thin enough for his purpose. A very fine hammer,
and a very fine touch, must he have, to produce a pin of
any sort,—even a large corking-pin! But the pin made
by machinery is a perfect cylinder. To make a metal, or
even a wooden cylinder, of considerable size, with files
and polishing, is an operation so difficult, that it is never
4 attempted; but with a lathe and a sliding-rest, it is done
every hour, by a great many workmen. How much more
difficult would it be to make a perfect cylinder, the size
of a pin! A pin hammered out by hand would present a
number of rough edges that would tear the clothes, as well
as hold them together. It would not be much more useful
or ornamental than the skewer of bone, with which the
woman of the Sandwich Islands fastens her mats. But
the wire of which a pin is made, acquires a perfectly cylin-
drical form by the simplest machinery. It is forcibly drawn
5 through the circular holes of a steel plate; and the hole
being smaller and smaller each time it is drawn through, it
is at length reduced to the size required.

The head of a pin is a more difficult thing to make
even than the body. It is formed of a small piece of wire
twisted round so as to fit upon the other wire. It is said
that by a machine, fifty thousand heads can be made in an
hour. We should think that a man would be very skilful
to make fifty in an hour, by hand, in the roughest manner; if
so, the machine does the work of a thousand men. The
machine however, does not do all the work. The head is

6 attached to the body of a pin by the fingers of a child, while another machine rivets it on. The operations of cutting and pointing the pins are also done by machinery : and they are polished by a chemical process.

It is by these processes,—by these combinations of human labor with mechanical power,—that it occurs, that fifty pins can be bought for one half-penny, and that, therefore, four or five thousand pins may be consumed in a year by the most economical housewife, at a much less price than fifty pins of a rude make cost two or three centuries ago. A
7 woman's allowance was formerly called her *pin-money*,—a proof that pins were a sufficiently dear article to make a large item in her expenses. If pins now were to cost a half-penny apiece, instead of being fifty for a half-penny, the greater number of females would adopt other modes of fastening their dress, which would probably be less neat and convenient than pins. No such circumstance could happen while the machinery of pin-making is in use ; but if the machinery were suppressed, by any act of folly on the part of the pin-makers who work with the machinery, pins would go out of use, probably all together : the pin-makers would lose *all* their employment ; and all the women of the land would be deprived of one of the simplest, and yet most useful inventions connected with the dress of modern times.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff ; you shall seek all day ere you find them ; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.—*Shakspeare*.

If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions : I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood ; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree ; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip over the meshes of good counsel the cripple.—*Ib.*

LESSON LIV.

Parting of Douglas and Marmion.—SCOTT.

- 1 Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troops array,
To Surrey's camp to ride ;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an under tone,
" Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
- 2 The train from out the castle drew ;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :—
" Though something I might plain," he said,
" Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
- 3 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
" My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, how'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone,—
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."
- 4 Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame with ire ;
And—" This to me !" he said,—
" An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head !
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,

May well, proud Angus, be thy mate ;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

- 5 Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hand upon your sword,)

I tell thee, thou'rt defied !

And if thou said'st, I am not peer
To any Lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied !"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage

- 6 O'ercame the ashen hue of age ;
Fierce he broke forth : " And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall ?

And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?—

No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no !—

Up drawbridge, grooms—what, wardèr, ho !

Let the portcullis fall."—

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,

- 7 Like arrow through the arch-way sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung :
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,

Just as it trembled on the rise ;

Not lighter does the swallow skim

Along the smooth lake's level brim.

And when Lord Marmion reached his band,

He halts, and turns with clenched hand,

- 8 And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
" Horse ! horse !" the Douglas cried, " and chase !"
But soon he reined his fury's pace ;
" A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood !
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.—

- 9 "Tis pity of him, too," he cried ;
 " Bold can he speak, and fairly ride ;
 I warrant him a warrior tried."—
 With this his mandate he recalls,
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

Advice to a Son going to travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar :
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm* with entertainment
 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.—Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
 Take each man's censure,† but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habits as thy purse can buy ;
 But not expressed in fancy—rich, not gaudy ;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be :
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.‡
 This above all,—To thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.—*Shaks.*

LESSON LV.

On the Resurrection.—HARDIE.

- 1 TWICE had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all
 as yet was silent at the sepulchre. Death held his sceptre
 over the Son of God. Still and silent, the hours passed
 on—the guards stood at their post—the rays of the midnight
 moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears. The

* Palm of the hand.

† Opinion.

‡ Economy.

enemies of Christ exulted in their success, the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency, the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length, the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach
 2 of light. The third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden, the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended, the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence and fell prostrate on the ground. "His countenance was like lightning and his raiment white as snow." He rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He
 3 that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength? It is thy prince, O, Zion! Christian, it is your Lord! He hath trodden the wine-press alone, he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now, as the first-born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He rises a conqueror from the grave, he returns with blessings from the world of spirits, he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious. It was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy. The Father of
 4 mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world restored, he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice, the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dews of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations.

From a Monody on a Friend of the Author, Drowned in the Irish Sea.

WEEP no more, woful shepherds, weep no more;
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead;
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed;
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear night of Him that walked the waves,
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.—*Milton.*

LESSON LVI.

Virtue and Piety Man's Highest Interest.—HARRIS.

- 1 I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense, unknown expansion. Where am I? What sort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated in every instance to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own, or a different kind? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself? No—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does
- 2 not. But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth—if this be beyond me, it is not possible. What consequence then follows; or can there be any other than this? If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and which can never have existence.

- How, then, must I determine? Have I no interest at all? If I have not, I am stationed here to no purpose. But why no interest? Can I be contented with none but
- 3 one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are sufficient to convince me, that the thing is somewhere at least possible. How, then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man? Admit it, and what follows? If so, then

honor and justice are my interest ; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest ; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But, farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social
4 interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighborhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate ?

Again—I must have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish. Am I not related,
5 in this view, to the very earth itself ? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigor ? to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on ? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment ; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety ? Not only honor and justice, and what I owe to man, are my interest, but gratitude also ; acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its great Governor, our common Parent.

ALL men pursue good, and would be happy, if they knew how : not happy for minutes, and miserable for hours ; but happy, if possible, through every part of their existence. Either, therefore, there is a good of this steady, durable kind, or there is not. If not, then all good must be transient, and uncertain ; and if so, an object of the lowest value, which can little deserve our attention or inquiry.

But if there be a better good, such a good as we are seeking, like every other thing, it must be derived from some cause ; and that cause must either be external, internal, or mixed ; inasmuch as, except these three, there is no other possible. Now a steady, durable good, cannot be derived from an external cause ; since all derived from externals must fluctuate as they fluctuate. By the same rule, it cannot be derived from a mixture of the two ; because the part which is external will proportionably destroy its

essence. What then remains but the cause internal—the very cause which we have supposed, when we place the sovereign good in mind, in rectitude of conduct.—*Harris.*

LESSON LVII.

Disrespect to Parents is in no case allowable.—PERCIVAL.

1 LEANDER, the eldest son of Socrates, fell into a violent passion with his mother. Socrates was witness to this shameful misbehavior, and attempted the correction of it, in the following gentle and rational manner.

“Come hither, son,” said he; “have you never heard of men, who are called ungrateful?” “Yes, frequently,” answered the youth. “And what is ingratitude?” demanded Socrates. “It is to receive a kindness,” said Leander, “without making a proper return, when there is a favorable opportunity.” “Ingratitude is, therefore, a species
2 of injustice,” said Socrates. “I should think so,” answered Leander. “If, then,” pursued Socrates, “ingratitude be injustice, does it not follow, that the degree of it must be proportionate to the magnitude of the favors which have been received?” Leander admitted the inference; and Socrates thus pursued his interrogations. “Can there subsist higher obligations than those which children owe to their parents; from whom life is derived and supported, and by whose good offices it is rendered honorable, useful, and happy?” “I acknowledge the truth
3 of what you say,” replied Leander; “but who could suffer, without resentment, the ill-humors of such a mother as I have?” “What strange thing has she done to you?” said Socrates. “She has a tongue,” replied Leander, “that no mortal can bear.” “How much more,” said Socrates, “has she endured from your wrangling, fretfulness, and incessant cries, in the period of infancy! What anxieties has she suffered from the levities, capriciousness, and follies, of your childhood and youth! What affliction has she felt, what toil and watching has she sustained, in your
4 illnesses! These, and various other powerful motives to filial duty and gratitude, have been recognised by the legislators of our republic. For, if any one be disrespectful to

his parents, he is not permitted to enjoy any post of trust or honor. It is believed that a sacrifice, offered by an impious hand, can neither be acceptable to Heaven, nor profitable to the state; and that an undutiful son cannot be capable of performing any great action, or of executing justice with impartiality. Therefore, my son, if you be wise, you will pray to Heaven to pardon the offences committed against your mother. Let no one discover the contempt with which you have treated her; for the world will condemn, and abandon you for such behavior. And if it be even suspected, that you repay with ingratitude the good offices of your parents, you will inevitably forego the kindness of others; because, no man will suppose that you have a heart to requite either his favors or his friendship."

It was a noble spectacle amidst the flames that were consuming Troy, and while the multitude were intent only on rescuing their paltry treasures, to see the dutiful Æneas bearing on his shoulder the venerable Anchises, his aged father, to a place of safety. But ah! how rare such examples of filial piety! My God! the blood freezes in the veins at the thought of the ingratitude of children. Spirits of my sainted parents, could I recall the hours when it was in my power to honor you, how different should be my conduct. Ah! were not the dead unmindful of the reverence the living pay them, I would disturb the silence of your tombs with nightly orisons, and bedew the urn which contains your ashes with perpetual tears!—*Nott.*

LESSON LVIII.

The Fat Actor and the Rustic.—ANONYMOUS.

- 1 CARDINAL WOLSEY was a man
 "Of an unbounded stomach," Shakspeare says,
 Meaning (in metaphor) for ever puffing
 To swell beyond his size and span.
 But had he seen a player of our days,
 Enacting Falstaff without stuffing,
 He would have owned that Wolsey's bulk ideal
 Equalled not that within the bounds

- This actor's belt surrounds,
Which is, moreover, all alive and real.
- 2 This player, when the peace enabled shoals
Of our odd fishes
To visit every clime between the poles,
Swam with the stream, a histrionic kraken *
Although his wishes
Must not in this proceeding be mistaken :
For he went out professionally bent
To see how money might be made, not spent.
In this most laudable employ
He found himself at Lille one afternoon,
- 3 And that he might the breeze enjoy,
And catch a peep at the ascending moon
Out of the town, he took a stroll,
Refreshing in the fields his soul
With sight of streams, and trees, and snowy fleeces
And thoughts of crowded houses and new pieces.
When we are pleasantly employed time flies :
He counted up his profits, in the skies,
Until the moon began to shine,
On which he gazed awhile, and then
- 4 Pulled out his watch and cried, " Past nine !
" Why, zounds, they shut the gates at ten !"
Backward he turned his steps *instanter*,
Stumping along with might and main ;
And though 'tis plain
He couldn't gallop, trot or canter,
(Those who had seen him, would confess it) he
Marched well for one of such obesity.
Eyeing his watch and now his forehead mopping
He puffed and blew along the road,
- 5 Afraid of melting, more afraid of stopping ;
When in his path he met a clown
Returning from the town :
" Tell me," he panted in a thawing state,
" Dost think I can get in, friend, at the gate ?
" Get in," replied the hesitating loon,
Measuring with his eye our bulky wight,
" Why—yes, sir—I should think you might,
A load of hay went in this afternoon."

* *Kraken*, a fabulous sea-monster.

Prince Henry. Why thou owest Heaven a death. (*Exit.*)

Falstaff. 'Tis not due yet : I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calleth not on me ? Well, 'tis no matter ; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on ? how then ? Can honor set to a leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or take away the grief of a wound ? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then ? No. What is honor ? A word ? What is that word honor ? Air. A trim reckoning !—Who hath it ? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is it insensible then ? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living ? No. Why ? Detraction will not suffer it :—therefore, I'll none of it ; Honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.—

Shakspeare.

LESSON LIX.

Conflagration of an Amphitheatre at Rome.—CROLY.

ROME was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire ; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration. All was clamor, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and

hot smokes that wrapped and half blinded us, hung thick
3 as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but
the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide
carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing
the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his
hand on his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, and still
spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an im-
mense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid
strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A
sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its
summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvass, and a shower
4 of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads.
An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard—a
hideous mixture of howls, shrieks and groans. The
flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made
the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a
huge fragment of the building heaved, as if in an earth-
quake, and fortunately for us fell inwards. The whole
scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of
Statilius Taurus had caught fire: the stage with its inflam-
mable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames
5 were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy
thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I
stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this
colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire.
At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that
covered the arena.—The cause of those horrid cries was
now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had
broken from their dens.—Maddened by affright and pain,
lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of the monsters
of India and Africa, were inclosed in an impassable barrier
6 of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they
tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they
made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they
were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each
other, and with their parching jaws bathed in blood, die
raging. I looked anxiously to see whether any *human*
being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great
relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had
obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was
startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I
heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of

7 the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest : a man who had been either unable to escape, or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely naked. He had chosen his place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne ; the fire was above him and around him ; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below ; a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man.

LESSON LX.

The Maniac.—LEWIS.

- 1 STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my wo !
 She is not mad who kneels to thee ;
 For what I'm now, too well I know,
 And what I was, and what should be.
 I'll rave no more in proud despair ;
 My language shall be mild, though sad ;
 But yet I firmly, truly swear,
 I am not mad, I am not mad.

- 2 My tyrant husband forged the tale,
 Which chains me in this dismal cell ;
 My fate unknown my friends bewail—
 Oh ! jailer, haste that fate to tell :
 Oh ! haste my father's heart to cheer :
 His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
 To know, though kept a captive here,
 I am not mad, I am not mad.

- 3 He smiles in scorn, and turns the key ;
 He quits the grate ; I knelt in vain ;
 His glimmering lamp, still, still I see—
 'Tis gone ! and all is gloom again.
 Cold, bitter cold !—No warmth ! no light !—
 Life, all thy comforts once I had ;
 Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
 Although not mad ; no, no, not mad.

- 4 'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain ;
What ! I,—the child of rank and wealth,—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health ?
Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head :
But 'tis not mad ; no, 'tis not mad.
- 5 Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue ?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung ;
Nor how with her you sued to stay ;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade ;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away ;
They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad
- 6 His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !
None ever bore a lovelier child :
And art thou now for ever gone ?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad ?
I will be free ! unbar the door !
I am not mad ; I am not mad.
- 7 Oh ! hark ! what mean those yells and cries ?
His chain some furious madman breaks ;
He comes,—I see his glaring eyes ;
Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.
Help ! help !—He's gone !—Oh ! fearful wo,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see !
My brain, my brain,—I know, I know,
I am not mad, but soon shall be.
- 8 Yes, soon ;—for, lo you !—while I speak—
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare !
He sees me ; now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror !—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad ;
Ah, laugh, ye fiends ;—I feel the truth ;
Your task is done—I'm mad ! I'm mad !

There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin, trimmed
With lace, and hat with splendid ribbon bound :
A serving-maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
To distant shores : and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers ; fancy, too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
And never smiled again !—And now she roams
The dreary waste ; there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tattered apron hides,—
Worn as a cloak—and hardly hides, a gown
More tattered still ; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve ; but needful food,
Though pressed with hunger oft,—or comelier clothes,
Though pinched with cold, asks never. Kate is crazed.

Cowper.

LESSON LXI.

The Mocking Bird.—WILSON.

- 1 THE plumage of the mocking bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice ; but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modula-

2 tion, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood thrush, to the savage screams of the bald eagle. In measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals. In force, and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted upon the top of a tall bush, or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is his
3 strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various birds of song, are bold and full, and varied, seemingly, beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at the most, five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued, with undiminished ardor, for half an hour, or an hour, at a time. His expanded wings and tail, glistening with white, and the buoyant gayety of his action, arrest the eye,
4 as his song most irresistibly does the ear. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy,—he mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away, and, as Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, “he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recall his very soul, which expired in the last elevated strain.” While thus exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together, on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect,—so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman,
5 and sends him in search of birds, that, perhaps, are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive, with precipitation, into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.

The mocking bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to
6 stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog: Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He

squeaks out like a hurt chicken ; and the hen hurries about, with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or red bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat, by redoubling his exertions.

- 7 This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown-thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks : and the warblings of the blue bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens ; amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will ; while the notes of the kildeer, blue jay, martin, baltimore, and twenty others, succeed with such imposing reality, that we look
8 around for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer, in this singular concert, is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of the night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable melody.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice,
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,
 (I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,)
 There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say, I am Sir Oracle !

And when I ope *my* lips, let no dog bark !
 O ! my Antonio, I do know of those,
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying *nothing*.—*Shakspeare*.

LESSON LXII.

*The Children of the very Poor.**—ANONYMOUS.

- 1 THE innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the *very* poor do not prattle ! It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not *bring* up their children ; they *drag* them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to sooth it, to toss it up and down, to humor it. There
- 2 is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said that "a babe is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, un nourishing ; the return for its little baby-tricks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter ceaseless ob jurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses ; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child ; the prattled nonsense, (best sense to it,)
- 3 the wise impertinences, the wholesome fiction, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passion of young wonder. It was never sung to—no one ever told to it a tale of nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance ; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labor. It is the rival, till it is the co-operator, for the food with the parent. It is

operatives in the manufactories in England are particularly

4 never his mirth, his diversion, his solace ; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have *no* young times. It makes the very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl—a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays (fitting that age,) of the promised sight, or play : of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling* and clear-starching, of the
 5 price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman, before it was a child. It has learned to go to market ; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs ; it is knowing, acute, sharpened ;—it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home ?

How beautiful is night !
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven :
 In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray,
 The desert circle-spreads,
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky ;
 How beautiful is night !
 Who, at this untimely hour,
 Wanders o'er the desert sands ?
 No station is in view,
 Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.
 The mother and her child ;
 The widowed mother and the fatherless boy
 They, at this untimely hour
 Wander o'er the desert sands.—*Southey.*

* *Mangling*, an operation with clothes used instead of *ironing*.

LESSON LXIII.

Death of Saul and Jonathan, and David's Lamentation.—BIBLE.

- 1 Now the Philistines fought against Israel ; and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines, and fell down slain in Mount Gilboa. And the Philistines followed hard upon Saul and upon his sons ; and the Philistines slew Jonathan, and Abinadab and Malchi-shua, Saul's sons. And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him ; and he was sore wounded of the archers. Then said Saul unto his armor-bearer, Draw thy sword, and thrust me through therewith ; lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through, and abuse me. But his armor-bearer
- 2 would not : for he was sore afraid. Therefore Saul took a sword, and fell upon it. And when his armor-bearer saw that Saul was dead, he fell likewise upon his sword, and died with him. So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armor-bearer, and all his men, that same day together.

- And when the men of Israel that were on the other side of the valley, and they that were on the other side Jordan saw that the men of Israel fled, and that Saul and his sons were dead, they forsook the cities, and fled ; and the Philistines came and dwelt in them. And it came to pass on
- 3 the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa. And they cut off his head, and stripped off his armor, and sent into the land of the Philistines round about, to publish it in the house of their idols, and among the people. And they put his armor in the house of Ashtaroth : and they fastened his body to the wall of Beth-shan.

- And when the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead heard of that which the Philistines had done to Saul, all the valiant men arose, and went all night, and took the body of
- 4 Saul, and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Beth-shan, and came to Jabesh, and burnt them there. And they took their bones, and buried them under a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seven days.

Now it came to pass on the third day, that behold, a man came out of the camp from Saul, with his clothes rent and earth upon his head : and so it was, when he came to David, that he fell to the earth, and did obeisance. And Da

- vid said unto him, From whence comest thou? And he said unto him, Out of the camp of Israel am I escaped. And
- 5 David said unto him, How went the matter? I pray thee, tell me. And he answered, That the people are fled from the battle, and many of the people also are fallen and dead; and Saul and Jonathan his son are dead also. And David said unto the young man that told him, How knowest thou that Saul and Jonathan his son be dead? And the young man that told him said, As I happened by chance upon Mount Gilboa, behold Saul leaned upon his spear; and lo, the chariots and horsemen followed hard after him. And when he looked behind him, he saw me, and called unto
- 6 me. And I answered, Here am I. And he said unto me, Who art thou? And I answered him, I am an Amalekite. He said unto me again, Stand, I pray thee, upon me, and slay me: for anguish is come upon me, because my life is yet whole in me. So I stood upon him, and slew him, because I was sure that he could not live after that he was fallen: and I took the crown that was upon his head, and the bracelet that was on his arm, and have brought them hither unto my lord. Then David took hold on his clothes, and rent them; and likewise all the men
- 7 that were with him: And they mourned and wept, and fasted until even, for Saul and for Jonathan his son, and for the people of the Lord, and for the house of Israel; because they were fallen by the sword.

And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan his son: The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let

8 there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with

9 other delights ; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle ! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan : very pleasant hast thou been unto me : thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished !

LESSON LXIV.

On receiving his Mother's Picture.—COWPER.

- 1 My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
- 2 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;
By expectation every day beguiled,
- 3 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned, at last, submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;

- And where the gardener Robin, day by day
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble-coach, and wrapped
- 4 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid .
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
- 5 The biscuit or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :—
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes ;—
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
- 6 Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;—
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)—
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
- 7 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

LESSON LXV.

Exordium of a Speech on a Trial for Murder.—WEBSTER.

1 AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I can not have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery, and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern, that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice. (Gentlemen, it is a most
2 extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent any where; certainly none in our New England history.) This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it, before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled or deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the weighing of money against life; the counting
3 out of so many pieces of silver, against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in an example, where such example was last to have been looked for in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch,
4 the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the bloodshot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smoothfaced, bloodless demon; a picture in *repose*, rather than in *action*; not so much an example of human nature, in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of *crime*, as an infernal nature, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was

planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must

9 come, and will come, sooner or later.—A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do
10 with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it does not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in
11 his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed, there is no refuge from confession but suicide—and suicide is confession.

LESSON LXVI.

The Indian as he was and as he is.—SPRAGUE.

- 1 Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now
2 they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred: the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around. He be-
3 held him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind adoration.

4 And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprung up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted for ever from its face, a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain, but how unlike their bold, untameable progenitors! *The Indian*, of
5 falcon glance, and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone; and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrod-

den west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them for ever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

LESSON LXVII.

The discontented Pendulum.—JANE TAYLOR.

- 1 AN old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length, the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*.

- "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands. "Very good!" replied the pendulum, it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life, but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watch-

ing all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

4 "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"—"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life: and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being *quick* at figures presently replied,
5 "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day, by those of months and years—really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful,
6 industrious person as yourself, should have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable
7 to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum, "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*." "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in." "That consideration

staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

- 8 Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up, as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

MORAL.

- 9 A celebrated modern writer says, "Take care of the *minutes*, and the *hours* will take care of themselves." This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well-doing," from the thought of having much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with, in any sense; the past is irrecoverable, the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to set but one step at a time, and this process continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own *little* burdens, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last:—if *one* could be borne, so can another and another.

- 11 It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes with many, in resolutions for the future, which the present never fulfils. It is not thus with those, who, "by *patient continuance in well-doing*, seek for

glory, honor, and immortality." Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task, to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labors, and their works "follow them." Let us then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and accepted time."

Vulgarism in language is a distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions, and trite sayings, are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." If any body attempts being smart, as he calls it, upon him; he gives them *tit-for-tat*, ay, that he does. He has always some favorite word for the time being; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as, *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favorite words, nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.—

Chesterfield.

LESSON LXVIII.

Shocking effects of Intemperance.—HUMPHREY.

- 1 Who can enumerate the diseases which intemperance generates in the brain, liver, stomach, lungs, bones, muscles, nerves, fluids, and whatever else is susceptible of disease, or pain in the human system? How rudely does it shut up, one after another, all the doors of sensation, or in the caprice of its wrath throw them all wide open to every hateful intruder. How, with a refinement of cruelty

almost peculiar to itself, does it fly in the face of its victims, and hold their quivering eyeballs in its fangs, till they abhor the light and swim in blood. But, to be a little more
2 particular—mark that carbuncled, slaving, doubtful remnant of a man, retching and picking tansy, every morning before sunrise—loathing his breakfast—getting his ear bored to the door of a dram-shop an hour after—disguised before ten—quarrelling by dinner-time, and snoring drunk before supper. See him next morning at his retching and his tansy again; and, as the day advances, becoming noisy, cross, drivelling, and intoxicated. Think of his thus dragging out months and years of torture, till the earth refuses any longer to bear such a wretch upon its surface,
3 and then tell me if any Barbadian slave was ever so miserable.

But who is this that comes hobbling up, with bandaged legs, inflamed eyes, and a distorted countenance? Every step is like the piercing of a sword, or the driving of a nail among nerves and tendons. He suffers more every day and every night than he would under the lash of the most cruel driver. And what is the cause? The *humors*, he tells us, trouble him; and though he has applied to all the doctors far and near, he can get no relief. Ah, these wicked
4 and inveterate humors! Every body knows where they came from. But for the bottle he might have been a sound and healthy man. Now he is the most miserable of slaves, and there is no hope of his emancipation. He may live as long, possibly, as he would in a sugar-house at Jamaica; but, to grind more miserably in the prison which he has built at his own expense, and in manacles which his own hands have forged.

Look next at that wretched hovel, open on all sides to the rude and drenching intrusion of the elements. The
5 panting skeleton, lying as you see, upon a little straw in the corner, a prey to consumption, was once the owner of yonder comfortable mansion, and of that farm so rich in verdure and in sheaves. He might have owned them still, and have kept his health too, but for the love of strong drink. It is intemperance which has consumed his substance, and rioted upon his flesh and his marrow, and shortened his breath, and fixed that deep sepulchral cough in his wasting vitals. Was ever a kidnapped African more

6 wretched in his Atlantic dungeon? But your sympathies come too late. Perhaps you sold him the very poison which has brought him to this—or it went out sparkling from your distillery to the retailer, and thence into the jug, half-concealed by the tattered garment of the victim, as he carried it home to his starving family. There is no help for him now. He must, day and night, groan and cough away the remnant of his mortal existence, without mitigation and without hope.

Does your sickened and harrowed soul turn away with 7 horror from such a scene? Go with me, then, to the almshouse, and tell me whether you recognise that bloated figure, sitting all day and all night in his chair, because the dropsy will not suffer him to lie down, and thus lingering from week to week under the slow torments of strangulation. How piercing are his shrieks, as if he were actually drowning, from which, indeed, he can obtain a short reprieve only, by diverting from the seat of life the accumulating waters. He was once your neighbor, thrifty, reputable, and happy; but he yielded to the blandishments of 8 the great destroyer. He drank, first temperately, then freely, then to excess, and finally, to habitual inebriation. The consequences are before you. His daily and nightly sufferings no tongue can utter. His disease no skill can cure. The swelling flood in which he catches every precarious breath, no finite power can long assuage. The veriest wretch, chained and sweltering between decks in a Portuguese Guineaman, is not half so miserable.

But here we must leave him, to be cast a wreck by the angry waters upon the shore of eternity; and enter that 9 hut, towards which a solitary neighbor is advancing with hurried steps. Here a husband and a father (shall I call him such?) is supposed to be dying. The disease is *delirium tremens*. And oh what a pitiable object! Every limb and muscle quivers as in the agonies of dissolution. Reason, having been so often and so rudely driven from her seat, by habitual intoxication, now refuses to return. Possibly he may once more be reprieved, to stagger on a little further, into his ignominious grave; but in the meantime, who that is bought and sold and thrown into the sea, for 10 the crime of being sable and sick, suffers half so much as this very slave!

I might ask you, in passing the Insane Hospital, just to look through the grated window, at the maniac in his straight-jacket—gnashing his teeth, cursing his keepers, withering your very soul by the flashes of his eye, disquieting the night with incoherent cries of distress, or more appalling fits of laughter. Here you would see what it is for the immortal mind to be laid in ruins, by the worse than volcanic belchings of the distillery; and what happens every day from these Tartarean eruptions.

LESSON LXIX.

Adam's Account of himself to the Angel.—MILTON.

- 1 FOR man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turned
And gazed awhile the ample sky, till raised
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
- 2 As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmur'ing streams; by these,
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked, or flew
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigor led;
- 3 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not: to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. "Thou Sun," said I, "fair light,
And thou enlightened Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,

- Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here !
Not of myself ; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent ;
- 4 Tell me how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know."
While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light ; when answer none returned,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down : there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My droused sense, untroubled, though I thought
- 5 I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved,
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine
And said, " Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordained
First Father, called by thee I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared."
- 6 So saying, by the hand he took me, raised,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain ; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye
Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat : whereat I waked, and found
- 7 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadowed. Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appeared,
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss : he reared me, and " Whom thou sought'st
I am,"
Said mildly, " Author of all this thou seest

Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 This paradise I give thee, count it thine
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat."

LESSON LXX.

Uses of Water.—ANONYMOUS.

- 1 How common, and yet how beautiful and how pure, is a drop of water! See it, as it issues from the rock to supply the spring and the stream below. See how its meanderings through the plains, and its torrents over the cliffs, add to the richness and the beauty of the landscape. Look into a factory standing by a waterfall, in which every drop is faithful to perform its part, and hear the groaning and rustling of the wheels, the clattering of shuttles, and the buzz of spindles, which, under the direction of their *fair* attendants, are supplying myriads of fair purchasers with fabrics
- 2 from the cotton-plant, the sheep, and the silkworm.

Is any one so stupid as not to admire the splendor of the rainbow, or so ignorant as not to know that it is produced by drops of water, as they break away from the clouds which had confined them, and are making a quick visit to our earth to renew its verdure and increase its animation? How useful is the gentle dew, in its nightly visits, to allay the scorching heat of a summer's sun! And the autumn's frost, how beautifully it bedecks the trees, the shrubs and the grass; though it strips them of their summer's verdure,

- 3 and warns them that they must soon receive the buffetings of the winter's tempest! This is but water, which has given up its transparency for its beautiful whiteness and its elegant crystals. The snow, too—what is that but these same pure drops thrown into crystals by winter's icy hand? and does not the first summer's sun return them to the same limpid drops?

The majestic river, and the boundless ocean, what are they? Are they not made of drops of water? How the river steadily pursues its course from the mountain's top, down the declivity, over the cliff, and through the plain, kinging with it every thing in its course! How many mighty ships does the ocean float upon its bosom! How

many fishes sport in its waters ! How does it form a lodging-place for the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Danube, the Rhine, the Ganges, the Lena, and the Hoang Ho !

How piercing are these pure, limpid drops ! How do they find their way into the depths of the earth, and even the solid rock ! How many thousand streams, hidden from our view by mountain masses, are steadily pursuing their
5 courses, deep from the surface which forms our standing-place for a few short days ! In the air, too, how it diffuses itself ! Where can a particle of air be found, which does not contain an atom of water ?

How much would a famishing man give for a few of these pure, limpid drops of water ! And where do we use it in our daily sustenance ? or rather, where do we not use it ? Which portion of the food that we have taken during our lives did not contain it ? What part of our body, which limb, which organ, is not moistened with this same faithful ser-
6 vant ? How is our blood, that free liquid, to circulate through our veins without it ?

How gladly does the faithful horse, or the patient ox, in his toilsome journey, arrive at the water's brink ! And the faithful dog, patiently following his master's track—how eagerly does he lap the water from the clear fountain he meets in his way !

The feathered tribe, also—how far and how quick their flight, that they may exchange the northern ice for the same common comfort rendered liquid and limpid by a
7 southern sun !

Whose heart ought not to overflow with gratitude to the abundant Giver of this pure liquid, which his own hand has deposited in the deep, and diffused through the floating air and the solid earth ? Is it the farmer, whose fields, by the gentle dew and the abundant rain, bring forth fatness ? Is it the mechanic, whose saw, lathe, spindle and shuttle, are moved by this faithful servant ? Is it the merchant, on his return from the noise and the perplexities of business, to the table of his family, richly supplied with the varieties
8 and the luxuries of the four quarters of the globe, produced by the abundant rain, and transported across the mighty but yielding ocean ? Is it the physician, on his administering to his patient some gentle beverage, or a more active healer of the disease which threatens ? Is it the clergyman, whose

profession it is to make others feel—and that by feeling himself—that the slightest favor and the richest blessing are from the same source, and from the same abundant and constant Giver? Who, that still has a glass of water and a crumb of bread, is not ungrateful to complain?

LESSON LXXI.

*Extract from a Discourse by the celebrated French Orator
Massillon.*

- 1 THERE is not, perhaps, a person present who cannot say of himself, "I live as the multitude—those of my own rank, my own age and condition in life; and am I lost if I die thus?" What more proper to alarm a soul which has any concern for its own salvation? Nevertheless, it is the multitude that tremble not, and feel no alarm. It is only a small number of *just persons*, who work out alone their salvation with fear and trembling: all the rest are calm and unconcerned. Convinced that the impenitent multitude must die in their sins, each individual flatters himself, that
- 2 after having lived with the multitude, he shall be distinguished from them at death; puts himself in the case of a preposterous exception, and dreams that for *him* all will be safe.

- It is for this reason, my brethren, that I address myself to you who are here assembled. I speak not of the rest of mankind, but direct my view to you alone, as if you were the only beings on earth. Behold the thought which occupies and appals my spirit. I fancy that your final hour has come, and the end of the world—that the heavens
- 3 are about to open above your heads—Jesus Christ to appear in glory in this temple—and that you are here assembled but to await, as trembling criminals, his sentence of pardon or eternal death: for it is in vain to flatter yourselves,—such as you are to-day, such you will die. Those desires of change which now amuse, will continue to amuse you to the bed of death: it is the experience of all ages. All of change that you will then find, will be an account somewhat larger, perhaps, than you would have to render to-day. By what you would be, were you to be judged this

4 **Very** moment, you may almost certainly decide what will be your final doom. I ask you, then,—struck with dismay I ask it, not separating my own lot from yours, but placing myself in the same predicament,—I ask you, if Jesus Christ were to appear in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, in judgment, and separate the sheep from the goats, think you the larger portion of us here present would be placed on the right? Think you there would be *half*? Do you believe there would be simply *ten* righteous, which God once did not find in five entire cities? I ask you,—

5 you know not. I too am ignorant: Thou only, oh God! knowest who are thine. But if we know not who belong to God, we are at least certain that the wicked do not. Who, then, are the righteous in this assembly? Titles, and rank, and riches, must be reckoned as nothing; you will all be stripped of them in the presence of Jesus Christ. Who, then, are here? Many sinners who will not be converted: a still larger number who would, but delay their conversion: some who repent but to relapse again into sin; and many who think they have no need of conversion—

6 These are the classes of the reprobate. Retrench these four sorts of sinners from this holy assembly,—they *will be* retrenched at the great day of accounts. Stand forth now, ye righteous! Where are ye? Remnant of Israel, pass to the right! Wheat of the Lord, separate from this chaff, destined to unquenchable fire! Oh, my God! where are thine elect, and what remains for thy portion!

St. Paul, addressing himself to Christians of all grades and classes, even down to menial servants, exhorts them to be courteous. Courteousness must mean, therefore, a something which is within the reach of all sorts of people, and, in its primary and best sense, is exactly such a behavior as spontaneously springs from a heart warm with benevolence, and unwilling to give needless pain, or uneasiness to a fellow-being.

We have no more right, wantonly or carelessly to wound the mind, than to wound the body of a fellow-being; and, in many instances, the former is the more cruel of the two

Brief Remark.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
 And half our misery from our foibles springs ;
 Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
 And few can save or serve, but all can please ;
 Oh ! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
 A *small unkindness* is a great offence.—*More.*

LESSON LXXII.

Hymn to the Deity.—BOWRING.

"There is no sound or language where their voice is not heard."

- 1 THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God, attune their evening hymn ;
 All-wise, All-holy, thou art praised in song of seraphim ;
 Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds, unite to worship thee,
 While thy majestic greatness fills space—time—eternity.
- 2 Nature—a temple worthy of thee—beams with light and love,
 Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below, whose stars rejoice above ;
 Whose altars are the mountain cliffs, that rise along the shore,
 Whose anthems, the sublime accord of storm and ocean's roar.
- 3 Her song of gratitude is sung by spring's awakening hours ;
 Her summer offers at thy shrine its earliest, loveliest flowers ;
 Her autumn brings its ripened fruits, in glorious luxury given ;
 While winter's silver heights reflect thy brightness back to Heaven !
- 4 On all thou smilest :—what is man, before thy presence, God ?
 A breath, but yesterday inspired.—to-morrow, but a clod :

That clod shall moulder in the vale, till, kindled, Lord,
by thee,
Its spirit to thy arms shall spring—to life—to liberty.

“ All thy works praise thee.”

When spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing
soil,

When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil,
When winter binds, in frosty chains, the fallow and the
flood,

In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns her Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the
shade,—

The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy
glade,—

The sun, that, from his amber bower, rejoiceth on his
way,—

The moon and stars their Maker's name, in silent pomp,
display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—

Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny ?

No ! let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,

Thee, Maker, must we always love, and, Savior, honor
thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer
fade,

The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the shade,

The winds be lulled, the sun and moon forget their old
decree ;

But we, in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to thee.

Heber.

LESSON LXXIII.

Mortality and Immortality.—MRS. BARBAULD.

- 1 CHILD of mortality, whence comest thou ? why is thy
countenance sad, and why are thine eyes red with weeping ?
I have seen the rose in its beauty ; it spread its leaves to

the morning sun. I returned : it was dying upon its stalk ; the grace of the form of it was gone : its loveliness was vanished away ; its leaves were scattered on the ground, and no one gathered them again. A stately tree grew on the plain ; its branches were covered with verdure ; its boughs spread wide, and made a goodly shadow ; the trunk was like a strong pillar ; the roots were like crooked fangs.

- 2 I returned ; the verdure was nipped by the east wind ; the branches were lopped away by the axe ; the worm had made its way into the trunk, and the heart thereof was decayed ; it mouldered away, and fell to the ground. I have seen the insects sporting in the sunshine, and darting along the streams ; their wings glittered with gold and purple ; their bodies shone like the green emerald ; they were more numerous than I could count ; their motions were quicker than my eye could glance. I returned : they were brushed into the pool ; they were perishing with the evening breeze ; the swallow had devoured them ; the pike had seized them ; there were none found of so great a multitude.

- I have seen man in the pride of his strength ; his cheeks glowed with beauty ; his limbs were full of activity ; he leaped ; he walked ; he ran : he rejoiced in that he was more excellent than those. I returned : he lay stiff and cold on the bare ground ; his feet could no longer move, nor his hands stretch themselves out ; his life was departed from him ; and the breath out of his nostrils. There-
4 fore do I weep because death is in the world ; the spoiler is among the works of God ; all that is made must be destroyed ; all that is born must die ; let me alone, for I will weep yet longer.

I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground. I looked again ;—it sprung forth afresh ; its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air.

- I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon : there was no color, nor
5 shape, nor beauty, nor music ; gloom and darkness brooded around. I looked : the sun broke forth again upon the east, and gilded the mountain tops ; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled

away. I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat : it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone : it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move. I looked again : it had burst its tomb ; it was full of life, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air ; it rejoiced in its new being.

- 6 Thus shall it be with thee, O man ! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth : but thou shalt be raised again ; and thou shalt never die any more.

- 7 Who is he that comes to burst open the prison doors of the tomb ; to bid the dead wake ; and to gather his redeemed from the four winds of heaven ? He descends on a fiery cloud ; the sound of a trumpet goes before him ; thousands of angels are on his right hand. It is Jesus, the Son of God ; the Savior of men ; the friend of the good. He comes in the glory of his Father ; he has received power from on high.

Mourn not, therefore, child of immortality ! for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God, is subdued. Jesus has conquered death ; child of immortality ! mourn no longer.

Shall I be left abandoned in the dust,
 When fate relenting bids the flower revive ?
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live ?
 Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury and pain ?
 No ! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive ;
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant
 reign.—*Beattie.*

LESSON LXXIV

Mohammedan Prayers.—ANONYMOUS.

- 1 FOUNTAINS are common in Mohammedan towns ; and besides the ordinary use of assuaging the thirst of the passers-by, they, with an adjoining platform, and with an

erect stone to indicate the way the worshipper should turn his face, constitute so many oratories for the use of those whom the call to prayer surprises at a distance from the mosque, or who prefer to perform their devotions in the open air. It is obligatory on all Mohammedans to pray five times a day ; but it is only on the Friday that they are expected to attend at the mosque for the purpose : and in general, when a Moslem hears the call to prayers, or
2 knows that the hour is arrived, he will perform his devotions at any convenient place near that where he happens to be at the time, after he has executed the required ablutions. These consist in washing the hands three times successively, as well as the face, the arms, the head, the neck, and the feet ; and also the inside of the mouth, of the ears, and of the nostrils. It is for the purpose of these ablutions that fountains are so abundantly provided. In places where no water is to be had, the ablution may be made with earth or sand. This practice is followed by
3 persons travelling in the deserts ; and with regard to persons at sea, who have no such substitutes, and cannot afford fresh water, they effect their ablutions by rubbing themselves with their hands alone, after having placed them on a stone. Sea-water is considered impure, and entirely unfit for the purposes of ablution. These washings are generally performed in a very slight way. In consequence of its being necessary to wash the arm up to the elbow, the Moslems have the sleeves of their dress with buttons from the elbow to the wrist. The Turks and
4 Arabs generally wear their sleeves loose and unbuttoned, to save the trouble of frequent unbuttoning and buttoning again ; but the Persians, who are much less observant of what their religion in this respect requires, are seldom seen but with their sleeves buttoned up. Indeed, every thing that their forms of worship demand, in regard to prayers and ablutions, is seldom performed by any Moslems except those of the higher and middle classes ; and in all cases the morning, noon, and evening periods of prayer are the most attended to, while the intermediate ones are compara-
5 tively neglected.

Although Christians are not generally allowed to enter the mosques, the ceremonies of prayer are so much performed in the streets and open places of towns, that the

most unobservant stranger soon becomes thoroughly acquainted with all the proceedings.

There are no bells in Mohammedan countries ; but, at the appointed hours, an officer of the mosque, called the *muezzin*, mounts upon the minarets and calls the faithful to prayers, or rather notifies that the proper time has arrived. For this office the persons endowed with the most sonorous voices are chosen in preference, and the distance at which they can be heard is such as to become a subject of surprise to Europeans. This notice is not delivered from every mosque, but only from such as are sufficient to afford an equal distribution of the sound over the city. The call consists of a declaration of the Mohammedan profession of faith :—"There is no other God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God !" with many repetitions ; then follows the invitation to prayers, to which, in the morning, is added the assurance that "Prayer is better than sleep ;" and the whole concludes with the declaration that God is most great, and most high, and that there is no other God but him.

When the call is heard, the devout who happen to be abroad hasten to the fountains and the streams to perform their ablutions : when this is done, if there are many present, one of the number assumes the office of an imaum, or leader, and, placing himself before them, with his face towards Mecca, the rest follow him in his words and postures.

Every canonical prayer is composed of an invocation, of different *ricauts*, and of the salutation. A *ricaut* consists of a series of seven positions of the body, with each of which a particular prayer or declaration is connected. The worshipper stands for a short time erect, as if endeavoring to fix his attention on the duties he is about to perform, with both the hands raised to the ears, and then repeats the declaration, "God is most great !" He then lets his arms and hands hang down, in one sect, or crosses them on his breast, in another, and in this posture repeats the first chapter of the "Koran." It is short, commencing with praise, and ending in prayer for guidance in the right way. The whole upper part of the body is then bent forward, with the hands resting upon the knees, and they say, with a loud voice, "God is most great !" Then, rising

to their former position, they say, "God listens when praise is given to him." And then they prostrate themselves, with their knees, hands, and faces on the ground, and, in this humblest of postures, declare again that "God is great." This declaration is repeated in all the remaining positions; which are—sitting down with their legs bent under them, so that the weight of the body rests upon the heels, which is a common sedentary posture among the Persians:—they then prostrate themselves as before; and, finally, raise themselves upon their feet, if possible without touching the ground with their hands as they rise. This is the first *ricaut*, and the second is like it, except that, instead of raising themselves upon their feet from the last prostration, they seat themselves upon their heels, and in this posture invoke blessings upon the Prophet, upon themselves, and upon all the faithful. If the prayer is intended to conclude with this *ricaut*, a longer address than any which preceded is added. It commences with a declaration of faith, and concludes with the invocation of blessings. After this, the worshipper, still sitting, turns his face first towards the right, and then towards the left, repeating each time, "Peace be with you." These two *ricauts* constitute a complete prayer; and no new words or postures are introduced in the additional *ricauts*, which are required on particular occasions, or which the zealously devout sometimes voluntarily undertake: The arrangement, however, is somewhat varied.

When the canonical prayers are completed, the worshipper, if a person of leisure and devotion, does not immediately rise and go away, but remains to count his beads. The rosary consists of ninety beads, and a distinct ejaculation is appropriated to each as it passes between the fingers. Each ejaculation generally consists of two words, and declares a name or attribute of God. Almost all Moslems, in the upper and middle ranks of life, carry in their pockets or bosoms a string of beads for this purpose, which they use not only on the occasion we are describing, but while sitting and smoking their pipes, walking in the streets, or even while engaged in conversation. The ejaculation connected with each bead is more generally understood than expressed.

When a Moslem has gone over his beads at the regular

time of prayer, he folds his hands, and then, holding them up, open, as if to receive something from above, he prays for such blessings as he desires for himself or his household. When this is concluded, he strokes his beard with his right hand, and says, "Praise be to God!" This concludes the whole.

LESSON LXXV.

The Three Warnings.—MRS. THRALE.

- 1 THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground.
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that, in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages
The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

- 2 When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dobson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room ;
And, looking grave, "You must," said he,
"Quit your sweet bride and come with me."
"With you? and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless husband cried ;
"Young as I am? 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared :
- 3 My thoughts on other matters go,
This is my wedding-day you know."
What more he urged I have not heard :
His reasons could not well be stronger :
So death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look,—
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,—

"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall death disturb your mirthful hour :

- 4 "And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But when I call again this way,
5 Well pleased, the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted, perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wisely,—and how well,
It pleased him, in his prosperous course,
To smoke his pipe, and pat his horse,—

- The willing muse shall tell :—
He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
6 Nor thought of death as near ;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But, while he viewed his wealth increase,—
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trode,—
Old time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

- 7 And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.

Half killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dobson cries,
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies :

"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest :

Since I was here before,

'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,

And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse!" the clown rejoined :

"To spare the aged would be kind :

Besides you promised me three warnings,

Which I have looked for nights and mornings."

"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,

I seldom am a welcome guest ;

But don't be captious, friend, at least :

I little thought you'd still be able

To stump about your farm and stable :

Your years have run to a great length :

8 I wish you joy though of your strength."

"Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast :

I have been lame these four years past."

9 "And no great wonder," Death replies :

"However, you still keep your eyes ;

And sure to see one's loves and friends,

For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might ;

But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking story, faith !

Yet there's some comfort, still," says Death :

"Each strives your sadness to amuse ;

I warrant you hear all the news."

10 "There's none," cries he ; "and, if there were,

I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,

"These are unreasonable yearnings :

If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,

You've had your three sufficient warnings :

So come along ; no more we'll part."

He said, and touched him with his dart :

And now old Dobson, turning pale,

Yields to his fate——so ends my tale

LESSON LXXVI

The Misfortunes of Men mostly chargeable on themselves.—BLAIR.

- 1 WE find man placed in a world, where he has by no means the disposal of the events that happen. Calamities sometimes befall the worthiest and the best, which it is not in their power to prevent, and where nothing is left them, but to acknowledge, and to submit to the high hand of Heaven. For such visitations of trial, many good and wise reasons can be assigned, which the present subject leads me not to discuss. But, though these unavoidable calamities make a part, yet they make not the chief part, of the vexations and sorrows that distress human life. A multitude
- 2 of evils beset us, for the source of which we must look to another quarter. No sooner has any thing in the health, or in the circumstances of men, gone cross to their wish, than they begin to talk of the unequal distribution of the good things of this life; they envy the condition of others: they repine at their own lot, and fret against the Ruler of the world. Full of these sentiments, one man pines under a broken constitution. But let us ask him, whether he can, fairly and honestly, assign no cause for this but the unknown decree of Heaven? Has he duly valued the blessing of
- 3 health, and always observed the rules of virtue and sobriety? Has he been moderate in his life, and temperate in all his pleasures? If now he is only paying the price of his former, perhaps his forgotten indulgences, has he any title to complain, as if he were suffering unjustly? Were we to survey the chambers of sickness and distress, we should often find them peopled with the victims of intemperance and sensuality, and with the children of vicious indolence and sloth. Among the thousands who languish there, we should find the proportion of innocent sufferers to be small.
- 4 We should see faded youth, premature old age, and the prospect of an untimely grave, to be the portion of multitudes, who, in one way or other, have brought those evils on themselves; while yet these martyrs of vice and folly, have the assurance to arraign the hard fate of man, and to "fret against the Lord."

But you, perhaps, complain of hardships of another kind; of the injustice of the world; of the poverty which you

suffer, and the discouragements under which you labor ; of the crosses, and disappointments, of which your life has
5 been doomed to be full. Before you give too much scope to your discontent, let me desire you to reflect impartially upon your past train of life. Have not sloth or pride, ill temper, or sinful passions, misled you often from the path of sound and wise conduct ? Have you not been wanting to yourselves in improving those opportunities which Providence offered you, for bettering and advancing your state ? If you have chosen to indulge your humor, or your taste, in the gratifications of indolence or pleasure, can you complain because others, in preference to you, have obtained
6 those advantages which naturally belong to useful labors, and honorable pursuits ? Have not the consequences of some false steps, into which your passions, or your pleasures, have betrayed you, pursued you through much of your life ; tainted, perhaps, your characters, involved you in embarrassments, or sunk you into neglect ? It is an old saying, that every man is the artificer of his own fortune in the world. It is certain, that the world seldom turns wholly against a man, unless through his own fault : " Religion is," in general, " profitable unto all things." Virtue, dili-
7 gence, and industry, joined with good temper, and prudence, have ever been found the surest road to prosperity ; and where men fail of attaining it, their want of success is far oftener owing to their having deviated from that road, than to their having encountered insuperable bars in it. Some by being too artful, forfeit the reputation of probity. Some, by being too open, are accounted to fail in prudence. Others, by being fickle and changeable, are distrusted by all.

The case commonly is, that men seek to ascribe their disappointments to any cause, rather than to their own mis-
8 conduct : and when they can devise no other cause, they lay them to the charge of Providence. Their folly leads them into vices ; their vices into misfortunes ; and in their misfortunes they " murmur against Providence." They are doubly unjust towards their Creator. In their prosperity, they are apt to ascribe their success to their own diligence, rather than to his blessing ; and in their adversity, they impute their distresses to his providence, not to their own misbehavior. Whereas, the truth is the very reverse of this. " Every good and every perfect gift cometh from

9 above;" and of evil and misery, man is the author to himself.

When, from the condition of individuals, we look abroad to the public state of the world, we meet with more proofs of the truth of this assertion. We see great societies of men torn in pieces by intestine dissensions, tumults, and civil commotions. We see mighty armies going forth, in formidable array, against each other, to cover the earth with blood, and to fill the air with the cries of widows and orphans. Sad evils these, to which this miserable world
10 is exposed. But are these evils, I beseech you, to be imputed to God? Was it he who sent forth slaughtering armies into the field, or who filled the peaceful city with massacres and blood? Are these miseries any other than the bitter fruit of men's violent and disorderly passions? Are they not clearly to be traced to the ambition and vices of princes, to the quarrels of the great, and to the turbulence of the people? Let us lay them entirely out of the account, in thinking of Providence, and let us think only of the "foolishness of man." Did man control his pas-
11 sions, and form his conduct according to the dictates of wisdom, humanity, and virtue, the earth would no longer be desolated by cruelty; and human societies would live in order, harmony, and peace. In those scenes of mischief and violence which fill the world, let man behold, with shame, the picture of his vices, his ignorance, and folly. Let him be humbled by the mortifying view of his own perverseness; but let not his "heart fret against the Lord."

LESSON LXXVII.

The Dread of being Over-Eloquent.—BULWER.

- 1 A LOVE for decencies, and decencies alone—a conclusion that all is vice which dispenses with them, and all hypocrisy which would step beyond them—damps the zeal of the established clergy: * it is something disreputable to be too eloquent; the aristocratic world does not like either clergymen or women to make too much noise. A *very*

* In England.

popular preacher, who should, in the pulpit, be carried away by his fervor for the souls of his flock, who should use an extemporaneous figure of speech, or too vehement a gesticulation, would be considered as betraying the dignity of his profession. Bossuet would have lost his character with us, and St. Paul have run the danger of being laughed at as a mountebank.

Walk into that sacred and well-filled edifice,—it is a fashionable church: you observe how well cleaned and well painted it is; how fresh the brass nails and the red-cloth seem in the gentlefolks' pews; how respectable the clerk looks—the curate, too, is considered a very gentlemanlike young man. The rector is going to begin the sermon: he is a very learned man—people say he will be a bishop one of these days, for he edited a Greek play, and was private tutor to Lord Glitter. Now observe him—his voice, how monotonous!—his manner, how cold!—his face, how composed! yet what are his words—"Fly the wrath that is to come. Think of your immortal souls. Remember, oh remember! how terrible is the responsibility of life!—how strict the account!—how suddenly it may be demanded!" Are *these* his words? they are certainly of passionate import, and they are doled forth in the tone of a lazy man saying, "John, how long is it to dinner?" Why, if the calmest man in the world were to ask a gamekeeper not to shoot his favorite dog, he would speak with a thousand times more energy; and yet this preacher is endeavoring to save the souls of a whole parish—of all his acquaintance—all his friends—all his relations—his wife (the lady in the purple bonnet, whose sins no man doubtless knows better) and his six children, whose immortal welfare must be still dearer to him than their temporal advancement; and yet what a wonderful command over his emotions! I never saw a man so cool in my life. "But, my dear sir," says the fashionable purist, "that coolness is decorum; it is the proper characteristic of a clergyman of the Established Church."

Alas! Dr. Young did not think so, when finding he could not impress his audience sufficiently, he stopped short, and burst into tears.

LESSON LXXVIII.

Elegy in a Country Church-Yard.—GRAY.

- 1 THE curfew tolls—the knell of parting day ;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
- 2 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;
- 3 Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.
- 4 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
- 5 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
- 6 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.
- 7 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke
- 8 Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

- 9 The boast of heraldry, the pomp and power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour ;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
- 10 Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise
Where, through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
- 11 Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?
- 12 Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
- 13 But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
- 14 Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
- 15 Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.
- 16 The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes—
- 17 Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;—

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

18 'The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame ;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

19 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray :
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20 Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still, erected nigh, -
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21 Their names, their years, spelled by the unlettered muse
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,—
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

23 On some fond breast the parting soul relies :
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires

24 For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;—

25 Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

- 26 "There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- 27 "Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
- 28 "One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree :
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he :
- 29 "The next, with dirges due, and sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph.

- 30 Here rests his head upon the lap of earth—
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.
- 31 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere :
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :—
He gave to misery all he had—a tear ;
He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a
friend.
- 32 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,—
(There they, alike, in trembling hope, repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

LESSON LXXIX.

The Prodigal Son.—BIBLE

- 1 AND he said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have
- 2 filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.
- 3 And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry. Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the ser-
- 4 vants and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in; therefore came his father out, and entreated him. And he answering, said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy son was come, which

5 hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me ; and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad : for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again ; and was lost, and is found.

1 And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat. And behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment. Now, when the Pharisee which had bidden him, saw it, he spake within himself, saying, This man, if
2 he were a prophet, would have known who, and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him : for she is a sinner. And Jesus answering, said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on. There was a certain creditor, which had two debtors ; the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most ? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast
3 rightly judged. And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman ? I entered into thy house, thou gavest me no water for my feet : but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss : but this woman since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint : but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore, I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven ; for she loved much : but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth
4 little. And he said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven. And they that sat at meat with him, began to say within themselves, who is this that forgiveth sins also ? And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee ; go in peace.

LESSON LXXX.

Altamont.—YOUNG.

- 1 THE sad evening before the death of the noble youth, whose last hours suggested the most solemn and awful reflections, I was with him. No one was present, but his physician, and an intimate whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said, "You and the physician are come too late. I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles.—You would raise the dead!" "Heaven," I said, "was merciful"—"Or," exclaimed he,—
 2 "I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless and to save me! I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I have plucked down ruin!" I said, "The blessed Redeemer"—"Hold! hold! you wound me! That is the rock on which I split: I denied his name!"

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck: then, with vehemence he exclaimed, "Oh time! time! it is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart! How art thou fled for ever!—a month! oh for a single week! I ask not for years, though an age were too little for the much I
 3 have to do!" On my saying we could not do too much, that heaven was a blessed place,—
 4 "So much the worse. 'Tis lost! 'tis lost! Heaven is to me the severest part of hell!" Soon after, I proposed prayer:—"Pray you that can; I never prayed. I can not pray—nor need I. Is not Heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience 'ts severest strokes but second my own."

Observing that his friend was much touched at this, even to tears—(who could forbear? I could not)—with a most affectionate look, he said, "Keep those tears for thyself. I
 4 have undone thee! Dost thou weep for me? That is cruel. What can pain me more?" Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him: "No, stay—thou still mayst hope; therefore hear me. How madly have I talked! how madly hast thou listened and believed! but look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason—full mighty to suffer. And that which thus

triumphs within the jaws of immortality, is, doubtless, immortal. And as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel."

I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature, when he thus very passionately exclaimed:—"No, no! let me speak on; I have not long to speak. My much-injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruins—in scattered fragments of broken thought! Remorse for the past, throws my thought on the future. Worse dread of the future strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless Heaven for the flames!—that is not an everlasting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire." How were we struck! yet soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out, "My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy! my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? Oh! thou blasphemed, yet indulgent Lord God! hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown!"

Soon after his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgotten; and ere the sun (which, I hope, has seen few like him) arose,—the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont expired!

If this is a man of pleasure, what is a man of pain? How quick, how total, is the transit of such persons! In what a dismal gloom they set for ever! How short, alas! the day of their rejoicing! For a moment they glitter—they dazzle! In a moment where are they? Oblivion covers their memories. Ah, would it did! Infamy snatches them from oblivion. In the long living annals of infamy their triumphs are recorded.

Thy sufferings, poor Altamont! still bleed in the bosom of the heart-stricken friend—for Altamont had a friend. He might have had many. His transient morning might have been the dawn of an immortal day; his name might have been gloriously enrolled in the records of eternity; his memory might have left a sweet fragrance behind it, grateful to the surviving friend, salutary to the succeeding gen-

9 eration. With what capacity was he endowed ! with what advantages for being greatly good ! But with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool. If he judge amiss in the supreme point, judging aright in all else, but aggravates his folly ; as it shows him wrong, though blessed with the best capacity of being right.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die :—my soul !
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view !
 That awful gulf no mortal e'er repassed,
 To tell what's doing on the other side.
 Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
 And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting—
 For part they must ; body and soul must part,
 Fond couple, linked more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
 The witness of its actions, now its judge ;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
 Like a disabled pitcher of no use.—*Blair.*

LESSON LXXXI.

The Firmament.—HABINGTON.

- 1 WHEN I survey the bright
 Celestial sphere ;
 So rich with jewels hung, that night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear :
- 2 My soul her wings doth spread,
 And Heavenward flies,
 The Almighty's mysteries to read
 In the large volumes of the skies
- 3 For the bright firmament
 Shoots forth no flame
 So silent, but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creator's name.
- 4 No unregarded star
 Contracts its light

Into so small a character
Removed far from our human sight ;

But, if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

6 Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

7 For they have watched since first
The world had birth ;
And found sin in itself accursed
And nothing permanent on earth.

The Ministry of Angels.—SPENSER

1 AND is there care in heaven ? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move ?
There is : else, much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But, oh ! the exceeding grace
Of highest God ! that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man,—to serve his wicked foe.

2 How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us, that succor want !
How oft do they with golden pinions, cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward :
Oh ! why should heavenly God to man have such
regard'

LESSON LXXXII.

Change not Reform.—From a Speech in the Virginia Convention.—RANDOLPH.

- 1 SIR,—I see no wisdom in making this provision for future changes. You must give governments time to operate on the people, and give the people time to become gradually assimilated to their institutions. Almost any thing is better than this state of perpetual uncertainty. A people may have the best form of government that the wit of man ever devised ; and yet, from its uncertainty alone, may, in effect, live under the worst government in the world. Sir, how often must I repeat, that *change* is not *reform*. I am willing that this new constitution shall stand as long as it is
- 2 possible for it to stand, and that, believe me, is a very short time. Sir, it is in vain to deny it. They may say what they please about the old constitution—the defect is not there. It is not in the form of the old edifice, neither in the design nor the elevation : it is in the *material*—it is in the people of Virginia. To my knowledge that people are changed from what they have been. The 400 men who went out to David, were *in debt*. The partisans of Cæsar were *in debt*. The fellow-laborers of Catiline were *in debt*:—and
- 3 I defy you to show me a desperately indebted people any where, who can bear a regular, sober government. I throw the challenge to all who hear me. I say that the character of the good old Virginia planter—the man, who owned from five to twenty slaves or less, who lived by hard work, and who paid his debts, is passed away. A new order of things is come. The period has arrived of living by one's wits—of living by contracting debts that one cannot pay—and above all, of living by office-hunting.
- 4 Sir, what do we see? Bankrupts—branded bankrupts—giving great dinners—sending their children to the most expensive schools—giving grand parties—and just as well received as any body in society. I say, that in such a state of things the old constitution was too good for them ; they could not bear it. Nō, sir—they could not bear a freehold suffrage, and a property representation.

I have always endeavored to do the people justice—but I will not flatter them—I will not pander to their appetite for change. I will do nothing to provide for change. I

5 will not agree to any rule of future apportionment, or to any provision for future changes called amendments to the constitution. They who love change—who delight in public confusion—who wish to feed the caldron, and make it bubble—may vote if they please for future changes. But by what spell—by what formula, are you going to bind the people to all future time? You may make what entries upon parchment you please. Give me a constitution that will last for half a century—that is all I wish for. No constitution that you can make, will last the one half of half a
6 century.

Sir, I will stake any thing short of my salvation, that those who are malcontent now, will be more malcontent three years hence than they are at this day. I have no favor for this constitution.—I shall vote against its adoption, and I shall advise all the people of my district to set their faces—ay—and their shoulders against it. But if we are to have it—let us not have it with its death-warrant in its very face, with the sardonic grin of death upon its countenance.

There is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect; but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever whenever I am in his company. His figure, without being deformed, seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body. His legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the graces. He throws any where, but down his throat, whatever he means to drink; and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes or misplaces every thing. He disputes with heat and indiscriminately, mindless of the rank, character, and situation of those with whom he disputes: absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and, therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No; the utmost I can do for him is to consider him as a respectable Hottentot.—*Chesterfield.*

LESSON LXXXIII.

On Good Breeding.

- 1 As learning, honor, and virtue, are absolutely necessary to gain you the esteem and admiration of mankind, politeness and good breeding are equally necessary to make you agreeable in conversation and common life. Great talents are above the generality of the world, who neither possess them themselves, nor judge of them rightly in others ; but all people are judges of the smaller talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner ; because they feel the effects of them, as making society easy and pleasing.
- 2 Good sense must, in many cases, determine good breeding ; but there are some general rules of it, that always hold true. For example, it is extremely rude not to give proper attention, and a civil answer, when people speak to you : or to go away, or be doing something else, while they are speaking to you ; for, that convinces them, that you despise them, and do not think it worth your while to hear, or answer what they say. It is also very rude to take the best place in a room, or to seize immediately upon what you like at table, without offering first to help others ; as if you
- 3 considered nobody but yourself. On the contrary, you should always endeavor to procure all the conveniences you can to the people you are with.

Besides being civil, which is absolutely necessary, the perfection of good breeding is, to be civil with ease, and in a becoming manner :—Awkwardness can proceed but from two causes ; either from not having kept good company, or from not having attended to it. Attention is absolutely necessary for improving in behavior, as indeed it is for every thing else. If an awkward person drinks tea or

- 4 coffee, he often scalds his mouth, and lets either the cup or the saucer fall, and spills the tea or coffee on his clothes. At dinner his awkwardness distinguishes itself particularly, as he has more to do. There, he holds his knife, fork, and spoon, differently from other people ; eats with his knife, to the great danger of his lips ; picks his teeth with his fork ; and puts his spoon, which has been in his mouth twenty times, into the dishes again. If he is to carve, he can never hit the joint ; but in his vain efforts to cut through

5 the bone, scatters the sauce in every body's face. He generally daubs himself with soup and grease, though his napkin is commonly stuck through a button-hole, and tickles his chin. When he drinks, he coughs in his glass, and besprinkles the company. Besides all this, he has strange tricks and gestures ; such as snuffing up his nose, making faces, putting his fingers in his nose, or blowing it, and looking afterwards in his handkerchief, so as greatly to disgust the company. His hands are troublesome to him, when he has not something in them ; and he does not
6 know where to put them, but keeps them in perpetual motion. All this, I own, is not in any degree criminal ; but it is highly disagreeable and ridiculous in company, and ought most carefully to be guarded against, by every one that desires to please.

There is, likewise, an awkwardness of expression and words, which ought to be avoided ; such as false English, bad pronunciation, old sayings, and vulgar proverbs ; which are so many proofs of a poor education. For example, if, instead of saying that tastes are different, and
7 that every man has his own peculiar one, you should let off a vulgar proverb, and say, that " what is one man's meat is another man's poison ;" or else, " Every one to his liking, as the good man said when he kissed his cow ;" the company would be persuaded that you had never associated with any but low persons.

To mistake or forget names ; to speak of " What-d'ye-call-him," or, " Thingum," or, " How-d'ye-call her," is excessively awkward and vulgar. To begin a story or nar-
8 ration, when you are not perfect in it, and cannot go through with it, but are forced, possibly, to say in the middle of it, " I have forgotten the rest," is very unpleasant and bungling. One must be extremely exact, clear, and perspicuous in every thing one says ; otherwise, instead of entertaining or informing others, one only tires and puzzles them.

The voice and manner of speaking, too, are not to be neglected. Some people almost shut their mouths when they speak ; and mutter so, that they are not to be under-
9 stood : others speak so fast, and sputter, that they are equally unintelligible. Some always speak as loud as if they were talking to deaf people ; and others so low, that

one cannot hear them. All these, and many other habits, are awkward and disagreeable, and are to be avoided by attention. You cannot imagine how necessary it is to mind all these little things. I have seen many people, with great talents, ill received, for want of having these talents too ; and others well received, only from their little talents, and who had no great ones.

LESSON LXXXIV.

Remarkable Instances of Adaptation and Contrivance in Nature.—BROUGHAM.

- 1 If any quantity of matter, as a pound of wood or iron, is fashioned into a rod of a certain length, say one foot, the rod will be strong in proportion to its thickness ; and, if the figure is the same, that thickness can only be increased by making it hollow. Therefore, hollow rods or tubes, of the same length and quantity of matter, have more strength than solid ones. This is a principle so well understood now, that engineers make their axles and other parts of machinery hollow, and, therefore, stronger with the same weight, than they would be if thinner and solid. Now the
- 2 bones of animals are all more or less hollow ; and are therefore, stronger with the same weight and quantity of matter than they otherwise could be. But birds have the largest bones in proportion to their weight : their bones are more hollow than those of animals which do not fly ; and therefore, they have strength without having to carry more weight than is absolutely necessary. Their quills derive strength from the same construction. They have another peculiarity to help their flight. No other animals have any communication between the air-vessels of their lungs and
- 3 the hollow parts of their bodies : but birds have ; and by this means, they can blow out their bodies as we do a bladder, and thus make themselves lighter, when they would either make their flight towards the ground slower, or rise more swiftly, or float more easily in the air. Fishes possess a power of the same kind, though not by the same means. They have air-bladders in their bodies, and can puff them out, or press them closer, at pleasure :—when they want to

rise in the water, they fill out the bladder, and this lightens them. If the bladder breaks, the fish remains at the bottom, and can only be held up by the most laborious exertion of the fins and tail. Accordingly, flat fish, as skaits and flounders, which have no air-bladders, seldom rise from the bottom, but are found lying on banks in the sea, or at the bottom of sea rivers.

The pressure and weight of the atmosphere, as shown by the barometer and air-pump, is near 15 pounds on every square inch, so that if we could entirely squeeze out the air between our two hands, they would cling together with a force equal to the pressure of double this weight, because the air would press upon both hands; and, if we could contrive to suck or squeeze out the air between one hand and the wall, the hand would stick fast to the wall, being pressed on it with the weight of above two hundred weight, that is, near 15 pounds on every square inch of the hand. Now, by a late most curious discovery of Sir Edward Home, the distinguished anatomist, it is found that this is the very process by which *flies*, and other insects of a similar description, are enabled to walk up perpendicular surfaces, however smooth, as the sides of walls and panes of glass in windows; and to walk as easily along the ceiling of a room, with their bodies downwards and their feet over head. Their feet, when examined by a microscope, are found to have flat skins or flaps, like the feet of web-footed animals, as ducks and geese; and they have towards the back part or heel, but inside the skin or flap, two very small toes, so connected with the flap as to draw it close down upon the glass or wall the fly walks on, and to squeeze out the air completely, so that there is a vacuum made between the foot and the glass or wall. The consequence of this is, that the air presses the foot on the wall with a very considerable force, compared with the weight of the fly; for, if its feet are to its body in the same proportion as ours are to our bodies, since we could support by a single hand on the ceiling of the room, (provided it made a vacuum,) more than our whole weight, namely, a weight of fifteen stone, the fly can easily move on four feet in the same manner, by help of the vacuum made under its feet. It has likewise been found that some of the larger sea animals are by the same construction, only upon a greater scale, enabled to climb the

8 perpendicular and smooth surfaces of the ice hills among which they live. Some kinds of lizard have the same power of climbing, and of creeping with their bodies downwards along the ceiling of a room ; and the means by which they are enabled to do so are the same. In the large feet of these animals, the contrivance is easily observed, of the two toes or tightners, by which the skin of the foot is pinned down, and the air excluded in the act of walking or climbing ; but it is the very same, only upon a larger scale, with the mechanism of a fly's or a butterfly's foot ; and both
9 operations, the climbing of the sea-horse on the ice, and the creeping of the fly on the window or the ceiling, are performed exactly by the same power—the weight of the atmosphere—which causes the quicksilver to stand in the weather-glass, the wind to whistle through a key-hole, and the piston to descend in a steam-engine.

The contrivance by which some creeper plants are enabled to climb walls, and fix themselves, deserves attention. The *Virginia creeper* has a small tendril, ending in a claw,
10 each toe of which has a knob, thickly set with extremely small bristles ; they grow into the invisible pores of the wall, and swelling, stick there as long as the plant grows, and prevent the branch from falling ; but when the plant dies, they become thin again, and drop out, so that the branch falls down. The *Vanilla* plant of the West Indies, climbs around trees likewise by means of tendrils ; but when it has fixed itself, the tendrils drop off, and leaves are formed.

LESSON LXXXV.

PART II.

The *Rein-deer* inhabits a country covered with snow the greater part of the year. Observe how admirably its hoof is formed for going over that cold and light substance, without sinking in it, or being frozen. The under side is covered entirely with hair, of a warm and close texture ; and the hoof, altogether, is very broad, acting exactly like the snow-shoes which men have constructed, for giving them a larger space to stand on than their feet, and thus to avoid sinking. Moreover, the deer spreads the hoof as wide as possible

when it touches the ground ; but, as this breadth would be
2 inconvenient in the air, by occasioning a greater resistance
while he is moving along, no sooner does he lift the hoof,
than the two parts into which it is cloven fall together, and
so lessen the surface exposed to the air, just as we may
recollect the birds doing with their bodies and wings. The
shape and structure of the hoof is also well adapted to
scrape away the snow, and enable the animal to get at the
particular kind of moss (or *lichen*) on which he feeds.
This plant, unlike others, is in its full growth during the
winter season ; and the rein-deer, accordingly, thrives from
3 its abundance, notwithstanding the unfavorable effects of
extreme cold upon the animal system.

There are some insects, of which the males have wings,
and the females are grubs or worms. Of these, the *Glow-
worm* is the most remarkable : it is the female, and the
male is a fly, which would be unable to find her out, creep-
ing as she does, in the dark lanes, but for the shining
light which she gives, to attract him.

There is a singular fish found in the Mediterranean,
called the *Nautilus*, from its skill in navigation. The back
4 of its shell resembles the hulk of a ship ; on this it throws
itself, and spreads a thin membrane to serve for a sail, pad-
dling itself on with its feet as oars.

The *Ostrich* lays and hatches her eggs in the sands ;
her form being ill adapted to that process, she has a natural
oven, furnished by the sand and the strong heat of the sun.
The *Cuckoo* is known to build no nest for herself, but to
lay in the nests of other birds ; but late observations show
that she does not lay indiscriminately in the nest of all
birds ; she only chooses the nest of those which have bills
5 of the same kind with herself, and therefore, feed on the
same kind of food. The *Duck*, and other birds breeding in
muddy places, have a peculiar formation of the bill : it is
both made so as to act like a strainer, separating the finer
from the grosser parts of the liquid, and it is more furnished
with nerves near the point, than the bills of birds which
feed on substances exposed to the light ; so that it serves
better to grope in the dark stream for food, being more sen-
sitive. The bill of the *Snipe* is covered with a curious net-
work of nerves for the same purpose ; but a bird, (the *Tou-
can* or *Egg-sucker*,) which chiefly feeds on the eggs found

6 in birds' nests, and in countries where these are very deep and dark, has the most singular provision of this kind. Its bill is very broad and long : when examined, it is completely covered with branches of nerves in all directions ; so that, by groping in a deep and dark nest, it can feel its way as accurately as the finest and most delicate finger could. Almost all kinds of birds build their nests of materials found where they inhabit, or use the nests of other birds ; but the *Swallow of Java* lives in rocky caverns on the sea, where there are no materials at all for the purpose of building.

7 It is, therefore, so formed as to secrete in its body a kind of slime, with which it makes a nest much prized as a delicate food in eastern countries.

Plants, in many remarkable instances, are provided for by equally wonderful and skilful contrivances. There is one, the *Fly-trap* or *Fly-catcher*, which has small prickles in the inside of two leaves, or half leaves, joined by a hinge ; a juice or sirup is provided on their inner surface, and acts as a bait to allure flies. There are several small spines or prickles standing upright in this sirup, and
8 upon the only part of each leaf that is sensitive to the touch. When the fly therefore, settles upon this part, its touching as it were the spring of the trap, occasions the leaves to shut and kill and squeeze the insect ; so that its juices and the air arising from their rotting, serve as food to the plant.

In the West Indies, and other hot countries, where rain sometimes does not fall for a great length of time, a kind of plant called the *Wild-pine*, grows upon the branches of the trees, and also on the bark of the trunk. It has
9 low or bag-like leaves, so formed as to make little reservoirs of water ; the rain falling into them through channels which close at the top when full, to prevent it from evaporating. The seed of this useful plant has small floating threads, by which, when carried through the air, it catches any tree in the way, and falls on it and grows. Wherever it takes root, though on the under side of a bough, it grows straight upwards, otherwise the leaves would not hold water. It holds in one leaf from a pint to a quart ; and although it
10 must be of great use to the trees it grows on, to birds and other animals its use is even greater. Another tree, called *Water-with*, in Jamaica, has similar uses : it is like a vine

in size and shape, but growing in very parched districts, is yet so full of clear sap or water, that on cutting a piece two or three yards long, and merely holding it to the mouth, a plentiful draught is obtained. In the East, there is a plant somewhat of the same kind, called the *Bejuco*, which grows near other trees and twines round them, with its end hanging downwards, but so full of juice, that on cutting it, a plentiful stream of water spouts from it; and this, not only by its touching the tree so closely must refresh it, but is a supply to animals, and to the weary herdsman on the mountains.

LESSON LXXXVI.

From a Scene in Julius Cæsar.—SHAKSPEARE.

- 1 *Brutus.*—WHAT means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius.— Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus.—I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

- If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i'the other,
2 And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius.—I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

- 3 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accounted as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.

- 4 The torrent roared ; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
- 5 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him ; I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
His coward lips did from their color fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre . I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
- 6 Alas ! it cried, Give me some drink, Titinius,
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Brutus.—Another general shout !

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cassius.—Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,

- 7 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?

- Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
- 8 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
 When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompassed but one man ?
- 9 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

LESSON LXXXVII.

The Hospitable Negro Woman.

- 1 THE enterprising traveller, Mungo Park, was employed, by the African Association, to explore the interior regions of Africa. In this hazardous undertaking, he encountered many dangers and difficulties. His wants were often supplied, and his distresses alleviated, by the kindness and compassion of the negroes. He gives the following lively and interesting account of the hospitable treatment he received from a poor negro woman :—

- “ Being arrived at Sego, the capital of the kingdom of Bambarra, situated on the banks of the Niger, I wished to
- 2 pass over to that part of the town in which the king resides : but, from the number of persons eager to obtain a passage, I was under the necessity of waiting two hours. During this time, the people who had crossed the river, carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed

me that the king could not possibly see me, until he knew what had brought me into his country ; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. 3 He therefore advised me to lodge, for that night, at a distant village to which he pointed ; and said that, in the morning, he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself.

" This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village ; where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. From the prejudices infused into their minds, I was regarded with astonishment and fear ; and was obliged to sit the whole day without victuals, in the shade of a 4 tree.

" The night threatened to be very uncomfortable ; for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain : the wild beasts too were so numerous in the neighborhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree, and resting among the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a negro woman, returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me ; and perceiving 5 that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation. I briefly explained it to her ; after which, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she went out to procure me something to eat ; and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused it to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper.

6 " The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension) called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton ; in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labor by songs, one of which was composed extempore : for I was myself the subject of it. It

was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these :

"The winds roared and the rains fell.—The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree.—He has no mother to bring him milk ; no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.* Let us pity the white man : no mother has he to bring him milk ; no wife to grind his corn."*

* These simple and pathetic sentiments, have been very beautifully versified and expanded by the duchess of Devonshire. The following is a copy of this little interesting piece of poetry :—

1 The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast ;
The white man yielded to the blast,
He sat him down beneath the tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he :
And ah ! no wife nor mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

*The white man shall our pity share :
Alas ! no wife, or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.*

2 The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hush'd the blast ;
The wind is heard in whispers low ;
The white man far away must go :
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.

CHORUS.

*Go, white man, go ; but with thee bear
The negro's wish, the negro's prayer,
Remembrance of the negro's care.*

LESSON LXXXVIII.

New-England.—PERCIVAL.

1 HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast ;
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on Glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host :

No slave is here—our unchained feet
Walk freely, as the waves that beat
Our coast.

2 Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
To seek this shore ;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave :—
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils, as meaner souls had quelled ;
But souls like these, such toils impelled
To soar.

3 Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And, fearless, stemmed the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight !
O ! 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

4 There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore ;
Thou art the shelter of the free ;
The home, the port of liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

5 Thou art the firm, unshaken rock
On which we rest ;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And Slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppressed :
All, who the wreath of Freedom twine,
Beneath the shadow of their vine
Are blest.

- 6 We love thy rude and rocky shore,
 And here we stand—
 Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
 And on our heads their fury pour,
 And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
 And storm our land—
 They still shall find, our lives are given,
 To die for home ;—and leant on Heaven,
 Our hand.
-

LESSON LXXXIX.

Helps to Read.—BYROM.

- 1 A CERTAIN artist, I've forgot his name,
 Had got for making spectacles a fame,
 Or "Helps to Read"—as, when they first were sold,
 Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold ;
 And, for all uses to be had from glass,
 His were allowed, by readers, to surpass.
 There came a man into his shop one day—
 Are you the spectacle Contriver, pray ?
 Yes, sir, said he, I can in that affair
 Contrive to please you, if you want a pair.
- 2 Can you ? pray do then.—So, at first, he chose
 To place a youngish pair upon his nose ;
 And book produced, to see how they would fit :
 Asked how he liked 'em ?—Like 'em—Not a bit—
 Then, sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
 These in my hand will better suit your eye—
 No, but they don't—Well, come, sir, if you please,
 Here is another sort, we'll e'en try these ;
 Still somewhat more they magnify the letter :
 Now, sir ?—Why now—I'm not a bit the better—
- 3 No ! here, take these that magnify still more ;
 How do they fit ?—Like all the rest before.
 In short, they tried a whole assortment through,
 But all in vain, for none of them would do.
 The Operator, much surprised to find
 So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind :

- What sort of eyes can you have got ? said he.
Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see ;
Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball—
Pray, let me ask you—Can you read at all ?
4 No, you great blockhead ; if I could, what need
Of paying you for any “ Helps to Read ? ”
And so he left the maker, in a heat,
Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.
-

Dr. Fowler, bishop of Gloucester, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was a believer in apparitions. The following conversation of the bishop with Judge Powell is recorded :—

“ Since I saw you,” said the lawyer, “ I have had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions.”

“ I am glad you are become a convert to truth ; but do you say actual ocular demonstration ? Let me know the particulars of the story.”

“ My lord, I will. It was, let me see, last Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs, and stalking directly towards my room : the door flying open, I drew back my curtain, and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber.”

“ Of a blue color, no doubt.”

“ The light was of a pale blue, my lord, and followed by a tall meagre personage, his locks hoary with age, and clothed in a long loose gown, a leathern girdle was about his loins, his beard thick and grizzly, a large fur cap on his head, and a long staff in his hand. Struck with astonishment, I remained for some time motionless and silent ; the figure advanced, staring me full in the face : I then said, Whence, and what art thou ? ”

“ What was the answer—tell me—what was the answer ? ”

“ The following was the answer I received :—‘ I am watchman of the night, an’t please your honor, and made bold to come up stairs to inform the family of their street door being open, and that if it were not soon shut, they would probably be robbed before morning.’ ”

LESSON XC.

Diedrich Knickerbocker's New-England Farmer.—IRVING.

- 1 THE first thought of a Yankee farmer, on coming to the years of manhood, is to settle himself in the world—which means nothing more than to begin his rambles. To this end, he takes to himself for a wife some buxom country heiress, passing rich in red ribands, glass beads, and mock tortoise-shell combs, with a white gown and morocco shoes for Sunday, and deeply skilled in the mystery of making apple-sweetmeats, long sauce, and pumpkin pie. Having thus provided himself, like a pedler, with a heavy knapsack, wherewith to regale his shoulders through the journey
- 2 of life, he literally sets out on his peregrinations.

His whole family, household furniture, and farming utensils, are hoisted into a covered cart; his own and wife's wardrobe packed up in a firkin—which done, he shoulders his axe, takes staff in his hand, whistles "Yankee doodle," and trudges off to the woods, as confident of the protection of Providence, and relying as cheerfully on his own resources, as ever did a patriarch of yore, when he journeyed into a strange country of the Gentiles. Having buried himself in the wilderness, he builds himself a log-hut, clears

3 away a corn-field and potato-patch, and, Providence smiling upon his labors, he is soon surrounded by a snug farm, and some half a score of flaxen-headed urchins, who, by their size, seem to have sprung all at once out of the earth, like a crop of toadstools.

But it is not the nature of this most indefatigable of speculators to rest contented with any state of sublunary enjoyment: improvement is his darling passion; and, having thus improved his lands, the next step is to provide a mansion worthy the residence of a landholder. A huge palace

4 of pine-boards immediately springs up in the midst of the wilderness, large enough for a parish church, and furnished with windows of all dimensions; but so rickety and flimsy withal, that every blast gives it a fit of the ague. By the time the outside of this mighty air-castle is completed, either the funds, or the zeal of our adventurer are exhausted, so that he barely manages to half finish one room within, where the whole family burrow together, while the rest of the house is devoted to the curing of pumpkins, or sto-

5 ring of carrots and potatoes, and is decorated with fanciful festoons of dried apples and peaches.

The outside remaining unpainted, grows venerably black with time : the family wardrobe is laid under contribution for old hats, petticoats, and breeches to stuff into the broken windows ; while the four winds of heaven keep up a whistling and howling about the aerial palace, and play as many unruly gambols as they did of yore in the cave of Æolus. The humble log-hut, which whilom nestled this improving family snugly within its narrow but comfortable walls, 6 stands hard by,—ignominious contrast!—degraded into a cow-house or pig-sty ; and the whole scene reminds one forcibly of a fable, which I am surprised has never been recorded, of an aspiring snail, who abandoned his humble habitation, which he had long filled with great respectability, to crawl into the empty shell of a lobster, where he could no doubt have resided with great style and splendor, the envy and hate of all the pains-taking snails in his neighborhood, had he not accidentally perished with cold, in one corner of his stupendous mansion.

7 Being thus completely settled, and, to use his own words, “to rights,” one would imagine that he would begin to enjoy the comforts of his situation ; to read newspapers ; to talk politics, neglect his own business, and attend to the affairs of the nation, like a useful or patriotic citizen ; but, now it is that his wayward disposition again begins to operate. He soon grows tired of a spot where there is no longer any room for improvement ; sells his farm—his air-castle, petticoat-windows and all, reloads his cart, shoulders his axe, puts himself at the head of his family, and wanders away in search of new lands, again to fell trees, again to clear corn-fields, again to build a shingle-palace, and again to sell off and wander.

LESSON XCI.

The White-headed Eagle.—AUDUBON.

1 To give you some idea of the nature of this bird, permit me to place you on the Mississippi, on which you may float gently along, while approaching winter brings millions

- of water-flow: on whistling wings, from the countries of the north, to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season. The eagle is seen perched, in an erect attitude, on the highest summit of the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but stern eye looks over the vast expanse. He listens attentively to every sound that comes to his quick ear from afar, glancing now and
- 2 then on the earth beneath, lest even the light tread of the fawn may pass unheard. His mate is perched on the opposite side, and should all be tranquil and silent, warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call the male party opens his broad wings, inclines his body a little downwards, and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a maniac. The next moment, he resumes his erect attitude, and again all around is silent. Ducks of many species, the teal, the wigeon, the mallard, and others, are seen passing with great rapidity, and fol-
- 3 lowing the course of the current; but the eagle heeds them not; they are at that time beneath his attention. The next moment, however, the wild trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. A shriek from the female eagle comes across the stream,—for she is as fully on the alert as her mate. The latter suddenly shakes the whole of his body, and with a few touches of his bill, aided by the action of his cuticular muscles, arranges his plumage in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward, her eye is on
- 4 the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body, although they flap incessantly. So irksome do her exertions seem, that her very legs are spread beneath her tail, to aid her in her flight. She approaches, however. The eagle has marked her for his prey. As the swan is passing the dreaded pair, the male bird, in full preparation for the chase, starts from his perch with an awful scream, that to the swan's ear brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun.
- 5 Now is the moment to witness the display of the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks, by various manœuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts

doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were if not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with his talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon
6 given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the underside of its wing, and with unresisted power, forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

It is then, reader, that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race, whilst, exulting over his prey, he for the first time breathes at ease. He presses down his powerful feet, and drives his sharp claws
7 deeper than ever into the heart of the dying swan. He shrieks with delight, as he feels the last convulsions of his prey, which has now sunk under his unceasing efforts to render death as painfully felt as it can possibly be.

LESSON XCII.

A Mighty Good Kind of Man.—THORNTON.

1 I HAVE always thought your mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwise, may as well pass over what follows.

The good qualities of a mighty good kind of man, if he has any, are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: every
2 body is his "dear sir," though he cares not a farthing for any body but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with "dear sir," and ends with, "I am, good sir, your ever sincere and affectionate friend, and most obedient humble servant." You may generally find him in company with older

persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much ; but he has a "yes," or a "true, sir," or "you observe very right, sir," for every word that is said ;

3 which, with the old gentry that love to hear themselves talk, makes him pass for a mighty sensible and discerning, as well as a mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such an one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company, assent with "what you say is very just," to an opposite sentiment from another : and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times

4 in a minute. As the weather is a principal and favorite-topical of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sunshine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all ; it may be east, west, north, or south, south-east and by east, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is so civil and well-bred, that he

5 would keep you standing half an hour uncovered in the rain, rather than he would step into your chariot before you : and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he drank the health of half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, lest he should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob-a-nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast her fire-side. He is sure

6 to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose. This of course recommends him to mamma's esteem : and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his. and every friend a

mighty good kind of man. I had the honor of walking
7 lately with one of those good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly ; and, I believe, he pulled off his hat to every third person we met, with a " how do you do, my dear sir !" though I found he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion, and another mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not seen one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together,
8 not with a design of opposing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently, crying " yes," together, and " very true," " you are very right, my dear sir ;" and at last, having exhausted their favorite topic of, what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon ; but parted without naming either time or place.

I must own, that a good man, and a man of sense, certainly should have every thing that this kind of man has :
9 yet, if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paste : it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond ; but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shows it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens, that
10 these mighty good kind of men are wolves in sheep's clothing ; that their want of parts is supplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behavior and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

LESSON XCIII.

The Slave Ship.—PRINGLE.

- 1 THERE was no sound upon the deep,
The breeze lay cradled there ;
The motionless waters sank to sleep
Beneath the sultry air ;
Out of the cooling brine to leap
The dolphin scarce would dare.
- 2 Becalm'd on that Atlantic plain
A Spanish ship did lie ;—
She stopped at once upon the main,
For not a wave rolled by :
And she watched six dreary days, in vain,
For the storm-bird's fearful cry.
- 3 But the storm came not, and still the ray
Of the red and lurid sun
Waxed hotter and hotter every day,
Till her crew sank one by one ;
And not a man could endure to stay
By the helm, or by the gun.
- 4 Deep in the dark and fetid hold
Six hundred wretches wept ;
They were slaves, that the cursed lust of gold
From their native land had swept ;
And there they stood, the young and old,
While a pestilence o'er them crept.
- 5 Crammed in that dungeon-hold they stood,
For many a day and night
Till the love of life was all subdued
By the fever's scorching blight ;
And their dim eyes wept, half tears, half blood,—
But still they stood upright.
- 6 And there they stood, the quick and dead,
Propped by that dungeon's wall,—
And the dying mother bent her head
On her child,—but she could not fall ;—
In one dread night, the life had fled
From half that were there in thrall.

- 7 The morning came, and the sleepless-crew
Threw the hatchways open wide ;—
Then the sickening fumes of death up-flew,
And spread on every side ;—
And, ere that eve, of the tyrant few,
Full twenty souls had died.
- 8 They died, the jailer and the slave, —
They died with the self-same pain, —
They were equal then, for no cry could save
Those who bound, or who wore the chain ;
And the robber-white found a common grave
With him of the negro-stain.
- 9 The Pest-ship slept on her ocean-bed,
As still as any wreck,
Till they all, save one old man, were dead,
In her hold, or on her deck :—
That man, as life around him fled,
Bowed not his sturdy neck.
- 10 He arose,—the chain was on his hands,
But he climbed from that disinal place ;
And he saw the men who forged his bands,
Lie each upon his face ;—
There on the deck that old man stands,
The lord of all the space.
- 11 He sat down, and he watched a cloud
Just cross the setting sun,
And he heard the light breeze heave the shroud,
Ere that sultry day was done ;
When the night came on, the gale was loud,
And the clouds rose thick and dun,
- 12 And still the negro boldly walked
The lone and silent ship ;—
With a step of vengeful pride he stalked,
And a sneer was on his lip, —
For he laughed to think how Death had baulked
The fetters and the whip.
- 13 At last he slept ;—the lightning flash
Played round the creaking mast,

And the sails were wet with the ocean's plash,
 But the ship was anchor'd fast,
 Till, at length, with a loud and fearful crash,
 From her cable's strain she past.

14 Away she swept, as with instinct rife,
 O'er her broad and dangerous path,
 And the midnight tempest's sudden strife
 Had gathering sounds of wrath;
 Yet on board that ship was no sound of life,
 Save the song of that captive swarth.

15 He sang of his Afric's distant sands,
 As the slippery deck he trod;
 He feared to die in other lands
 'Neath a tyrant master's rod;
 And he lifted his hard and fettered hands
 In a prayer to the Negro's God.

16 He touched not the sail nor the driving helm,
 But he looked on the raging sea,
 And he joyed,—for the waves that would overwhelm,
 Would leave his spirit free;
 And he prayed, that the ship to no Christian realm
 Before the storm might flee.

17 He smiled amidst the tempest's frown,
 He sang amidst its roar;
 His joy no fear of death could drown,—
 He was a slave no more:
 The helpless ship that night went down
 On Senegambia's shore!

LESSON XCIV.

Cemeteries and Rites of Burial in Turkey.—HARTLEY.

1 IN Turkey, the places and rites of sepulture have an affecting prominence and solemnity connected with them, scarcely equalled in Christendom. In general, the dead are interred in very spacious cemeteries, contiguous to towns and villages. There appear to be two cities placed

side by side—the city of the living, and the city of the dead; and the population of the city of the dead far exceeds that of the city of the living. The Jews have covered the face of a very large hill, rising above the city of Smyrna, with the stones which note the place where the
2 earthly remains of their deceased countrymen are deposited. There is a desolation and forlorn appearance presented by this spot, unsheltered as it is by a single tree, which is in striking contrast with the thick shade and beautiful order of the Turkish places of burial. It shows that, even in death, the Jew is not exempt from the contempt and oppression of which he could not divest himself whilst living.

The interment of a corpse according to the ritual of the English church, had always, to my mind, a striking solemnity in Turkey. On passing through the streets to the
3 place of burial, innumerable eyes of strangers, of a diversity of nations, gaze fixedly upon the scene. All is still. The pursuits of business are suspended; a lucid interval appears to be imparted to the delirium of folly and sin: and, when the muffled drum and martial step, which accompany to the dust the body of an English sailor, add their interest to the procession, the feelings of spectators are wrought up to no common pitch of excitement. During the reading of the burial service, more especially at Constantinople, where the English burial-ground is in a place exceedingly public,
4 a solemn attention arrests all present, even though to few the language is intelligible. Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews and Christians, appear to have forgotten their animosities, and, at the grave of death, to have recollected that a common fate awaits them all. However distinct they may be from each other in the enjoyments and attainments of life, and however they may differ in what is much more momentous—the prospects of immortality—still is there an awful uniformity, which unites in one inseparable communion the men of all ranks, of all ages, and of all religions:—*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.*
5

Very frequently, whilst you are silently engaged in your apartment, the stillness of a Turkish town, where no rumbling of wheels is ever heard, is interrupted by the distant sound of the funeral chant of the Greek priests. As the voices grow more loud, you hasten to the window to behold the procession. The priests move first, bearing their burn-

ing tapers, and, by their dark and flowing robes, give an idea of mourning in harmony with the occasion. The corpse is always exhibited to full view. It is placed upon
 6 a bier, which is borne aloft upon the shoulders, and is dressed in the best and gayest garments possessed by the deceased. I have sometimes seen a young female, who had departed in the bloom of life and beauty, adorned rather *as a bride to meet the bridegroom*, than as one who was to be the tenant of the chamber of corruption. The young man at Nain, who was restored to life by the command of our Savior, was doubtless carried on a bier of this kind. When our Lord intimated the design of interposing in his favor, *they that bare him stood still*. And when the
 7 miraculous energy was exerted, *he that was dead sat up, and began to speak*. I believe it is unusual for any of the Orientals to be buried in coffins.

The closing part of the Greek burial service, commencing with the words, "Come and impart the last embrace," is very affecting. The friends of the departed press forward from every part of the church, and kiss his cold and pallid lips, and weep over him. It is considered a very peculiar mark of disrespect to neglect this last office of affection.

LESSON XCV.

On Contentment.—ADDISON.

- 1 CONTENTMENT produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usual ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude, towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It de-
- 2 stroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for acquiring this virtue, I shall mention only the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants ; and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First, a man should always consider how much he has
3 more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one, who condoled with him upon the loss of a farm : " Why, said he, " I have three farms still, and you have but one ; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me." On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost, than what they possess ; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass ; but
4 it is the humor of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honor. For this reason, as none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want, there are few rich men in any of the politer nations, but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty ; and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavor
5 to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld, with a great deal of mirth, this silly game that is playing over their heads ; and, by contracting their desires, they enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it may, he is a poor man if he does not live within it ; and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him
6 his price.

When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness ; but told him, he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth,

and luxury to poverty ; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, "Content is natural wealth," says Socrates ; to which I shall add, luxury is artificial poverty. I shall therefore, recommend to the consideration of those who are
7 always aiming at superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and who will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher, namely ; "That no man has so much care, as he who endeavors after the most happiness."

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy ; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune.
8 These may receive great alleviation, from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others ; or between the misfortune which he suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having in-
9 vited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by a person that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before him : "Every one," says he, "has his calamity ; and he is a happy man that has no greater than this."

We find an instance to the same purpose, in the life of Doctor Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone ; and when he had the stone, that he
10 had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing, that there never was any system besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man, the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us contented with our condition, many of the present philosophers tell us, that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circum-

stances ; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which superior beings themselves are subject ; while others, very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so, to keep up the harmony of the universe : and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may show him that his discontent is unreasonable, but they are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as Augustus did to his friend, who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again : " It is for that very reason," said the emperor, " that I grieve."

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition : nay, it shows him, that bearing his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them. It makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

LESSON XCVI.

The Last Minstrel.—SCOTT.

- 1 THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry :
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
- 2 And he neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,

- He poured to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay :—
 Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne ;
 3 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door ;
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp, a king had loved to hear.
 He passed where Newark's stately tower
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
 The minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
 No humbler resting-place was nigh.
 4 With hesitating step, at last
 The embattled portal-arch he passed,
 Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
 Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
 But never closed the iron door
 Against the desolate and poor.
 The dutchess marked his weary pace,
 His timid mien, and reverend face,
 And bade her page the menials tell,
 That they should tend the old man well :
 5 For she had known adversity,
 Though born in such a high degree ;
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !
 When kindness had his wants supplied,
 And the old man was gratified,
 Began to rise his minstrel pride :
 And he began to talk anon
 Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone ;
 And of Earl Walter, rest him God !
 6 A braver ne'er to battle rode :
 And how full many a tale he knew
 Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;
 And, would the noble dutchess deign
 To listen to an old man's strain,
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
 He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
 That, if she lov'd the harp to hear,

He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;

7 The aged Minstrel audience gained :

But when he reached the room of state,

Where she, with all her ladies sate,

Perchance he wished the boon denied :

For, when to tune his harp he tried,

His trembling hand had lost the ease,

Which marks security to please ;

And scenes long past, of joy and pain,

Came wildering o'er his aged brain—

He tried to tune his harp in vain.

8 The pitying dutchess praised its chime,

And gave him heart, and gave him time

Till every string's according glee

Was blended into harmony.

And then, he said, he would full fain

He could recall an ancient strain,

He never thought to sing again.

It was not framed for village churls,

But for high dames and mighty earls ;

He had played it to King Charles the Good

9 When he kept court in Holyrood ;

And much he wished, yet feared, to try

The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,

And an uncertain warbling made ;

And oft he shook his hoary head :

But when he caught the measure wild,

The old man raised his face, and smiled ;

And lightened up his faded eye,

10 With all a poet's ecstasy .

In varying cadence, soft or strong,

He swept the sounding chords along :

The present scene, the future lot,

His toils, his wants, were all forgot .

Cold diffidence, and age's frost,

In the full tide of song were lost ;

Each blank, in faithless memory void,

The poet's glowing thought supplied ;

And, while his harp responsive rung,

'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung.

LESSON XCVII.

The Blind Preacher.—WIRT.

1 As I travelled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives.

2 On entering the house, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man. His head, which was covered with a white linen cap; his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaken under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind. The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! how soon were all my feelings changed! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament, and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Savior. I had
3 heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man, whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbol, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame to shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior—his trial before Pilate—his as-
4 cent up Calvary—his crucifixion—and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting

before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews—the
5 staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw
the buffet—my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and
my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.
But when he came to touch the patience, the forgiving
meekness of our Savior—when he drew, to the life, his
blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven—his voice
breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his
enemies, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what
they do,”—the voice of the preacher, which had all along
faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being
6 entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised
his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irre-
pressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable.
The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and
sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far
as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual,
but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be
very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could
not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down
7 from the height to which he had wound them, without im-
pairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps
shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But the de-
scent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been
rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence,
was a quotation from Rousseau:—“Socrates died like a
philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!” Never before
did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by
laying such stress on delivery.

LESSON XCVIII.

Summary Punishment.—WALTER SCOTT.

1 It was under the burning influence of revenge, that the
wife of MacGregor commanded that the hostage exchanged
for her husband's safety, should be brought into her presence.
I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of
her sight, for fear of the consequences; but, if it were so

their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward at her summons a wretch, already half dead with terror, in whose agonized features I recognised, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief, with an effort
2 to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that, instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent; and, with cheeks as pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he prayed but for life—for *life* he would give all he had in the world;—
3 it was *but* life he asked—*life*, if it were to be prolonged under *tortures* and *privations*:—he asked only *breath*, though it should be drawn in the depths of the lowest caverns of their hills.

It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and contempt, with which the wife of MacGregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence.

She gave a brief command in Gaelic to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood.
4 He set up the most piercing and *dreadful* cries that fear ever uttered—I may well term them *dreadful*, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards.

I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf; but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck, and others again, eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress.
5 Half-naked, and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-cries with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph, over which, however, the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark blue waters of the lake, and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant, to guard, lest, extricating himself from

the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sunk without effort; the waters which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

I have always observed, that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest, and that they do not, like man, hesitate to perform a generous action. Not haughty, arrogant, or supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable in general to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has been often otherwise. In wandering through the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark; through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, (so worthy to be called benevolence,) their actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I were dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, ate the coarsest morsel, with a double relish.—*Ledyard*.

LESSON XCIX.

Pestalozzi's School at Stants.

1. [Pestalozzi, the celebrated teacher and philanthropist, was a native of Zurich in Switzerland; and of a highly respectable parentage. A benevolent desire to elevate the character and condition of the children of abject poverty in his neighborhood, by conferring upon them the benefits of early instruction, and of correct habits of industry, led him to establish a poor-school, at which pupils from the lowest

1 ranks of the indigent and suffering were collected, and taught the common branches of education, in connexion with agriculture and the mechanic arts. Narrow means, and the want of support from the more wealthy but less benevolent, brought him into pecuniary em-
2 barrassment; "but" says his biographer, "he struggled with ill fortune, divided his bread with his scholars, and lived himself like a mendicant, that he might teach mendicants to live like men."

In 1798, he was invited, and partially assisted by the government, to establish a school for poor children, at Stantz, then lately ravaged by fire during the revolutionary war. His own interesting account of that enterprise is as follows:]

"My first task, was to gain the confidence of my pupils, and to attach them to me; this main point once attained, all the rest appeared to me easy. The deserted state in which I found myself, all painful as it was, and
3 the absolute want of assistance, were precisely what contributed the most to the success of my enterprise. Cut off from the rest of mankind, I turned all my cares and all my affections to the children: to me they were indebted for all the relief they received. I partook alike of their pains and their pleasures; I was every where with them when they were well, and when they were sick I was constantly at their bed-side. We had the same nourishment, and I slept in the midst of them, and from my bed either prayed with them or taught them something." With all the dif-
4 ficulties of his position, to which at one period, sickness was added, Pestalozzi struggled for many months. "In 1799," continues Pestalozzi, "my school contained nearly 80 pupils, the greater part of whom announced good dispositions, and some even first-rate abilities. Study was to them quite a novelty, and they attached themselves to it with indefatigable zeal, as soon as they began to perceive their own progress. The very children who before had never had a book in their hands, applied from morning till night; and when I have asked them, after supper, 'My
5 children, which would you rather do, go to bed, or learn a little longer?' they would generally reply, that they would rather learn. The impulse was given, and their development began to take place with a rapidity that surpassed my most sanguine hopes. In a short time were seen above seventy children, taken almost all from a state of poverty, living together in peace and friendship, full of affection for one another, and with a cordiality that rarely exists among brothers and sisters in numerous families. I had never

6 given them as yet direct lessons either in religion or morality ; but when they were assembled around me, and when there was a dead silence among them, I said to them, ' When you behave thus, are you not more reasonable beings than when you make a riot ? ' And when they used to embrace me, and call me their father, I used to say, ' Yes, you are ready to call me father, and yet you do, behind my back, things which disoblige me ; is this right ? ' Sometimes I would portray to them the picture of a peaceable and orderly family, who, having acquired easy circumstances by their labor and economy, found themselves capable of giving advice and assistance to their ignorant, unfortunate, and indigent fellow-creatures : then addressing myself to those in whom I had perceived the most lively disposition to benevolence, I would say, ' Should you not like to live like me, in the midst of the unfortunate, to direct them, and to make them useful to themselves and to society ? ' Then, with tears in their eyes, and with the generous glow of sensibility in their little countenances, they would reply, ' Oh ! yes, could we ever hope to attain such a point.'

" When Altorf was reduced to ashes, I assembled them around me, and said to them, ' Altorf is destroyed, and, perhaps, at this moment, there are more than a hundred poor children without clothes to cover them, without a home or a morsel to eat. Shall we petition the government to permit us to receive twenty of them amongst us ? ' Methinks I still see the eagerness with which they replied, — ' Yes, oh ! certainly, yes.' ' But,' replied I again, ' reflect well what you are about to ask ; we have at present 9 but very little money at our command, and it is very doubtful whether they will grant us any more in favor of these unfortunates. Perhaps, in order to maintain your existence, and carry on your instruction, it will be necessary to labor much more than you have ever yet done ; perhaps it may be necessary to divide with these strangers your victuals and your clothes ; do not say, then, you will receive them among you, if you are not sure you will be able to impose upon yourselves all these privations.' I gave to my objections all the force they were capable of ; 10 I repeated to them all I had said, to be sure that they perfectly understood me ; still they persevered in their first

resolution. 'Let them come,' said they, 'let them come; and, if all you have stated should come to pass, we will divide with them what we have.'"

LESSON C.

Visit of Raphael to our First Parents in Eden.—MILTON.

- 1 So spake the eternal Father, and fulfilled
All justice : nor delayed the winged saint
After his charge received : but from among
'Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood
Veiled with his gorgeous wings, up springing light,
Flew through the midst of Heav'n ; the angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' empyreal road ; till at the gate
Of heaven arrived, the gate self-opened wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
- 2 Divine the sovereign Architect had framed.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interposed, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth and the garden of God, with cedars crowned
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon ;
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades,
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens
- 3 A cloudy spot : down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air ; till, within soar
Of tow'ring eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A Phœnix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
When, to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
- 4 He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph winged ; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad

- Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament ; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipt in heav'n ; the third his feet
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
5 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch ; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honor rise ;
For on some message high they guessed him bound.
Their glittering tents he passed, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odors, cassia, nard, and balm ;
A wilderness of sweets ; for Nature here
Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will
6 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art—enormous bliss.
Him through the spicy forest onward come,
Adam discerned, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmost womb ; more warmth than Adam needs :
And Eve within, due at her hour prepared
For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
7 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape ; to whom thus Adam called :
“ Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold,
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving ! seems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon : some great behest from heaven
To us, perhaps, he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive
8 Our heav'nly stranger : well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestowed, where nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows
More fertile ; which instructs us not to spare.”

- To whom thus Eve : " Adam, earth's hallowed mould,
Of God inspired, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk ;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes :
- 9 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on earth,
God hath dispensed his bounties as in heaven."
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LESSON CI.

The History of Property.—PALEY.

- 1 THE first objects of property were the fruits which a man gathered, and the wild animals he caught ; next to these, the tents or houses which he built, the tools he made use of to catch or prepare his food ; and afterwards weapons of war and offence. Many of the savage tribes in North America have advanced no farther than this yet ; for they are said to reap their harvest and return the produce of their market with foreigners, into the common hoard or treasury of the tribe. Flocks and herds of tame animals soon became property. Abel, the second from Adam, was
- 2 a keeper of sheep ; sheep and oxen, camels and asses, composed the wealth of the Jewish patriarchs, as they do still of the modern Arabs. As the world was first peopled in the East, where there existed a great scarcity of water, wells probably were next made property ; as we learn from the frequent and serious mention of them in the Old Testament ; the contentions and treaties about them ; and from its being recorded, among the most memorable achievements of very eminent men, that they dug or discovered a well. Land, which is now so important a part
- 3 of property, which alone our laws call real property, and regard upon all occasions with such peculiar attention, was probably not made property in any country, till long after the institution of many other species of property, that is, till the country became populous, and tillage began to be thought of. The first partition of an estate which we read

of, was that which took place between Abram and Lot, and was one of the simplest imaginable : " If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go the right ; or if thou depart to the right hand, then will I go to the left." There
 4 are no traces of property in land in Cæsar's account of Britain ; little of it in the history of the Jewish patriarchs ; none of it found amongst the nations of North America : the Scythians are expressly said to have appropriated their cattle and houses, but to have left their land in common.

Property in immoveables, continued at first no longer than the occupation ; that is, so long as a man's family continued in possession of a cave, or whilst his flocks depastured upon a neighboring hill, no one attempted, or thought he had a right to disturb or drive them out ; but, when the
 5 man quitted his cave, or changed his pasture, the first who found them unoccupied, entered upon them, by the same title as his predecessor's ; and made way in his turn for any one that happened to succeed him. All more permanent property in land was probably posterior to civil government and to laws ; and therefore settled by these, or according to the will of the reigning chief.

LESSON CII.

Use of the Institution of Property.—PALEY.

- 1 THE principal advantages of the institution of property are, First, It increases the produce of the earth. The earth, in climates like ours, produces little without cultivation ; and none would be found willing to cultivate the ground, if others were to be admitted to an equal share of the produce. The same is true of the care of flocks and herds of tame animals. Crabs and acorns, red deer, rabbits, game, and fish, are all which we should have to subsist upon in this country, if we trusted to the spontaneous productions of the soil : and it fares not much better with other coun-
 2 tries. A nation of North American savages, consisting of two or three hundred, will take up, and be half starved upon a tract of land, which in Europe, and with European management, would be sufficient for the maintenance of as many thousands. In some fertile soils, together with great

abundance of fish upon their coasts, and in regions where clothes are unnecessary, a considerable degree of population may subsist without property in land ; which is the case in the islands of Otaheite : but in less favored situations, as in the country of New-Zealand, though this sort of property obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provision to devour one another.

Second, It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity. We may judge what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth, from the trifling specimens which we see of it at present. A cherry-tree in a hedge-row, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unstinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to any body, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen ; lambs and calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect, that he had better take them as they are, than leave them for another.

Third, It prevents contests. War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal, where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

5 Fourth, It improves the conveniency of living. This it does two ways. It enables mankind to divide themselves into distinct professions ; which is impossible, unless a man can exchange the productions of his own art for what he wants from others ; and exchange implies property. Much of the advantages of civilized over savage life depends upon this. When a man is from necessity his own tailor, tentmaker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman, it is impossible that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and imple-
6 ments of savages ; and the tedious length of time which all their operations require. It likewise encourages those arts, by which the accommodations of human life are supplied, by appropriating to the artists the benefit of his discoveries and improvements ; without which appropriation, ingenuity will never be exerted with effect.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a

few exceptions, to pronounce, that even the poorest and the worst provided, in countries where property and the consequences of property prevail, are in a better situation, with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessities of life, than *any* are in places where most things remain in common.

The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favor of property with a manifest and great excess. Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable. If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected.

LESSON CIII.

The Rich Man and the Poor Man.—KHEMNITZER.

- 1 So goes the world;—if wealthy, you may call
This friend, *that* brother;—friends and brothers all;
 Though you are worthless—witless—never mind it:
 You may have been a stable boy—what then?
 'Tis wealth, good sir, makes *honorable men*.
 You seek respect no doubt, and *you* will find it.
- 2 But if you are poor, Heaven help you! though your sire
 Had royal blood within him, and though you
 Possess the intellect of angels too,
 'Tis all in vain;—the world will ne'er inquire
 On such a score:—Why should it take the pains?
 'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.
- 3 I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
 Witty and wise:—he paid a man a visit,
 And no one noticed him, and no one ever
 Gave him a welcome. “Strange,” cried I, “whence is it?”
 He walked on this side, then on that,
 He tried to introduce a social chat;

Now here, now there, in vain he tried ;
Some formally and freezingly replied,
And some
Said by their silence—" Better stay at home."

4 A rich man burst the door
 As Cræsus rich ; I'm sure
 He could not pride himself upon his wit,
 And as for wisdom, he had none of it ;
 He had what's better ;—he had wealth.
 What a confusion !—all stand up erect—
 These crowd around to ask him of his health ;
 These bow in *honest* duty and respect ;
 And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
 And these conduct him there.
 ‘ Allow me, sir the honor ; ’—Then a bow
 Down to the earth—Is't possible to show
 Meet gratitude for such kind condescension ?

5 The poor man hung his head,
 And to himself he said,
 “ ‘This is indeed beyond my comprehension :”
 Then looking round,
 One friendly face he found,
 And said—“ Pray tell me why is wealth preferred,
 To wisdom ?”—“ That’s a silly question, friend !”
 Replied the other—“ have you never heard,
 A man may lend his store
 Of gold or silver ore,
 But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend ?”

LESSON CIV.

The Folly and Wickedness of War.—K 4. 1.

1 Two poor mortals, elevated with the distinction of golden bauble on their heads, called a crown, take offence at each other, without any reason, or with the very bad one of wishing for an opportunity of aggrandizing themselves by making reciprocal depredations. The creatures

of the court, and the leading men of the nation, who are usually under the influence of the court, resolve (for it is their interest) to support their royal master, and are never at a loss to invent some colorable pretence for engaging the nation in war. Taxes of the most burdensome kind are levied, soldiers are collected, so as to leave a paucity of husbandmen; reviews and encampments succeed; and at last fifteen or twenty thousand men meet on a plain, and coolly shed each other's blood, without the smallest personal animosity, or the shadow of a provocation. The kings, in the mean time, and the grandees, who have employed these poor innocent victims to shoot bullets at each other's heads, remain quietly at home, and amuse themselves, in the intervals of balls, hunting schemes, and pleasures of every species, with reading at the fireside, and over a cup of chocolate, the despatches from the army, and the news in the Extraordinary Gazette. If the king of Prussia were not at the head of some of the best troops in the world, he would be judged more worthy of being tried, and condemned, at the Old Bailey, than any shedder of blood who ever died by a halter. But he is a king; but he is a hero;—those names fascinate us, and we enrol the butcher of mankind among their benefactors.

When one considers the dreadful circumstances that attend even victories, one cannot help being a little shocked at the exultation which they occasion. I have often thought it would be a laughable scene, if there were not too much of the melancholy in it, when a circle of eager politicians have met to congratulate each other on a piece of good news just arrived. Every eye sparkles with delight; every voice is raised in announcing the happy event. And what is the cause of all this joy? and for what are our windows illuminated, bonfires kindled, bells rung, and feasts celebrated? We have had a successful engagement. We have left a thousand of the enemy dead on the field of battle, and only nine hundred of our countrymen. Charming news! it was a glorious battle! But before you give a loose to your raptures, pause awhile; and consider, that to every one of these nineteen hundred, life was no less sweet than it is to you; that to the far greater part of them there probably were wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, sisters, brothers, and friends, all of whom are at this mo

ment waiting that event which occasions your foolish and brutal triumph.

We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror. In these last extremities, we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while their blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amid the trampling of horses and the insults of an enraged foe! Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death. Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave, unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust!—*Robert Hall.*

LESSON CV.

Extract from an Address of Mr. Everett.

Most of us are of that class, who owe whatever of knowledge has shone into our minds, to the free and popular institutions of our native land. There are few of us, who may not be permitted to boast, that we have been reared in an honest poverty or a frugal competence, and owe every thing to those means of education which are equally open to all. We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theatre on which it is to be performed. When the old world afforded no longer any hope, it pleased Heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant auspices; and it certainly rests with us to solve

the great problem in human society, to settle, and that forever, the momentous question—whether mankind can be trusted with a truly popular system? One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that ³ they who lavished their treasures and their blood of old, who labored and suffered, who spake and wrote, who fought and perished, in the one great cause of Freedom and Truth, are now hanging from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity. As I have wandered over the spots, once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages; from the sepulchres of the nations, which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us to be ⁴ faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity, by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith, which has been plighted by pure hands, to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison houses, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us, by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; ⁵ and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.—Yes, such is the exhortation which calls on us to exert our powers, to employ our time, and consecrate our labors in the cause of our native land.

Soliloquy of Hamlet's Uncle.

Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven:
¹ It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood;

- Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 2 To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardoned being down ?—Then I'll look up ;
 My fault is past.—But oh, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn ? " Forgive me my foul murder !"
 That cannot be ; since I am still possessed
 Of those effects for which I did the murder ;
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 3 May one be pardoned, and retain the offence ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above :
 There, is no shuffling : there, the action lies
 In his true nature ; and we ourselves compelled,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence,—What then ?—what rests ?
 Try what repentance can : what can it not ?
 5 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 O wretched state ! oh bosom, black as death !
 Oh limed soul ; that struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged ! Help, angels ! make assay !
 Bow, stubborn knees : and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new born babe ;
 All may be well.

Shakspeare.

LESSON CVI.

Marco Bozzaris.

[He fell in an attack upon the Turkish Camp at Laspia, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

- 1 At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power ;
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore

The trophies of a conqueror ;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard ;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring ;—
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king :
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

2 An hour passed on—the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
“ To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek ! ”
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band,
“ Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike—for your altars and your fires ;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land.

3 They fought—like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud—“ hurrah,”
And the red field was won.
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

4 Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;
Come when the blessed seals,
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wait its stroke ;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;—
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,

And thou art terrible :—the tear
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

- 5 But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom's now and Fame's—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.
-

LESSON CVII.

The Religious Cottage.—D. HUNTINGTON.

- 1 " SEEST thou yon lonely cottage in the grove—
 With little garden neatly planned before—
 Its roof, deep shaded by the elms above,
 Moss-grown, and decked with velvet verdure o'er ?
 Go lift the willing latch—the scene explore—
 Sweet peace, and love, and joy, thou there shalt find ;
 For there religion dwells ; whose sacred lore
 Leaves the proud wisdom of the world behind,
 And pours a heavenly ray on every humble mind.
- 2 " When the bright morning gilds the eastern skies,
 Up springs the peasant from his calm repose :
 Forth to his honest toil he cheerful hies,
 And tastes the sweets of nature as he goes—
 But first, of Sharon's fairest, sweetest rose,
 He breathes the fragrance, and pours forth the praise ;
 Looks to the source whence every blessing flows,

Ponders the page which heavenly truth conveys,
And to its Author's hand commits his future ways.

- 3 "Nor yet in solitude his prayers ascend ;
His faithful partner and their blooming train,
The precious word with reverent minds attend
The heaven-directed path of life to gain.
Their voices mingle in the grateful strain—
The lay of love and joy together sing,
To Him whose bounty clothes the smiling plain,
Who spreads the beauties of the blooming spring,
And tunes the warbling throats that make the valleys ring.

The Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will ;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
Rebel ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar ;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Ye winds of night your force combine,
Without his high behest
Ye shall not, in the lofty pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
His voice sublime is heard afar—
In distant peal it dies :
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.—*Kirk White.*

LESSON CVIII.

Demetrius and the Craftsmen.—BIBLE.

AFTER these things were ended, Paul purposed in the spirit, when he had passed through Macedonia, and Achaia,

to go to Jerusalem, saying, After I have been there, I must also see Rome. So he sent into Macedonia two of them that ministered unto him, Timotheus and Erastus ; but he himself stayed in Asia for a season. And the same time there arose no small stir about that way. For a certain man named Demetrius, a silver-smith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen ; whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth. Moreover, ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying, that they be no gods which are made with hands. So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought, but also, that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia, and the world worshippeth. And when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians. And the whole city was filled with confusion : and having caught Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul's companions in travel, they rushed with one accord into the theatre. And when Paul would have entered in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not. And certain of the chief of Asia, which were his friends, sent unto him, desiring him that he would not adventure himself into the theatre. Some therefore cried one thing, and some another : for the assembly was confused, and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defence unto the people. But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians ! And when the town-clerk had appeased the people, he said, Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter ? Seeing then that these things cannot be spoken against, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rashly. For ye have brought hither these men which are neither robbers of churches, nor yet blasphemers

of your goddess. Wherefore, if Demetrius, and the craftsmen which are with him, have a matter against any man, the law is open, and there are deputies : let them implead one another. But if ye require any thing concerning other matters, it shall be determined in a lawful assembly. For we are in danger to be called in question for this day's uproar, there being no cause whereby we may give an account of this concourse. And when he had thus spoken, he dismissed the assembly.

Preceptive Passages.

When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard ; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger : Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another. And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of thy God : Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him : the wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning. Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling-block before the blind, but shalt fear thy God : Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment ; thou shalt not respect the person of the poor, nor honor the person of the mighty : but in righteousness shalt thou judge thy neighbor. Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people ; neither shalt thou stand against the blood of thy neighbor : Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart ; thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him. Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God. And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself ; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt : Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, in mete-yard, in weight, or in measure. Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin shall ye have : I am the Lord your

God, which brought you out of the land of Egypt. Therefore shall ye observe all my statutes, and all my judgments, and do them.—*Bible.*

LESSON CIX.

Creation of Birds.—MILTON.

- 1 MEANWHILE the tepid caves, and fens and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon,
Bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclosed
Their callow young; but feathered soon and fledge,
They summed their pens, and soaring the air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part loosely wing the region; part more wise
In common, ranged in figure wedge their way,
- 2 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravans high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight: so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats, as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes.
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
- 3 Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
Others on silver lakes and rivers bathed
Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff penons, tower
The mid aerial sky. Others on ground
Walked firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other whose gay train
Adorns him, colored with the florid hue
Of rainbows and merry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenished, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day.

The Mariner's Song.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle, free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"Oh! for a soft and gentle wind,"
I heard a fair one cry ;
—But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free ;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners—
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea

Village Sounds at Evening.

SWEET was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below :
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

LESSON CX.

The Porcupine Temper.—MISS EDGEWORTH.

1 *Mrs. Bolingbroke.* I WISH I knew what was the matter with me this morning. Why do you keep the newspaper all to yourself, my dear?

Mr. Bolingbroke. Here it is for you, my dear: I have finished it.

Mrs. B. I humbly thank you for giving it to me when you have done with it. I hate stale news. Is there any thing in the paper? for I cannot be at the trouble of hunting it.

Mr. B. Yes, my dear; there are the marriages of 2 two of our friends.

Mrs. B. Who? Who?

Mr. B. Your friend, the widow Nettleby, to her cousin John Nettleby.

Mrs. B. Mrs. Nettleby! Dear! But why did you tell me?

Mr. B. Because you asked me, my dear.

Mrs. B. Oh, but it is a hundred times pleasanter to read the paragraph one's self. One loses all the pleasure of the surprise by being told. Well, whose was 3 the other marriage?

Mr. B. Oh, my dear, I will not tell you; I will leave you the pleasure of the surprise.

Mrs. B. But you see I cannot find it. How provoking you are, my dear! Do pray tell me.

Mr. B. Our friend, Mr. Granby.

Mrs. B. Mr. Granby! Dear! Why did not you make me guess? I should have guessed him directly. But why do you call him *our* friend? I am sure he is no friend of mine, nor ever was. I took an aversion 4 to him, as you remember, the very first day I saw him. I am sure he is no friend of mine.

Mr. B. I am sorry for it, my dear; but I hope you will go and see Mrs. Granby.

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, my dear. Who was she?

Mr. B. Miss Cooke.

Mrs. B. Cooke! But there are so many Cookes—Can't you distinguish her any way? Has she no Christian name?

Mr. B. Emma, I think. Yes, Emma.

- 5 *Mrs. B.* Emma Cooke!—No; it cannot be my friend Emma Cooke; for I am sure she was cut out for an old maid.

Mr. B. This lady seems to me to be cut out for a good wife.

Mrs. B. May be so—I am sure I'll never go to see her. Pray, my dear, how came you to see so much of her?

Mr. B. I have seen very little of her, my dear. I only saw her two or three times before she was married.

- 6 *Mrs. B.* Then, my dear, how could you decide that she was cut out for a good wife? I am sure you could not judge of her by seeing her only two or three times, and before she was married.

Mr. B. Indeed, my love, that is a very just observation.

Mrs. B. I understand that compliment perfectly, and thank you for it, my dear. I must own I can bear any thing better than irony.

Mr. B. Irony! my dear, I was perfectly in earnest.

- 7 *Mrs. B.* Yes, yes; in earnest—so I perceive—I may naturally be dull of apprehension, but my feelings are quick enough; I comprehend too well. Yes—it is impossible to judge of a woman before marriage, or to guess what sort of a wife she will make. I presume you speak from experience; you have been disappointed yourself, and repent your choice.

Mr. B. My dear, what did I say that was like this? Upon my word, I meant no such thing. I really was not thinking of you in the least.

- 8 *Mrs. B.* No—you never think of me now. I can easily believe that you were not thinking of me in the least.

Mr. B. But I said that only to prove to you that I could not be thinking ill of you, my dear.

Mrs. B. But I would rather that you thought ill of me, than that you did not think of me at all.

Mr. B. Well, my dear, I will even think ill of you, if that will please you.

- 9 *Mrs. B.* Do you laugh at me? When it comes to this, I am wretched indeed. Never man laughed at the

woman he loved. As long as you had the slightest remains of love for me, you could not make me an object of derision : ridicule and love are incompatible—absolutely incompatible. Well, I have done my best, my very best, to make you happy, but in vain. I see I am not *cut out* to be a good wife. Happy, happy Mrs. Granby !

Mr. B. Happy, I hope sincerely, that she will be with my friend ; but my happiness must depend on you, my love ; so, for my sake, if not for your own, be composed, and do not torment yourself with such fancies.

Mrs. B. I do wonder whether this Mrs. Granby is really that Miss Emma Cooke. I'll go and see her directly ; see her I must.

Mr. B. I am heartily glad of it, my dear ; for I am sure a visit to his wife will give my friend Granby real pleasure.

Mrs. B. I promise you, my dear, I do not go to give him pleasure or you either ? but to satisfy my own *curiosity*.

LESSON CXI.

To a Waterfowl.—BRYANT.

1 WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way ?

2 Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

3 Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean-side ?

4 There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

5 All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold thin-atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

6 And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shall thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows : reeds shall bend
 Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

7 Thou 'rt gone ! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

8 He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings toward the south ? Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high ? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off. Her young ones also suck up blood : and where the slain are, there is she — *Bible*.

LESSON CXII.

The Widow and her Son.—W. IRVING.

1 DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church, which stood in a country filled with ancient families, and contained within its cold and silent aisles, the congregated dust

of many noble generations. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken pannelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every
2 restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us:

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!—"

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday, than on any other
3 day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world, by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme,
4 was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of
5 that poor woman arose to Heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently at-

tracted me. I stood on a knoll, round which a stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly
6 from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still, sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow.

While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly
7 rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected wo; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old
8 woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the
9 clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church-door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching

ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposite the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a justling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that

was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, 14 are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to sooth—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to sooth—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

LESSON CXIII.

The Old Man.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

- 1 WHY gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children young and gay?
Your locks beneath the blast of cares,
Will bleach as white as they.
- 2 I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.
- 3 She when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And kneeling, pray for me.
- 4 But then, there came a fearful day,
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands bore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.
- 5 I plucked a fair white Rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,

And thought strange sleep enchained her soul,
For no fond voice replied.

6 That eve, I knelt me down in wo
And said a lonely prayer,
Yet, still my temples seemed to glow
As if that hand were there.

7 Years fled—and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear,
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

8 Fierce passions shook me like a reed,
Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.

9 Youth came—the props of Virtue reeled!—
But oft at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congealed—
Blest Mother! was it thine?—

10 In foreign lands I traveled wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lured my eye;—

11 Yet, still *that hand*, so soft and cold,
Maintained its mystic sway,
As when amid my curls of gold
With gentle force it lay.

12 And with it breathed a voice of care
As from the lowly sod,
“My son—my only one—beware!
Nor sin against thy God.”

13 Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole
My kindly warmth away,
And dimmed the tablet of the soul;
Yet when with lordly sway,

14 This brow the plumed helm displayed
That guides the warrior throng;
Or beauty's thrilling fingers strayed
These manly locks among,

15 That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot!—
 And now, though Time hath set
 His frosty seal upon my lot,
 These temples feel it yet.

16 And if Fe'er in heaven appear,
 A mother's holy prayer,
 A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
 They pointed to a Savior dear,
 Have led the wanderer there.

LESSON CXIV.

Relief of the Soldiers of the Revolution.—SPRAGUE.

GENTLEMEN tell us, that the law is too liberal; that it goes too far, and they would repeal it. They would take back even the little which they have given! And is this possible? Look abroad upon this wide extended land, upon its wealth, its happiness, its hopes; and then turn to the aged soldier, who gave you all, and see him descend in neglect and poverty to the tomb! The time is short. A few years and these remnants of a former age will no longer be seen. Then we shall indulge unavailing regrets for our present apathy: for, how can the ingenuous mind look upon the grave of an injured benefactor? How poignant the reflection, that the time for reparation and atonement has gone for ever! In what bitterness of soul shall we look back upon the infatuation which shall have cast aside an opportunity, which never can return, to give peace to our consciences! We shall then endeavor to stifle our convictions, by empty honors to their bones. We shall raise high the monument, and trumpet loud their deeds, but it will be all in vain. It cannot warm the hearts which shall have sunk cold and comfortless to the earth. This is no illusion. How often do we see, in public Gazettes, a pompous display of honors to emory of some veteran patriot, who was suffered to pass out his latter days in unregarded penury!

"How proud we can press to the funeral array
Of him whom we shunned in his sickness and sorrow;
And bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be borne up by heroes to-morrow."

We are profuse in our expressions of gratitude to the soldiers of the revolution. We can speak long and loud in their praise, but when asked to bestow something substantial upon them, we hesitate and palter. To them we owe every thing, even the soil which we tread, and the air of freedom which we breathe. Let us not turn them houseless from habitations which they have erected, and refuse them even a pittance from the exuberant fruits of their own labors.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!—*Collins.*

LESSON CXV.

Comfort ye my People.—BIBLE.

1 COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people!

Saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her,
That her warfare is accomplished,
That her iniquity is pardoned:
For she hath received of the Lord's hand
Double for all her sins.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the Lord;

- Make straight in the desert a highway for our God!
- 2 Every valley shall be exalted,
And every mountain and hill shall be made low:
And the crooked shall be made straight,
And the rough places plain:
And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,
And all flesh shall see it together:
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.—
The voice said, Cry! And he said, What shall I cry?
All flesh is grass,
And all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the
- 3 field:
The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:
Because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it:
Surely the people is grass.
The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:
But the word of our God shall stand for ever.
O Zion, that bringest good tidings! get thee up
into the high mountain;
O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings!
Lift up thy voice with strength;
4 Lift it up, be not afraid;
Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!
Behold! the Lord your God will come with strong hand,
And his arm shall rule for him:
Behold! his reward is with him,
And his work before him.
He shall feed his flock like a shepherd:
He shall gather the lambs with his arm,
And carry them in his bosom,
And shall gently lead those that are with young.
- 5 Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand,
And meted out heaven with the span,
And comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure,
And weighed the mountains in scales,
And the hills in a balance?
Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord,
Or, being his counselor, hath taught him?
With whom took He counsel, and who instructed him,
And taught him in the path of judgment,
And taught him knowledge,
- 6 And showed to him the way of understanding?

Behold! the nations are as a drop of a bucket,
 And are counted as the small dust of the balance :
 Behold! he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.
 And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn,
 Nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering.
 All nations before him are as nothing ;
 And they are counted to him less than nothing, and
 vanity.

To whom then will ye liken God ?

7 Or what likeness will ye compare unto him ?

The workman melteth a graven image
 And the goldsmith spreadeth it over with gold,
 And casteth silver chains.

He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation
 Chooseth a tree that will not rot ;

He seeketh unto him a cunning workman to prepare a
 graven image, that shall not be moved.

Have ye not known ? have ye not heard ?

Hath it not been told you from the beginning ?

8 Have ye not understood from the foundations of the
 earth ?

It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth,
 And the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers ;

That stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain,
 And spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in :

That bringeth the princes to nothing ;

He maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

Yea—they shall not be planted ;

Yea—they shall not be sown :

9 Yea—their stock shall not take root in the earth :

And He shall also blow upon them, and they shall
 wither,

And the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.

To whom then will ye liken Me,

Or shall I be equal ?

Saith the Holy One.

Lift up your eyes on high, and behold !

Who hath created these things ?

That bringeth out their host by number :

10 He calleth them all by names: by the greatness of his
 might, (for that he is strong in power)

Not one faileth.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob! and speakest, O Israel!
 My way is hid from the Lord,
 And my judgment is passed over from my God?
 Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard,
 That the everlasting God, the Lord,
 The Creator of the ends of the earth,
 11 Fainteth not, neither is weary?
 There is no searching of his understanding.
 He giveth power to the faint;
 And to them that have no might he increaseth strength.
 Even the youths shall faint and be weary,
 Even the young men shall utterly fall:
 But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their
 strength;
 They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
 They shall run, and not be weary;
 And they shall walk, and not faint.

LESSON CXVI.

Pernicious Effects of Gaming.—NOTT.

- 1 I know you do not mean to gamble, nor to advocate gaming. But I also know if you play at all, you will ultimately do both. It is but a line that separates between innocence and sin. Whoever fearlessly approaches this line, will soon have crossed it. To keep at a distance, therefore, is the part of wisdom. No man ever made up his mind to consign to perdition his soul at once. No man ever entered the known avenues, which conduct to such an end, with a firm and undaunted step. The brink of ruin is approached with
- 2 caution, and by imperceptible degrees; and the wretch who now stands fearlessly scoffing there, but yesterday had shrunk back from the tottering cliff, with trembling. Do you wish for illustration? The profligate gamester's unwritten history will furnish it. How inoffensive its commencement, how sudden, and how awful its catastrophe! Let us review his life. He commences with play, but it is only for amusement. Next he hazards a trifle to give interest, and is surprised

when he finds himself a gainer by the hazard. He then
3 ventures, not without misgivings, on a deeper stake.
That stake he loses. The loss and the guilt oppress
him. He drinks to revive his spirits. His spirits re-
vived, he stakes to retrieve his fortune. Again he is
unsuccessful, and again his spirits flag, and again the
inebriating cup revives them. Ere he is aware of it, he
has become a drunkard;—he has become a bankrupt.
Resource fails him. His fortune is gone; his charac-
ter is gone; his tenderness of conscience is gone. God
has withdrawn his spirit from him. The demon of de-
4 spair takes possession of his bosom; reason deserts
him. He becomes a maniac; the pistol or the poniard
closes the scene, and with a shriek he plunges unlamented into eternity.

If an occupation were demanded for the express purpose of perverting the human intellect, and humbling, and degrading, and narrowing—I had almost said annihilating—the soul of man, one more effectual could not be devised, than the one the gamester has already devised and pre-occupied. And the father and mother of a
5 family, who instead of assembling their children in the reading-room, or conducting them to the altar, seat them night after night, beside themselves at the gaming-table, do, so far as this part of their domestic economy is concerned, contribute not only to quench their piety, but also to extinguish their intellect, and convert them into automatons, living mummies, the mere mechanical members of a domestic gambling machine, which, though but little soul is necessary, requires a number of human hands to work it. And if under such
6 a blighting culture, they do not degenerate into a state of mechanical existence, and gradually losing their reason, their taste, their fancy, become incapable of conversation; the fortunate parents may thank the school-house, the church, the library, the society of friends, or some other and less wretched part of their own defective system, for preventing the consummation of so frightful a result.

While gaming leaves the mind to languish, it produces its full effect *on the passions and on the heart.*
7 Here, however, the effect is deleterious. None of the

sweet and amiable sympathies, are at the card-table called into action. No throb of ingenuous and philanthropic feeling is excited by this detestable expedient for killing time. Here that mutual amity, that elsewhere subsists, ceases; paternal affection ceases; even that community of feeling that piracy excites, and that binds the very banditti together, has no room to operate; for at this inhospitable board, every man's interest clashes with every man's interest, and every man's hand is literally against every man.

The love of mastery, and the love of money are the purest loves, of which the gamester is susceptible. And even the love of mastery, loses all its nobleness, and degenerates into the love of lucre, which ultimately predominates and becomes the ruling passion.

Avarice is always base; but the gamester's avarice is doubly so. It is avarice unmixed with any ingredient of magnanimity or mercy. Avarice, that wears not even the guise of public spirit; that claims not even the meagre praise of hoarding up its own hard earnings. On the contrary, it is an avarice, that wholly feeds upon the losses, and only delights itself with the miseries of others. Avarice, that eyes, with covetous desire, whatever is not individually its own; that crouches to throw its fangs over that booty, by which its comrades are enriched. Avarice, that stoops to rob a traveller, that sponges a guest, and that would filch the very dust from the pocket of a friend.

But, though avarice predominates, other related passions are called into action. The bosom, that was once serene and tranquil, becomes habitually perturbed. Envy rankles; jealousy corrodes; anger rages, and hope and fear alternately convulse the system. The mildest disposition grows morose; the sweetest temper becomes fierce and fiery, and all the once amiable features of the heart assume a malignant aspect!

I do not say that such are the uniform, but I do say, that such are the natural and legitimate effects of gaming. The love of play is a Démon, which only takes possession, as it kills the heart. Will nature long survive in bosoms invaded, not by gaming only, but also by debauchery and drunkenness, those Sister Furies,

which hell has let loose to cut off our young men from without, and our children from the streets? No, it will not. As we have said, the finished gambler has no heart. The club with which he herds, would meet though all its members were in mourning. They would meet, though the place of rendezvous were the chamber of the dying; they would meet, though it were an 12 apartment in the charnel-house. Not even the death of kindred can affect the gambler. He would play upon his brother's coffin; he would play upon his father's sepulchre.

Yonder see that wretch, prematurely old in infirmity, as well as in sin. He is the father of a family. The mother of his children, lovely in her tears, strives by the tenderest assiduities, to restore his health, and with it to restore his temperance, his love of home, and the long-lost charms of domestic life. She pursues him by her 13 kindness and her entreaties to his haunts of vice; she reminds him of his children; she tells him of their virtues, of their sorrows, of their wants; and she adjures him, by the love of them, and by the love of God, to repent, and to return. Vain attempt! She might as well adjure the whirlwind; she might as well entreat the tiger.

The brute has no feeling left. He turns upon her in the spirit of the demons with which he is possessed. He curses his children and her who bare them; and as 14 he prosecutes his game, he fills the intervals with imprecations on himself; with imprecations on his Maker; imprecations borrowed from the dialect of devils, and uttered with a tone that befits only the organs of the damned! And yet in this monster, there once dwelt the spirit of a man. He had talents, he had honor, he had even faith. He might have adorned the senate, the bar, the altar. But alas! his was a faith that saveth not. The gaming-table has robbed him of it, and of all things else worth possessing. What a frightful 15 change of character! What a tremendous wreck, is the soul of man in ruins!

Return disconsolate mother to thy dwelling, and be submissive; thou shalt become a widow, and thy children fatherless. Further effort will be useless—the

reformation of thy partner is impossible. God has forsaken him—nor will good angels weep or watch over him any longer.

LESSON CXVII.

Death of Marmion at the Battle of Flodden Field.—SCOTT.

- 1 FAST as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by ;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
 A look and sign to Clara cast,
 To mark he would return in haste
Then plunged into the fight.
- Ask me not what the maiden feels,
2 Left in that dreadful hour alone :
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;
 Perchance a courage, not her own,
 Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scattered van of England wheels ;—
 She only said, as loud in air
 The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there ?"—
 They fly, or, maddened by despair,
 Fight but to die.—"Is Wilton there ?"—
With that, straight up the hill there rode
- 3 Two horsemen, drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand ;
His arms were smeared with blood, and sand ;
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone ;
Can that be haughty Marmion !....
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
- 4 And, gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said—"By Saint George, he's gone !

That spear-wound has our master sped ;
And see the deep cut on his head !

Good night to Marmion."—

"Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease ;
He opes his eyes." Said Eustace, "peace!"—

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—

"Where 's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?

5 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !

Redeem my pennon,—charge again !

Cry—'Marmion to the rescue !'—Vain !

Last of my race, on battle-plain

That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—

Yet my last thought is England's :—fly—

Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie :

Tunstall lies dead upon the field ;

His life-blood stains the spotless shield :

Edmund is down,—my life is reft ;—

6 The Admiral alone is left.

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,

With Chester charge, and Lancashire,

Full upon Scotland's central host,

Or victory and England's lost.

Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly !

Leave Marmion here alone—to die."

They parted, and alone he lay,

Clare drew her from the sight away,

Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,

7 And half he murmured,—“Is their none,

Of all my halls have nursed,

Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring

Of blessed water, from the spring,

To slake my dying thirst!"—

O, woman ! in our hours of ease,

Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,

And variable as the shade

By the light quivering aspen made ;

When pain and anguish wring the brow,

8 A ministering angel thou !—

Scarce were the piteous accents said,

When, with the Baron's casque, the maid

To the nigh streamlet ran :
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stoops her by the runnel's side,
She filled the helm, and back she hied,....
And with surprise and joy espied
9 A Monk supporting Marmion's head ;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

- Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
“Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,
“Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
10 Would spare me but a day !
For, wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar-stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be !—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand !
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”—
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.
- 11 The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—Stanley ! was the cry ;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye :
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted “Victory !—
“Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !”
Were the last words of Marmion.

LESSON CXVIII.

On Civility.—SULLIVAN.

- 1 THE well-being of society would be greatly promoted, if the nature and use of this Christian virtue were more generally known. We take this to be, in personal intercourse, the observance of the command, Do to others as you would that others should do to you. The most rapid glance at any community, shows this: That some of its members are brought into contact in matters of business, necessarily; others meet, incidentally, who have no particular connexion; others meet for social purposes, in various forms; and that there
- 2 is a large proportion who know, of each other, very little beyond the fact, that they are of the same country; and perhaps, not even that. There must be a *best rule* of deportment for all these classes; and no one will deny, that if this rule were defined, and faithfully applied, there would be much more of every day comfort, and complacency in the world, than there is well known to be. If we rightly understand the meaning of civility, it is the manifestation of kind feelings, and of a desire to do all things which are to be done, under
- 3 the influence of such feelings, in a becoming and agreeable manner.

If every person understood the true foundation of society, the common origin of all its members, their natural and necessary sympathies, their community of interests, their necessary action upon, and with each other, it might be supposed, that all who are reasonable, would be civil. They would be so, because they would promote their own good, because they would be doing what it is proper to do, to promote the good of

4 others; and because they would know, that in so doing, they would conform to the design of their creation. We do not include under the term *civility*, the great duties of justice, acts of munificence, important personal services. These arise out of some special relation, which an individual bears to one or more other individuals. It seems to be limited to the manner in which the common, or accidental intercourse of the members of society, in general, should be carried on.

This matter may be better understood by some examples. Thus, if one comes into the presence of another, as a beggar, servant, laborer, mechanic, trader, merchant, farmer, lawyer, physician, clergyman, or public officer; or if it be a female, or child of either sex; there may be very various modes of receiving these different persons. Yet, certainly, by every one of the laws, which we are endeavoring to illustrate, these several persons are entitled to civility. Even the beggar, perhaps one should rather say the beggar in particular, if not deformed by voluntary transgression, should be received with civility. That is, gentleness, kindness, decorum are to be observed relatively to each one. Why? because no man can afford to be deemed insensible to the calls of reasonable humanity; nor a stranger to the decencies of life; nor ignorant of what is due from him, nor to him, in any of his proper relations. *Politeness* may be quite another thing, in some of the supposed cases. One interchanges politeness with those who happen to know what politeness is; *civility, with every body*. A king would be polite to the ladies of his court, to his prime minister, to the members of his council, to foreign ministers, &c., and civil to his coachman, and to the humblest of his subjects.

We may find many illustrations, and fill ever so many pages with them. Let us take one which will concern the greatest number. In this country a stage-coach, and a steamboat, bring many persons into a small space, who may be utterly ignorant of each other's existence, until they meet. They have a common object, that is, to be transported in the same vehicle, from the point of departure, to that of destination. Circumstances compel them to be very close to each other, and each one has the power of being very disagreeable to each one of the others, in a variety of well known modes. Let us suppose that each one consults merely his own interest, including in that, his own self-respect, the reasonable good will, which each man desires from all others, and the ever present principle of doing as he would be done by. He shows that he is sensible of the presence of his fellow-men; that he thinks them of sufficient consequence to wish to have their good

opinion ; that he is attentive to their comfort, or convenience ; that he is disposed to learn something from them, or communicate something ; or to join with them in disposing of the time in which one has nothing to do, but to be carried. Take the other side of the picture ;—he puts himself in the best place ; takes out his cigar, lights it from a pocket apparatus, and goes to smoking ; he sees no one, speaks to no one, and endeavors to hear no one ; if spoken to, he answers in a 10 coarse monosyllable, and in a tone which prevents all further attempt at intercourse with him. If he make his presence known at all, beyond his sullen sitting there, it is by some selfish exclamation ; or contemptuous ejaculation, on what is passing within his notice. Which of these two persons is *civil* ; which of them is making the most of human life ; which of them is attracting good will ; which of them ought to like himself the best ; which of them will have the most to look back upon, with pleasure ? Which of them is a rational, sensible, well disposed human being, and which of them is a selfish brute ?

LESSON CXIX.

Scene from Hamlet.—SHAKESPEARE.

Hamlet, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

1 *Hamlet.* COME, some music.

Guildenstern. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, Sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him ?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir ?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer,
2 to signify this to the doctor ; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir :—pronounce.

Guil. The Queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. Your are welcome.

Guil. Nay good my lord, this courtesy is not of the
3 right sort. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment : if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer ; my wit's diseased : But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command ; or, rather, as you say, my mother : therefore no more, but to the matter : My mother, you
4 say——

Rosencrantz. Then thus she says ; Your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother !—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration ? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us ?

5 *Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper ? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark ?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*—the proverb is something musty.

[*Enter the Players with recorders.*]

6 O, the recorders :—let me see one.—To withdraw with you :—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil ?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

7 *Ham.* I do beseech you.

Ros. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages, with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Ros. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you
8 would seem to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. Do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

LESSON CXX.

Eloquence of Whitfield.—GILLIES.

1 AN intimate friend of the infidel Hume, asked him what he thought of Mr. Whitfield's preaching; for he had listened to the latter part of one of his sermons at Edinburgh. "He is, sir," said Mr. Hume, "the most ingenious preacher I ever heard. It is worth while to go twenty miles to hear him." He then repeated the following passage which he heard, toward the close of that discourse: "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitfield thus addressed his numerous audience; 'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend and

not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and with gushing tears, cried aloud, '*Stop, Gabriel!—Stop, Gabriel!—Stop*, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God.' He then, in the most simple, but energetic language, described a Savior's dying love to sinful man; so that almost the whole assembly melted into tears. This address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing I ever saw or heard in any other preacher."

Happy had it been for poor Hume, had he received what he then heard, "as the word of God, and not as the word of man!"

Dr. Franklin, in his memoirs, bears witness to the extraordinary effect which was produced by Mr. Whitfield's preaching in America; and relates an anecdote equally characteristic of the preacher and of himself. "I happened," says the doctor, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the *copper*. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the *silver*; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, *gold and all*. At this sermon there was also one of our club; who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had by precaution emptied his pockets before he came from home; toward the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbor who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "at any other time, friend Hodgkinson, I would lend to thee

freely ; but not *now*, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."

- 7 "HAVE you read my key to the Romans?"—said Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, to Mr. Newton.—"I have turned it over."—"You have turned it over? And is this the treatment a book must meet with which has cost me many years of hard study? Must I be told, at last, that you have 'turned it over,' and then thrown it aside? You ought to have read it carefully and weighed deliberately what comes forward on so serious a subject."—"Hold! You have cut me out full employment, if my life were to be as long as Methuselah's. I have somewhat else to do in the short day allotted me, than to read whatever any one may think it his duty to write. When I read, I wish to read to good purpose; and there are some books, which contradict on the very face of them what appear to me to be first principles. You surely will not say I am bound to read such books. If a man tells me he has a very elaborate argument to prove that two and two make five, I have something else to do than to attend to this argument. If I find the first mouthful of meat which I take from a fine-looking joint on my table is tainted, I need not eat through it to be convinced I ought to send it away."—*Cecil.*

LESSON CXXI.

On the use of Tobacco.—SULLIVAN.

- 1 ALL consumers of tobacco know two things. 1. That they came to the use of it through painful struggles. 2. That they cannot break the chain of habit, without struggles still more painful. How does it happen, then, that tobacco is so commonly used? Its use, and that of opium, which is the same thing in a more hateful form, began with savages, Turks, and Asiatics, to fill that aching void, which belongs to all idle and uncultivated minds. It has found its way, unhappily, to those who need no relief from such cause; but who might if

2 they would, fill up every moment, innocently, and profitably. It has become so general, from ignorance and thoughtlessness. A still more efficient cause is, the propensity to imitation, and the natural anticipation of approaching stages in life. A boy wants to be a man. He likes to do those things which men do. Men use tobacco, therefore boys must use it; and boys soon find themselves entrapped in a habit, and act as all other persons do who are so entrapped.

Is there any remedy for this evil? Perhaps, there
3 is none but this, *not to begin*. And why should one begin? Suppose all who use it were asked, if you had never begun, would you, knowing what you do, have had a pleasanter life without it, than you have had with it? One cannot know what the general answer would be; but every one must know this, that from some persons the answer would be, that tobacco has been to me the most distressing evil; I bitterly lament that I ever began this truly afflictive practice; but it has become a part of my existence; no operation of my will can
4 disengage me from it. Some might answer doubtfully, and others would not ascribe to this use the evils which they have suffered from it. Why should a young person take upon himself a want voluntarily, which may lead to painful consequences, and the gratification of which is not only not called for by nature, but which is most expressly condemned by this high authority? Some reasons have been given why it is so condemned. There are many others. Those already spoken of, and many others that might be, regard the
5 direct injury to the consumer of tobacco. Others relate to those with whom the consumer associates. It may be considered as unquestionably true, that every person who uses tobacco, is, in some way, troublesome, or disgusting, to every person in whose presence he uses it. This is a breach of social law. No one has a right to follow a pleasure, which is a grievous displeasure to those who must witness it. If one has been so unfortunate in early life as to fall into the use of tobacco, as it is entirely a solitary pleasure, he
6 should use it in solitude, and not where he will poison the atmosphere which others must breathe, or do those

acts which violate the decencies of civilized life. An eminent statesman of this country, who had returned from the court of France, was asked whether gentlemen smoked in France? "Gentlemen," said he, "smoke nowhere."

- 7 THE Americans are remarkable for neglecting the *teeth*. Paley says that "God did not make the teeth to ache." It is the most unpardonable neglect that makes them ache. The teeth were given to us for many highly necessary purposes. They are indispensable in preparing food for the stomach; equally so in speech. They may be highly ornamental, or otherwise. They suffer as much as the skin by neglect; and they make known their complaints, when neglected, in a manner which cannot be disregarded. Notwithstanding these things
- 8 are so, probably not one child in some hundreds, in the United States, knows that there is such a thing as a *brush* for the teeth. Whatsoever the Creator has given to us, he has required of us to use according to his laws, and, consequently, we are to preserve what he has given to be used. This is not the less true of the teeth, than it is of the eyes, the muscles, or the digestive power. We frequently see males and females, whose intelligent and pleasing expression of countenance prepossesses us in their favor, but the minute
- 9 they go to speak, and laugh, the charm vanishes, and we feel a sensation of disappointment at the disclosure which they make. This is the consequence of ignorance or neglect, for which parents are directly chargeable. Ignorance is not an excuse for the violation of any plain law of nature. Voluntary neglect aggravates the wrong. If a child has once learned the comfort of cleanliness in this respect, he will duly value it, and never give it up.

LESSON CXXII.

Gertrude.—MRS. HEMANS.

The Baron Von der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound

alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing moments, with the most heroic fidelity. Her own sufferings, and those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterward addressed to a female friend. and which was published some years ago at Haarlem, in a book entitled "Gertrude Von der Wart, or Fidelity unto Death."

- 1 HER hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
 The breeze threw back her hair;
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed,
 All that she loved was there.
 The night was round her clear and cold,
 The holy heaven above;
 Its pale stars watching to behold
 The might of earthly love.
- 2 "And bid me not depart," she cried,
 "My Rudolph! say not so!
 This is no time to quit thy side,
 Peace, peace! I cannot go.
 Hath the world aught for *me* to fear
 When death is on thy brow?
 The world!—what means it?—*mine is here*—
 I will not leave thee now?
- 3 "I have been with thee in thine hour
 Of glory and of bliss,
 Doubt not its memory's living power
 To strengthen me through this!
 And thou, mine honored love and true,
 Bear on, bear nobly on!
 We have the blessed Heaven in view,
 Whose rest shall soon be won."
- 4 And were not these high words to flow
 From Woman's breaking heart?
 —Through all that night of bitterest wo
 She bore her lofty part:
 But oh! with such a freezing eye,
 With such a curdling cheek—
 —Love, love! of mortal agony,
 Thou, only *thou*, shouldst speak!
- 5 The winds rose high—but with them rose
 Her voice that he might hear;—

Perchance that dark hour brought repose
 To happy bosoms near:
 While she sat striving with despair
 Beside his tortured form,
 And pouring her deep soul in prayer
 Forth on the rushing storm—

6 She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
 With her pale hands and soft,
 Whose touch, upon the lute cords low,
 Had stilled his heart so oft.
 She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
 She bathed his lips with dew,
 And on his cheek such kisses pressed,
 As Joy and Hope ne'er knew.

7 Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
 Enduring to the last!
 She had her meed—one smile in Death—
 And his worn spirit passed.
 While even as o'er a martyr's grave,
 She knelt on that sad spot,
 And weeping, blessed the God who gave
 Strength to forsake it not!

LESSON CXXIII.

The Disabled Soldier.—GOLDSMITH.

1 No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that, "one half of the world is ignorant how the other half lives." The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers; the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathising with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

2 There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on; men in such circumstances will act bravely even

from motives of vanity : but he who, in the vale of obscurity can brave adversity ; who, without friends, to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope, to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great ; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities ; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence ; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded ; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret ; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling on their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was, that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness ! Their distresses, were pleasures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept ; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life ; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without a shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to be honest and industrious, when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The

disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks: for except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a laborer, and died when I was five years old, so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years, I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labor. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of the peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice him-

self met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I 11 knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my bellyfull to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of 12 prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air: and those that remained were sickly enough Heaven knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

13 "When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They be- 14 longed to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast here: but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on I was discharged, and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes 15 troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and 16 so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, merely to be idle; but Heaven knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship 17 was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

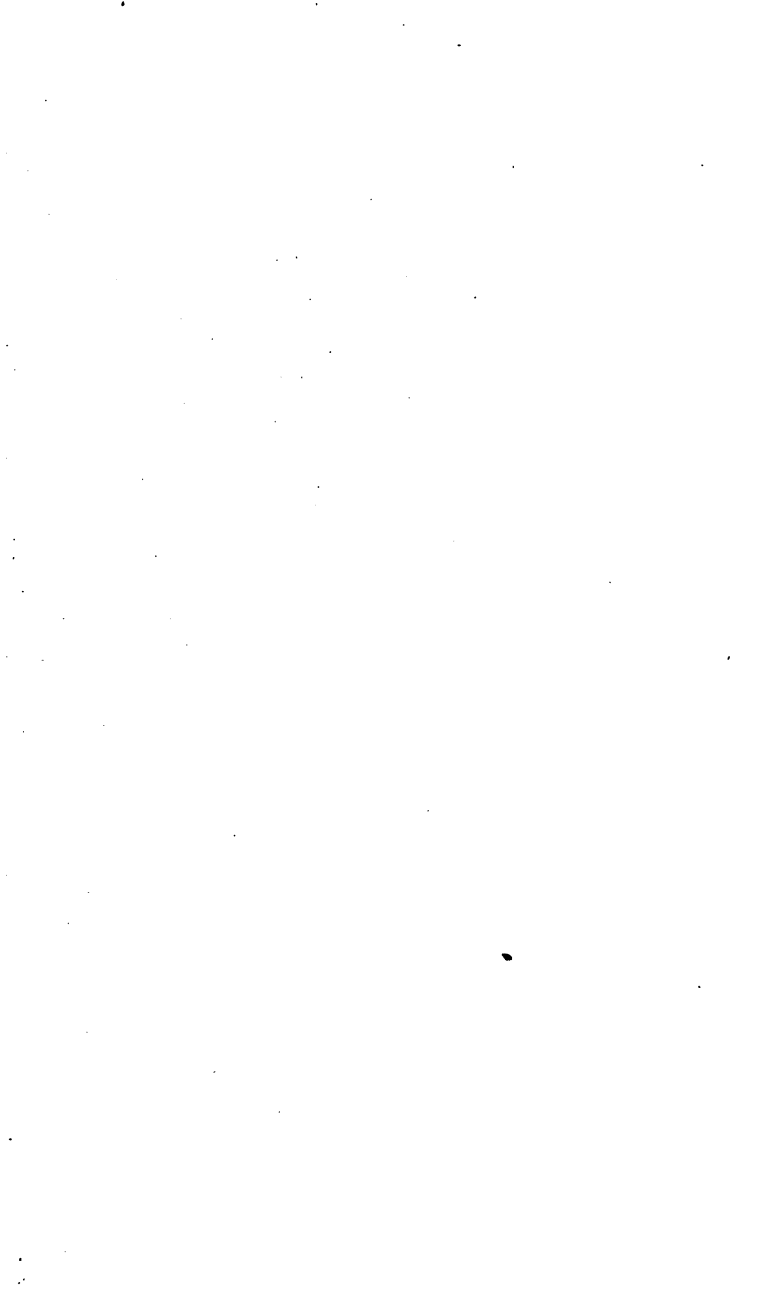
"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died because they were not used to live in a jail; but for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. Jack, says he to me, will you knock out the French sentries' brains? I don't care, says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a 18 hand. Then follow me, says he, and I hope we shall do business. So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

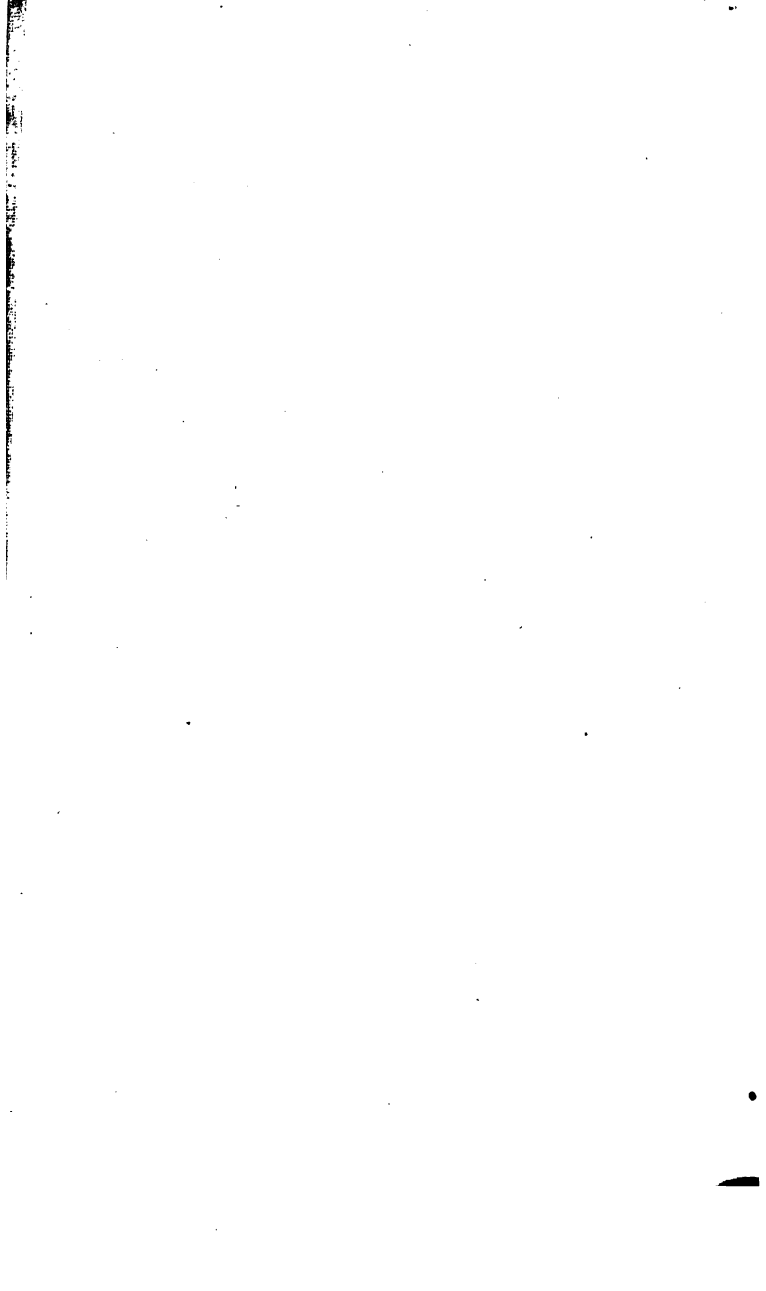
"Though we had no arms one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran to-

19 gether to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbor and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much good luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompador privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went yard-arm and yardarm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the French-
20 man; had we but had some more men left behind; but unfortunately we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest: but by good fortune we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that in that engagement I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost
21 my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance! One man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration, at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery, serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.





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